

Frontispiece



J. Vickolls delin.

J. Baskin sculp.

S^R JOHN FALSTAFF and his Companions at GAD'S HILL.

A General

HISTORY

OF THE

LIVES and ADVENTURES

Of the Most Famous

Highwaymen, Murderers, Street-Robbers, &c.

To which is added,

A Genuine Account of the *VOYAGES* and *PLUNDERS*
of the most Notorious *PYRATES*.

Interspersed with several diverting *TALES*, and pleasant *SONGS*.

And Adorned with the Heads of the most Remarkable *VILLAINS*, Curiously
Engraven on Copper.

By Capt. *CHARLES JOHNSON*.

— *Little Villains oft' submit to Fate,*
That Great Ones may enjoy the World in State.

GARTH.



L O N D O N;

Printed for and Sold by J. JANEWAY, in *White-Fryers*; and by the Booksellers
of *London* and *Westminster*.

MDCCXXXIV.



THE INTRODUCTION.



HERE we to give our Readers an universal History of Robbers, of all Ranks and Degrees, from the Beginning of the World to this Time, our Scheme would be almost as extensive, as if we propos'd to write a general History of all Nations: We should be oblig'd to look back as far as the most antient Records would guide us, and the greatest Names of Antiquity would claim a Place in our Memoirs. What was *Nimrod* but a successful Free-booter? and what were all the Founders of Monarchies, but Encroachers on the Properties of their Brethren and Neighbours? *Alexander* was a Plunderer of the first Magnitude; and all his extraordinary Exploits, with which we have been so long amused, and which we have been taught to speak of with so much Admiration, were only Robberies committed upon Men every Way better than himself. *Cæsar*, that other prodigious Name, was a Plunderer of his native Country, or (as the great *Cowley* has warmly and nobly express'd it) a *Ravisher of his own Mother*. What better can we call any of his Successors who have sacrific'd the Lives and Liberties of Thousands of their Fellow-Creatures to an extravagant Passion? Whether we name it Tyranny, Ambition, or only Greatness of Soul, 'tis much the same, while the Effects of it are so very terrible. Happy are we that we can produce, at least, no modern Instances of Robbers of this Kind from our own Histories!

But even in *Great-Britain*, where Property is better secur'd than any where else in the Universe, and where the Hands of the Prince (were he inclin'd to make a Prey of the People) are restrain'd; even here, I say, it is impossible to prevent Men of the lower Class from plundering their Fellow-Subjects. 'Twill be little to our Purpose to enquire how far this rapacious Disposition may spread itself; I mean, to name all the Degrees of Men that have been, or may be infected with it: 'Tis sufficient to observe, that *little Villains* are ofteneft convicted, and oblig'd (as *Garth* says) to *submit to Fate*; tho' the first Story in this Collection will inform us, that it is not unprecedented for a very great Knight to be a very great Robber. The poorer Sort of People, to be sure, were disturb'd to see such a Man as *Falstaff* do what they might have some Excuse for: But what did *Falstaff* care, so long as he could laugh and be fat?

We presume it will be some Credit to this Work, to have a dignified Plunderer at the Head of it; but we would by no Means have our Readers expect an Account of all the Plunderers that have been dignified; unless they are willing to buy fifteen hundred Sheets, instead of an hundred and fifty, the Number we propose. If the Reason of this vast Disproportion should be demanded, we answer, A great Villain may commit more Depredations in a short Time, than a hundred little ones can in a long Course of Years, and consequently the Memoirs of such a Man must swell to a very large Bulk. Even *Falstaff* himself had been omitted, had his Crimes been of a publick Nature; but as Sir *John* condescended to be an humble Highwayman, rather than a State Offender, he very well merits a Place among his Brother Collectors.

As we shall not, in this Collection, venture to meddle with those that are above us, so neither shall we trouble our Heads with those that are without us. Our own Countrymen have taken great Care that Justice should never be idle, and that Biographers of the inferior Sort should never want Materials. We are daily sensible of the Improvements they make, and *Tyburn* once a Month is oblig'd to groan under the Burden of their Iniquities.

Lives of particular Persons have been commonly esteem'd the most useful Pieces of History; they display human Nature more familiarly than general Histories, and the Impressions they

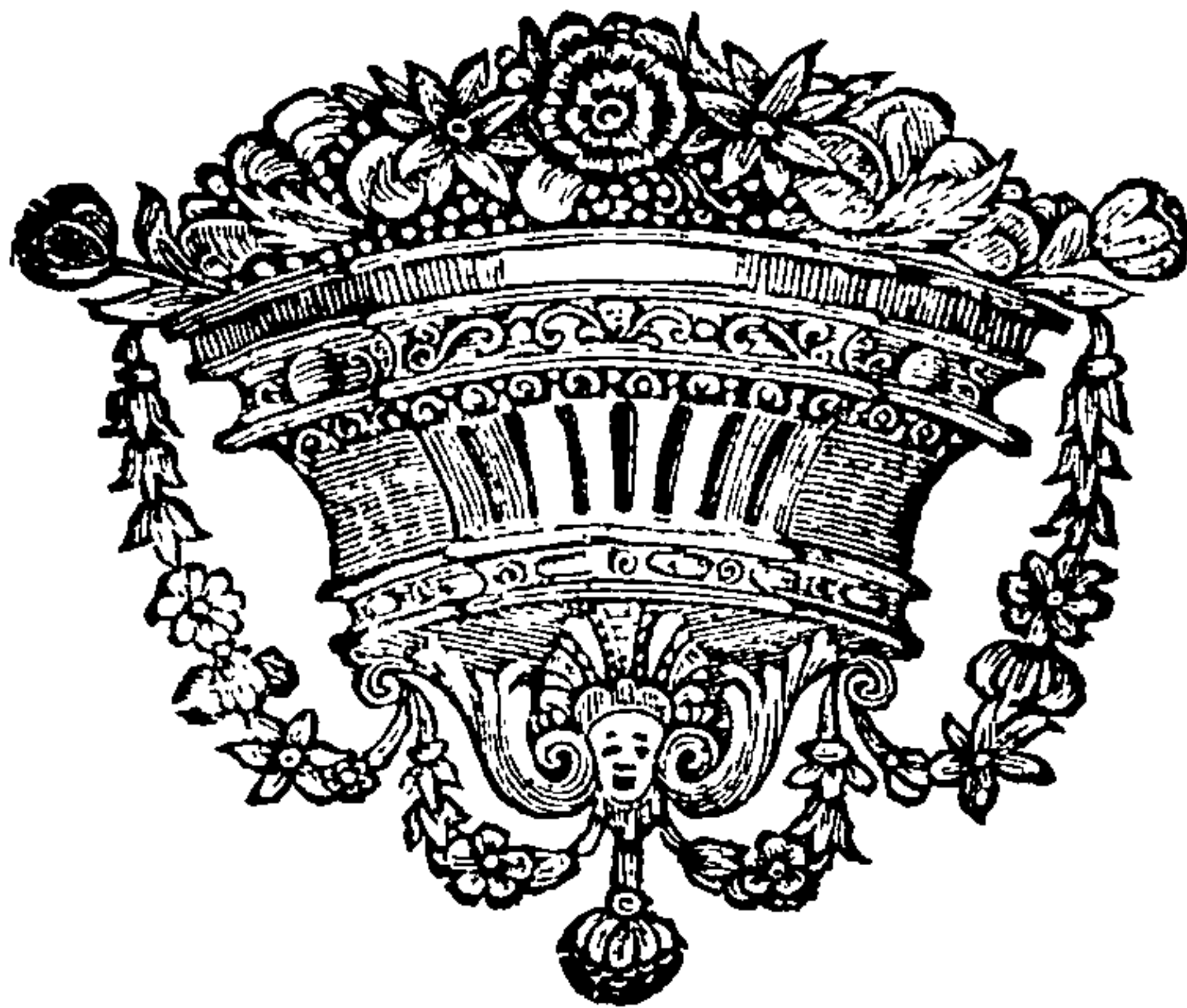
The *INTRODUCTION*.

they leave are stronger. General History seems not so much the Concern of a private Man, who has nothing to govern but his own Passions, nor can he receive any extraordinary Advantage to himself from the greatest Acquaintance with it, unless he is Philosopher enough to apply the Convulsions and Revolutions of State to his own Appetites and Inclinations, and even then 'tis like going to *Bristol* by the Way of *York*, when he might otherwise accomplish his Journey in a fourth of the Time.

We shall not pretend to determine whether Examples of virtuous Men labouring with Difficulties, or of vicious Persons who are at last brought to Justice, may be of most Use in this Age, (tho' we must confess, if the Advantage be given to the latter, 'tis a great Sign of our Degeneracy;) 'tis certain both may be of considerable Service, and 'tis as certain that Terror may have some Effect upon a Mind that is past all Sense of Honour and Virtue. The unhappy Wretches, indeed, whose Lives we are to give the Publick, have generally spent their Days in Rioting and Debauchery, which contain all the Ideas that their abandon'd Minds could form of Pleasure: But alas! what are these, when compared with the Pleasures of a good Conscience which every honest Man enjoys! Add to this, that whatever they may pretend, and endeavour to appear, no reasonable Man can think that a Person under perpetual Apprehensions of Justice (as all who are conscious of the most flagrant Crimes must be) can enjoy a Moments delight even in the Way that they seek it, unless he may be said to enjoy himself when all his Senses are entirely drown'd in Liquor.

But it is not our Business to prescribe to our Readers, or if it were, they would attend to us just as much as they pleased: We shall take Care that every one who reads our Collection may be diverted, and that as many as will may be instructed; which is all we can promise, and, we believe, all that can be expected.

The Reader may depend upon having the most authentic Accounts of every Highwayman, &c. that can be any where procured, and of having those Accounts in a more agreeable Manner than they have ever yet appeared in. Our Reflections, when we make any, shall be just, and naturally arising from the Story, whether they are calculated to raise a Smile or a serious Thought; for Occasions of both Kinds will frequently offer themselves in a Work of this Nature. We have nothing more to say to our Male Readers in this Place, and therefore we beg Leave to conclude with a Word or two to the Females; which is, that besides the Pleasure which they may find by perusing this Book in common with the Men, they may expect to feel the same Pity frequently reviv'd in their Breasts, which they, or some of their fair Predecessors, were formerly touched with, when several of our celebrated Heroes made their *Exit*.



T H E



THE LIVES and ADVENTURES

Of the Most Famous

Highwaymen, Murderers, Pyrates, &c.

The LIFE of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.



WE begin this History with the Life of Sir John Falstaff, who flourished in the Reigns of Henry IV. and V. Kings of England; and we cannot help wishing that we were able to draw his Character in this Place as beautifully as it is drawn by *Shakespear* in several of his Plays, which are indeed almost the only Materials that remain for our Purpose. It is proper to say this to prevent the Reader's wondering at our Method, and at the several Dialogues which we shall intersperse, or rather only connect in this Essay.

Sir John Falstaff then was born at a Place called *Potten* in *Bedfordshire*, which is all we know concerning his Birth; and indeed if History had been as silent in this Article of Place as it is in that of the Time when, it had signified little, there being no remarkable Action, as we know of, to be settled by this Piece of Chronology. By the Courses he took, we may suppose his Estate was not very large; for the first Time he is mentioned, it is in Company with Thieves; tho' you may be sure it was none of your poor Pick-Pocket Gangs, forasmuch as *Henry Prince of Wales* (afterwards King *Henry V.*) appears among them: *Poins*, *Bardolph*, *Gals-Hill*, and *Peto*, were the Names of the rest. As we shall transcribe a great many of *Shakespear's* inimitable Speeches, it would be a Folly to say any Thing in general of Sir John's Person and Temper, besides what is contained in them. When I was about thy Years, Hal, (says Sir John to the Prince) I was not an Eagle's Talon in the Waste; I could have crept into an Alderman's Thumb-Ring: A Plague of Sighing and Grief, it blows a Man up like a Bladder! For Sir John, you must know, when he said this, was not such a Skeleton as he describes: No, he was a Tun of Man, a Trunk of Humours, a Boulting-butch of Beastliness, a swollen Parcel of Dropsies, a huge Bombard of Sack, a stuff'd Clock-Bag of Guts, a roasted Manning-Tree Ox, with a Pudding in his Belly, &c. as Prince Henry humorously draws his Picture.

The first Scene between these two pleasant Companions gives us such a Sketch of our Hero, that I can't forbear transcribing some of it. He addresses himself to the Prince in this merry Manner: Hal, What Time of Day is it, Lad? [Prince Henry.] Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old Sack, and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping upon Benches in the Afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly

which thou wouldst truly know. What a Devil hast thou to do with the Time of the Day? unless Hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bawds, and Dials the Signs of Leaping-Houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot Wench, in Flame-colour'd Tuffata, I see no Reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the Time of the Day. [Falstaff.] I feel you come near me now, Hal; for we that take Purfes, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not by Phœbus, that wandering Knight so fair; but I pray thee, sweet Wag, when thou art King, — as God save thy Grace, (Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt never have so much as will serve as a Prologue to an Egg and Butter) Marry, I say, sweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Night's Body, be called Thieves of the Day's Beauty: Let us be Diana's Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon; and let Men say, we be Men of good Government, being govern'd as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistress the Moon, under whose Countenance we — steal. — But I pray thee, sweet Wag, shall there be Gallies standing in England when thou art King? and shall Resolution be thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty Curb of old Father Antick, the Law? Do not thou when thou art King hang a Thief.

Immediately after this Sir John falls into a Strain of Repentance, and cries out, Thou art indeed, able to corrupt a Saint: Thou hast done much Harm to me, Hal, God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now I am, if a Man should speak truly, little better than one of the Wicked: I must give over this Life, and I will give it over by the Lord; an I do not I am a Villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's Son in Christendom. Hereupon the Prince asking him where he should take a Purse the next Day, Sir John answered, Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me. And when the Prince told him, he saw a good Amendment in him, from Praying to Purse-taking, Why Hal, says Sir John, 'tis my Vocation, Hal: 'Tis no Sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

Poins, the bravest of all the Gang next to the Prince, understanding that there were Pilgrims going to *St. Thomas Becket's Tomb* at *Canterbury*, with rich Presents, and that at the same Time there were several wealthy Traders riding to *London*, he entered into an

Agreement

Agreement with his Highness, that *Falstaff*, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and *Gads-Hill* (so called from the Place where they used to rob) should take the Booty from them; and that afterwards they (*Poins* and the Prince) should rob the Robbers in Disguise. This Design was accordingly executed; for the four that were appointed having got Possession of the shining Metal, which was the Piety of the Pilgrims, and the Life of the Tradesmen, our two Heroes fell upon them as they were dividing the Prey, put them all to Flight, and went off undiscovered, and sufficiently pleas'd. Some time after this, *Falstaff* and his stout-hearted Companions in the Exploit, meeting the Prince and *Poins* at a Tavern in *Eastcheap*, which they all frequented, the Knight began, after his usual Manner, to extol his own Valour, exclaiming bitterly against all Cowards, and professing that good Manhood was forgot upon the Face of the Earth. *There live not*, quoth he, *three good Men unhang'd in England, and one of them* (meaning himself) *is fat, and grows old. God help the while a bad World, I say!* His Highness asking the Occasion of this Bravado, *Why*, says Sir *John*, *here are four of us have taken a thousand Pounds this Morning; but a hundred, a full hundred! fell upon us, and took it away again. I am a Rogue, if I was not at Half-Sword with a Dozen of them two Hours together. I have escap'd by a Miracle; I am eight Times thrust through the Doublet, four thro' the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-Saw; here, look at it! I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do: A Plague of all Cowards, I say still.* The Prince and *Poins* upon this, burst out a laughing, and told the whole Story. *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and *Gads-Hill*, *Falstaff's* Companions, confess'd that he had hack'd his Sword with his Dagger, and said, he would swear Truth out of England, but he would make *Harry* believe it was done in Fight, and that he had perswaded them to tickle their Noses with Spear-Grass to make them bleed, and then be-flabber their Garments with it, and swear it was the Blood of true Men. This Instance of his Worship's Cowardice expos'd him to the Ridicule of the whole Gang; but Sir *John* was not to be laugh'd out of Countenance; he had a Salve for every Sore. *By the Lord*, says he, *I knew ye as well as he that made ye; but hark ye, my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware Instinct. — The Lion will not touch the true Prince. — Instinct is a great Matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall think the better of myself and thee during my Life: I for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince.* An excellent Way of coming off!

Sir *John* however, seems, contrary to his usual Custom, to have taken this Disgrace a little to Heart; for the next Time he meets *Bardolph*, he accosts him in this Manner: *Bardolph, am I not fallen away wilely since this last Action? do I not bate? do not I dwindle? why, my Skin hangs about me like an old Lady's loose Gown: I am wither'd like an old Apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of Heart shortly, and then I shall have no Strength to repent. An I have not forgot what the Inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corn, a Brewer's Horse: The Inside of a Church! Company, villainous Company has been the Ruin of me! Upon this *Bardolph* telling him he was fretful, and could not live long, *Why there it is* (quoth the Knight) *come sing me a bawdy Song to make me merry: I was as virtuously given as a Gentleman need be; I swore little; diced not above seven Times a Week; went to a Bawdy-House not above once in a Quarter of an Hour; paid Money that I borrowed — three or four Times; liv'd well, and in good Compass; but now I live out of all Order, out of all Compass.* This may serve for another Sketch of Sir *John's* Manner of repenting.*

Some Time after this, the Civil Wars breaking out between the Houses of *Tork* and *Lancaster*, Prince *Henry* was sent for to Court to defend the Throne of his Father. Being unwilling to desert his humorous old squab Companion, he made him Captain of a Com-

pany of Soldiers, with Orders to march down to *Shrewsbury*, to meet the Enemy. But before we give an Account of our Knight's Behaviour in the Field of Battle, hear him describe his Company. *If I be not asham'd of my Soldiers, I am a sous'd Gurnet: I have misus'd the King's Press damnably; I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Soldiers, three hundred and odd Pounds. I press me none but good House-holders, Yeomen's Sons; enquire me out contracted Batchellors, such as have been ask'd twice upon the Banns: such a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil as a Drum; such as fear the Report of a Culverin worse than a struck Fowl, or a hurt wild Duck. I press me none but such Toasts and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger than Pins Heads, and they have bought out their Services; and now my whole Charge consists of Antients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, when the Glutton's Dogs lick'd his Sores, and such as indeed were never Soldiers, but discarded unjust Servingmen, younger Sons of younger Brothers; revolted Tapsters, and Hostlers Trade-fall'n, the Cankers of a calm World and long Peace, ten Times more dishonourably ragged than an old-fac'd Antient; and such have I to fill up the Rooms of those that have bought out their Services, that you would think I had an hundred and fifty tarter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Druff and Husks. A mad Fellow met me on the Way, and told me I had unloaded all the Gibbers, and press'd the dead Bodies. No Eye hath seen such Scare-Crowes: I'll not march thro' Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide between the Legs, as if they had Shackles on! for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's but a Shirt and a half in all my Company; and the half is two Napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Herald's Coat without Sleeves; and the Shirt, to say the Truth, stolen from my Host of St. Alban's, or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of Daintry; But that's all one, they'll find Linnen enough on every Hedge.*

The Forces of *Henry IV.* and Hot-spur *Piercy* being met at *Shrewsbury*, the Place of Action, the Morning before the Battle *Falstaff* desires the Prince to get astride him, and defend him, if he should happen to fall, telling him, that it would be a Point of Friendship to do so: To which the Prince pleasantly replying, that nothing but a Collossus could do him that Service, and that he ow'd Heaven a Death, bidding him withal say his Prayers, and take his Leave, we have the following humorous Speech of the Knight's upon Record, which he made in Answer to his Highness. *The Debt to Heaven which you speak of is not due yet, and I should be loth to pay him before his Day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no Matter, Honour pricks me on: But how if Honour pricks me off, when I come on? How then? Can Honour set a Leg? No. Or an Arm? No. Or take away the Grief of a Wound? No. Honour hath no Skill in Surgery then? No. What is Honour, a Word. What is that Word Honour? Air, a trim Reckoning. Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible then? Yes, to the Dead. But will it not live with the Living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it? Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechism.* During the Battle, we find the valourous Sir *John* getting as far as he can out of the Way, and making this Soliloquy: *Tho' I could'scape shot-free at London, I fear the Shot here; here's no scoring; but upon the Pate. Well, I am as hot as melted Lead, and as heavy too; Heaven keep lead out of me: I need no more Weight than mine own Bowels.* The Prince coming up, and chiding him for being idle at such an important Time; *O Hal! prythee give me leave to breathe*, says he, *Turk Gregory never did such Deeds in Arms as I have done this Day. I have paid Piercy; I have made him sure.* The Prince telling him *Piercy* was alive, and so leaving him, Sir *John* goes on with the Soliloquy thus: *If Piercy be alive, I'll pierce him, if he come in my Way: If he do not,*
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if I come in his, willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me: I like not such grinning Honour as Sir Walter Blunt, (seeing the dead Body of Sir Walter Blunt, a brave old Commander.) Give me Life, which if I can save, I will; if not, Honour comes unsought, and there's an End on't. Immediately after this the Prince and Hot-Spur meet, and a terrible Encounter ensues; Douglas, a Scots Nobleman, and Friend to Hotspur, falls at the same Time on Sir John, and Sir John falls on the Ground, to prevent any farther Mischief. The Prince kills Hotspur, and laments his old Friend Jack, whom he fancies to be dead; talks of having him imbowelled, and so departs. Sir John, who all this while had received no Hurt, rises at the Word imbowel, and speaks as follows: Imbowell'd! if you imbowel me To-Day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me To-Morrow: 'Sblood! 'twas Time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant Scot had paid me Scot and Lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no Counterfeit; to die is to be a Counterfeit; for he is but the Counterfeit of a Man who hath not the Life of a Man; but to counterfeit dying, when a Man thereby liveth, is to be no Counterfeit, but the true and perfect Image of Life indeed. The better Part of Valour is Discretion, in the which better Part I have saved my Life. But I am afraid yet of this Gunpowder Peirey, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better Counterfeit: therefore I'll make him sure, yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but Eyes, and no body sees me; therefore Sirrah, with a new Wound in your Thigh, come along with me. Upon this, he very manfully ran the dead General through the Thigh, and taking him upon his Back, went to find out the King, that he might claim the Honour of killing him. He was met by the Prince, who almost fancied he saw the Ghost of his old Crony: but Sir John soon convinc'd him that he was the same individual John Falstaff, safe and sound; and throwing down the Body, There says he, is Peirey; if your Father will do me any Honour, let him; if not, he may kill the next Peirey himself: I look to be either Earl or Duke, I assure you. The Prince told him he kill'd Peirey himself, and saw him lie, as he thought, dead. Dismal thou, quoth Falstaff? Lord, Lord, see how the World is given to Lying! I grant I was slain, and so was he; but we rose both at an Instant, and fought a long Hour by Shrewsbury Clock: I'll take't on my Death, I gave him that Wound in the Thigh: if the Man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a Piece of my Sword.

One would have thought the Prince, after this, should have had no more Employment for Sir John in a martial Capacity; and by what has been said, there is good Reason to think that Sir John would have been very well satisfied at home in Quiet; but whether his Highness was willing to cross the capricious old Fellow, or whatsoever else was the Cause, it is certain, that a fresh Insurrection was no sooner heard of, but Captain Falstaff was again ordered to appear in Arms. When the Lord Chief Justice told him of it, Well, says the Knight, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, pray that our Armies join not in a hot Day; for I take but two Shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily. If it be a hot Day, if I brandish any thing but a Bottle, would I may never spit white again, There is not a dangerous Action can peep out his Head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever! — But it was always the Trick of our Nation, if they have a good Thing, to make it too common. I would to God my Name were not so terrible to the Enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to Death with a Rust, than to be scourg'd to nothing with perpetual Motion. Sir John took as much Care this Time in the Choice of his Men as he had done before, and was particularly cautious that he did not get into the Field of Battle too soon; so that the Action was pretty well over when he made his Appearance. However, he had the good Fortune to meet a Knight of the Enemy's Party, called Sir John Coleville of the Dale, who was endeavouring to make his

Escape from the victorious Henry. Falstaff bid him surrender, and Sir John Coleville, tho' otherwise a brave Man, did not think proper to dispute at this Time: By this Accident our Bully Knight got into his Possession one of the noblest Prisoners that were taken in the whole Engagement. He soon met the Prince, who began to call him to Account for his Delays. I should be sorry, my Lord, says Falstaff, if it were not thus; I never knew yet but Reluke and Check were the Reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow or a Bullet? Have I in my poor old Motion the Expedition of Thought? I spee'd hither with the very extremest such of Possibility: I have foundered nine Score and odd Posts; and here, Travel-tainted as I am, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded: that I may justly say with the book-nos'd Felloze of Rome, I came, I saw, I overcame. Here the Prince telling him it was more out of Sir John Coleville's Courtesy than his deserving, I know not that, quoth Sir John, but here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this Day's Deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular Ballad else, with mine own Picture at the Top of it, and Coleville kissing my Foot; to the which Course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt Two-pences to me, and I, in the clear Sky of Fame, o'erspine you as much as the Full Moon doth the Cinders of the Element, which show like Pins Heads to her, believe not the Word of the noble; therefore let me have my Right, and let Desert mount. We have no Account what Reward Sir John met with for this exemplary Piece of Valour.

The Reader, by this Time, may have heard enough of Sir John Falstaff's Courage, it may be proper, therefore, to relieve him a little with some of our Knight's Gallantry, which was altogether as singular as the former; at least, in the Instance we are going to produce. Two wealthy Inhabitants of Windsor, call'd Mr. Ford and Mr. Page, liv'd in very good Friendship: The Wives were as great Cronies as the Husbands, and were besides, the wittiest, merriest Women in the whole Town. The gay easy Temper of the Dames made Sir John fancy they were both in love with him, and in this Opinion, he writes each of them a very amorous Epistle, and sends 'em at the same Time: The Consequence of this, was a Visit between the two Women, when they laid their Heads together, how to be reveng'd upon the leachrous old Load of Iniquity. It was agreed, that Mrs. Ford should give him Encouragement, and appoint a Time for him to come and see her. A Servant of Sir John's in the mean Time, goes and informs Mr. Ford who was before inclin'd to Jealousy, of the whole Affair? Ford goes to Sir John in Disguise, tells him his Name is Broom, and that he is in love with Mrs. Ford, offering him a large Reward, if he could help him to the enjoying of her. Falstaff hereupon discovers the Hour of Assignment, and promises to introduce Mr. Broom, who went away fully satisfied of a terrible Plot against his Head, which seemed already loaded with Horns.

At the Time appointed, Falstaff goes to Ford's House, and the good natur'd Gentlewoman received him in the best Manner imaginable; but they had not long enjoy'd their Transport, before they were alarm'd by Mrs. Page, who was conceal'd in the next Room for that Purpose: She seemed to come from the Street, and told Sir John that Mr. Ford was coming with a great many Neighbours, vowing Revenge. A Basket of foul Linnen stood by, and Sir John without Ceremony desired to be put into it, and sent to the Washerwoman's, or any whether, to escape the Fury of the injur'd good Man. The Basket was placed there for this very Purpose, and the Servants had their Lessons beforehand: So the Knight was stuff'd in and covered, and the two Men went away with the Burden, who carried all together, threw it into a shallow Place in the Thames, and went their Way. Sir John made a shift to scabble out, and get home. Hear him give a Description of this Misfortune to one of his Servants Go
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fetch

fetch me a Quart of Sack, put a Toast in it. Have I lived to be carried in a Basket, like a Barrow of Butcher's Offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served such another Trick, I'll have my Brains taken out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-Year's-Gift. The Rogues slighted me into the River with as little Remorse as they would have drowned a blind Bitch's Puppies, fifteen in the Litter; and you may know by the Size, that I have a kind of Alacrity in sinking: If the Bottom were as deep as Hell, I should drown. I had been drowned, but that the Shore was shelvy and shallow; a Death that I abhor; for the Water swells a Man: And what a Thing should I have been when I had been swelled? I should have been a Mountain of Mummy. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames Water; for my Belly is as cold as if I had swallow'd Snowballs, for Pills to cool the Reins.

The two Gossips, who knew nothing of the Information Mr. Ford had received, were amaz'd to see him come home in a real Fury: They could not so much as guess at the Cause; however, they were resolved to have another Bout with Sir John, come what would of it: To this End, their former Go-between was again employ'd. The Knight was at first refractory, because of his late ill Usage; but so well did the Hag tell her Story, that at last he yielded to come to Mrs. Ford's again the next Morning between Eight and Nine. No sooner was the Emissary gone, but in comes the Sham Mr. Broom. Falstaff tells him how he had succeeded with Mrs. Ford; how the peaking Cornuto her Husband had come Home at the Prologue of their Comedy, with a Rabble of his Companions; how he was cram'd into a Buck-Basket, with foul Shirts, Smocks, Socks, Stockings, and greasy Napkins, and carried out; how he was met by Ford, and frighten'd terribly; in short, how he was thrown hissing hot into the Thames. And think, Master Broom, says he, how all this must be to a Man of my Kidney! but I am to meet her again this Morning, her Husband is gone a Birding; and then, Mr. Broom, for you! Ford, who having searched all the House over before, and found no Body, was almost reconcil'd to his Rib, now went away more uneasy than ever; all the Circumstances agreed, and 'twas plain he was a Dupe. — Well, the Hour came, and Falstaff went, but was no sooner there, than he was again surpriz'd with Ford's coming. The Women were very officious to dress him in the Cloaths of a fat Woman, who pass'd for a Witch, and whom Ford had forbid his House. Sir John, by this Means escaped unknown, but was heartily bang'd in his Quality of an old Woman for presuming to come there; and Ford and his Friends search'd the House over again to no Purpose.

Mrs. Ford thought it was now high Time to set her Husband at Ease; so she and Mrs. Page produce their Letters, and tell the whole Story to all the Company. The Man was satisfied, the Women applauded, and a fresh Revenge was resolved on. Mrs. Quickly, the former Messenger, was sent again, who informed Sir John she was come from the Parties. *The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other, says he, and so they shall be both bestow'd: I have suffer'd more for their sakes than the villainous Inconstancy of Man's Disposition is able to bear. I was beaten into all the Colours of the Rain-Bow, and like to be apprehended for the Witch of Brainford: But that my admirable Dexterity of Wit deliver'd me, I had been set in the Stocks, in the common Stocks, for a Witch! — Well, says the cunning old Hag, but to prevent all Danger, I'll meet you to Night in the Forest, where you may pass for Herne the Hunter, who, they say, walks with a great Pair of Horns on his Head: Put on the Horns, and fear nothing! Falstaff consented, the Woman went her Way, and Mr. Broom came again, not now to entrap his Wife, but only to catch the Knight, who tells another lamentable Story of his being beaten grievously in the Shape of a Woman: For in the Shape of a Man, Master Broom, says he, I fear not Goliath, with a Weaver's Beam. But meet me at Night, and all shall be well. So he recited the whole Story of his new Affignation. This was the worst Punishment of*

all; for Ford, Page, their Wives, Children, and Friends, were ready against the appointed Hour, all dress'd like Fairies. Sir John, as before, went to the Place in Time, big with the Hopes of enjoying what he had fought so long, and suffered so much for. A huge Pair of Stags Horns were upon his Head, which he esteem'd as emblematical of those he was to fix upon the Head of poor Ford. In a Word, the Fairies came, and pinched him almost to Death; which done, they all discovered themselves: And from this Time poor Falstaff became a Laughing-Stock to all the good People in Windsor. He has humorously described this Disposition of Mankind towards him in these Words: *Men of all Sorts take a Pride to gird at me. The Brain of this foolish compounded Clay, Min, is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men.*

How much of the foregoing Stories we owe to the fruitful Invention of *Shakespeare*, we shall not pretend to determine. 'Tis certain the whole Character of Sir John Falstaff, as he has drawn it, whether it be entirely founded upon Truth or no, is one of the most beautiful Pieces in our Language; which may be a sufficient Excuse for our inserting so much of it. Those who are acquainted with the Plays from which the foregoing is extracted, will see we have bestowed a pretty deal of Labour, and, we hope, some Judgment in what we have done, which is all we shall say concerning ourselves. Give us Leave, however, to add, that the late celebrated Duke of Buckingham, after he has discoursed very finely upon the humour of our Plays, uses these Words:

But Falstaff seems inimitable yet.

We now proceed to give a less poetical Account of some of the merry Pranks which are recorded of our Hero; and indeed a very different Account from the foregoing. Instead of making him a Coward, a Glutton, and a Drunkard, all other Authors that mention him say, he was a very brave Commander; and that, on the Account of his Valour against the York Faction, King Henry IV. knighted him, and gave him a Pension of four hundred Marks per Annum, which was a great Income in those Days. Be this as it will, his Revenue was not sufficient to support his Extravagancies; for all agree, he took up the Occupation of a Gentleman Highwayman.

He first set out upon this unlawful Design by himself; but as Man need never want a Companion in Wickedness, several other dissolute and disorderly Gentlemen quickly enter'd themselves into his Service: Their Names were the same as before recited, and the Robberies they committed were almost innumerable. They were completely mounted and armed, and having been lately in the Service of the House of Lancaster, they wanted not for Skill to make use of those Advantages. Scarce could a Traveller be safe for them upon any Road for a hundred Miles round London, tho' the Place which Sir John himself commonly collected at was Gads-Hill in Kent.

It was here that he one Day met a country Farmer, and demanding what Money he had about him, the Farmer replied, None; adding, that he did not use to carry Money about him for Fear of Robbing. Sir John hereupon, commanded him to kneel down, and fall to Prayers; and at the same Time he pulled a little Manual out of his Pocket, and kneeled down by him. The Countryman did not know what to make of this unseasonable Piece of Devotion, and would willingly have taken another Time and Place to make his Orisons. But there was no resisting Necessity: Sir John was inclined to be pious, and the Farmer must be so too, at least must appear so; for very probably his Fear might abate the Fervour which he might else have shewn. The Knight mumbled over some Words between his Teeth with a great deal of seeming Devotion, and then enquir'd of his Fellow Christian how it fared with him; For Heaven, he said, would not be deaf to the pious Addresses of those that were sincerely devout; wherefore, prythee feel in thy Pockets, that we

we may see what God hath sent thee. The Countryman did so, but pretended he could find nothing: Upon which Sir John feeling in his own Pockets, pulls out a Nine-penny Piece, telling him withal, *That for certain he pray'd not heartily; therefore 'twas necessary for him to pray again.* If you look, says he, *directly towards Heaven, it cannot be but you must get somewhat as well as I.* With that, putting his Hand into his Pocket again, he pulls out a Thirteen-Pence Half-penny Piece. Still the other poor Man had no Success: He could not find a single Farthing, and doubtless he pray'd, that no Body else might find any Thing upon him. He produces now no less than a Noble, Six Shillings and Eight-Pence! The Countryman continued firmly in the Negative: Upon which, Sir John told him plainly, *That either he did not pray with Devotion, or else he would not let him see how liberal Heaven had been to him? For, says he, how comes it to pass, that my Prayers should be heard, and not yours? If you pray with as much spiritual Zeal, as you outwardly make Shew of, it must needs be, that by this Time you have gained very considerably. Therefore I am resolved to examine into the Truth of this Matter.* He did so, and found in the Countryman's Pockets twenty Broad-Pieces of Gold, at which they were both amaz'd, Sir John seemingly at the Liberality of Heaven, and the other really at the Loss of his Money. Falstaff, however, dealt better with the Farmer, than he expected: For he gave him the Money, which he had at several Times taken out of his own Pocket, adding this severe Reprimand, *What a hypocritical Rogue are you to endeavour to cheat me, your Companion, at this Rate! Is this the Agreement we made before we went to Prayers? Good Lord! how few People are just upon Earth! Well, to punish you for your Wickedness, I shall keep what Heaven has sent into your Pocket; but that you may not want upon the Road, take what I have got by praying; and when you are got home, acquaint your Neighbours with what an honest Gentleman you met, who gave you Eight Shillings and Six-Pence, when you endeavour'd to cheat him of twenty Broad-Pieces.*

A little after this religious Enterprize Sir John, and some of his Comrades, met the common Hangman coming from an Execution at Kingston upon Thames: They robb'd him of what little Money he had, and then dragged him out of the Road, into an adjacent Wood, and hang'd him upon a Tree, as a dangerous Fellow to their Profession, which, in their Opinion, was a very honourable one.

On the same Day that the Executioner was executed Sir John received Notice of the Return of a certain rich Merchant, who had been at a Fair at Guilford. Upon this he dressed himself in Woman's Apparel, and rode along till he came in Sight of his intended Prey. He then alighted; and lying down, after he had tied his Horse in a Wood, he filled the Road with loud Cries and Lamentations; accusing Heaven and Earth as conspiring in his Misfortunes. The Merchant, being a Man of a brisk and airy Temper, and one who well understood the Delights of a Female Conversation, was not a little mov'd with Joy at this happy Surprizal, imagining himself in the easy Possession of a jolly young Woman; for indeed Sir John, though something of the thickest, did not make a disagreeable Figure in his Female Habit: There appeared so much Delicacy and Softness in his Skin, (at least what was seen of it, for he was mask'd,) that not a few Women would have been proud to have possess'd the like. The honest Man, therefore, very generously a-lights from his Horse, and enquires of the fair Charmer (for so he called Sir John) what was the Cause of her Complaints? She, poor Soul, for her Part tells him a long Story of her piteous Adventures; as that she had been to visit some Relations along with a barbarous inhuman Brother, who had left her in this unknown Place, upon a very small Difference that had arisen. 'Twas impossible for the tender-hearted Merchant to help pitying her Misfortunes, which he looked upon to be real, and joining with her in lamenting her Condition, and cursing the Cruelty of her Brother. Pity, it has been

observ'd, frequently tunes the Soul to Love; and thus it was with our Merchant: He sat himself down, and spoke a great many soft Things; and, in short almost brought Matters to the last Extremity. Sir John, who was still covered with his Mask, made but a feeble Resistance, only crying, *I am undone, lost, ruin'd forever! Alas, dear Sir, what do you mean? What would you do with me? Is this your Compassion? This your Kindness to a poor, distressed, miserable Creature? What! rob me of my Honour, dearer to me than my Life? For Heaven's sake, Sir, forbear!* The Merchant was not to be repuls'd with such a weak Opposition as this; he thought it was only Virgin Modesty that would presently be overcome; and therefore, comforted his dear Soul with all the kind Words, and fair Promises he could invent, taking her by the Hand, and leading her to the Entrance of the Wood; Sir John, seeing it was now Time to draw towards a Conclusion, told him, *That since her Misfortunes had so ordered it, that she was fallen into his Hands, she entreated he would do her the Favour to advance farther into the Wood, that she might not be openly prostituted.* Still our excellent Droll sobbed, and cried, and called upon Death a thousand Times to come and succour her, before she was eternally disgrac'd. The Merchant complied with this last reasonable Request, and went with her into the most solitary Part of the Wood; where being just about to work his wicked Will upon the poor unhappy yielding Creature, to his great Surprize, as well as Pain, she drew a Poignard out of her Bosom, and thrust him through one of his Arms: The amorous Gallant being hereby disabled, his supposed Female Beauty rifled his Pockets, took out three or four Purles of Gold, and immediately rode off with the Booty.

Another Time, Sir John, in Company with but one of his Companions, met a Couple of Priars, belonging to a Monastery, which, in those Times of Popery, was at Dartford in Kent: Our thieving Knight strip-ped them of their religious Habits, which was much against the Will of his Companion, till he gave him the following Reason for his so doing. *You know, says he, that we are not far from Lewilham, where there is a noble large golden Chalice, belonging to the Church, and you ought to know as well, that there is no Habit which a Man can rob in so safely as a religious one. My Advice then is, That we assume the Sheep's Clothing, and make the best of our Way to the Curate's House. Never dull if Success, and leave the Conduct of the Affair to me.* Falstaff's Comrade was now very well pleased with the Contrivance, and consented to assist in the putting it forthwith in Practice. Away march our two Friars, and the generous Curate, believing them to be what they appeared, received them, in a Manner so very kindly as gave them fresh Hopes of succeeding in their Design. At Night, as they lay together, they were a considerable Time consulting how they should carry on the Affair: But they at last concluded to both their Satisfaction, and went to Sleep. The Morning being come, they got up very early, and went to the Curate's Chamber, telling him, *It was their Custom to say Mass always at that Time; and therefore they desired he would join with them.* The good Man, without mistrusting any Thing, arose and opened the Door; which he had no sooner done, but our two Ruffians rushed in upon him, knocked him down, gagged him, and tied him Neck and Heels; after which, they broke open his Trunks, and took away all his Money; and not contented with this, they took the Keys of the Church, and carry'd away not only the Chalice, but all the other Ornaments that were portable, and so they marched off.

One Day as Sir John was riding along the Road by himself, he met with two of his own Profession, who, not knowing him, and seeing he made a good Appearance, thought they had found a Prize. With this Confidence they rode up to him, who did not endeavour to avoid 'em, and bid him stand; swearing, damn 'em, and sink 'em, he was a dead Man, if he did not immediately deliver his Money. Sir John being accustomed not to give, but to take, could not heartily relish this Demand; and therefore, very boldly

told

told them, he had none; at the same Instant laying his Hand suddenly upon one of their Swords, he wrenched it out of his Hand, and gave him such a Blow with it on his Arm, that the Pain took away all Sense. Having done this, he set upon the other very furiously, who, being less valiant than his Companion, betook himself to the Swiftneſs of his Horſe's Heels. But Sir John purſued him ſo cloſely, that he made him yield himſelf to his Mercy: Upon which he generously gave him his Life, after reprimanding him ſeverely for attempting to meddle with one who was his Maſter at his own Trade. Returning after this to the other, whom he had firſt ſtruck, he threaten'd him with Death, if he deliver'd not his Money: The poor Thief would willingly have excus'd himſelf by pretending he had none: But Falſtaff was not to be put off in that Manner, being well ſatisfied there was no Credit to be given to Perſons of that Vocation. He very orderly therefore applied to his Pockets, where he found a large Quantity of Gold and Silver, the Spoils of a great many honeſt People. To be more completely revenged of his Antagoniſt, Sir John bound him ſtrongly Neck and Heels, wrote his Crime upon a Paper, and pinned it to his Breſt; then placed him where he might be expoſed to the View of all Paſſengers. The unfortunate Highwayman had not lain long in this Poſition, before ſome whom he had lately robbed came by, who looking at the Paper, and at the ſame Time examining his Face, knew him to be the Man: Upon this they carried him before a Magiſtrate, who committed him to Priſon, where he remained till the next Aſſizes, when he was convicted, ſentenc'd, and ſhortly after executed. Thus was Sir John the Means of bringing one of his Brethren to Juſtice, while in the Height of his own Crimes; but the Action was honourable, and in his own Defence; for the Soul of our Knight was above ſubmitting to the deteſted Office of a mercenary Thief-Catcher.

Sir John followed this diſorderly Courſe of Life a great many Years; and what made him the more daring in his unlawful Enterprizes, was the having a no leſs Man than the eldeſt Son of King Henry IV. in his wicked Fraternity, with whom he was very familiar, as we have before obſerved. This Prince being prompted on by his own vicious Inclinations, and the Fire of Youth, and encouraged by a Set of debauched and abandoned Courtiers, committed ſuch Extravagancies as are almoſt incredible: For he not only frequently robbed upon the Highway, in Company with Falſtaff and others, whom we have mentioned, but went ſo far as to ſet upon his Father, and ſeveral Times put him in Fear of ſome Deſign againſt his Perſon: For Kings went not guarded in thoſe Days as they do at preſent. He attempted alſo to reſcue a Priſoner from the Face of Juſtice, in the Court of King's-Bench, Weſtmiſter; for which he was himſelf committed a Priſoner by the Lord Chief Juſtice, whom he ſtruck on the Seat of Judgment. The Juſtice was admir'd and applauded for this Action; and the Prince, notwithſtanding his ungovernable Temper, ſubmitted to the Sentence, ſeemingly without Reluctance. And indeed it appears this Prince, who had a prodigious natural Genius, often diſapprov'd his own Extravances when he came to reflect ſeriouſly. *Shakeſpear* has given us a Speech, or rather Soliloquy of his, ſuppos'd to be ſpoken at the Place of Haunt in Eaſtcheap, immediately upon parting with his ſcandalous Company. 'Tis in theſe Words: *I know you all, and will uphold your Humour a little; yet in this will I imitate the Sun, who permits the baſe contagious Clouds to hide his Beauty ſometimes from the World, that when he pleaſes to be himſelf again, at a Time when he is very much wanted, he may be the more wonder'd at, by breaking thro' the foul and ugly Miſts and Vapours that ſeemed almoſt to ſmother and ſtrangle him. If all the Year were Holidays, it would be as tedious to ſport as to work; but when Play-days come ſeldom, they come wiſh'd for, and nothing pleaſes but what is rare: So when I throw off this baſe Behaviour, and pay the Debt I never promis'd, by how much I am better than my Word, by ſo much ſhall I falſify Men's Hopes:*

and my Reformation glittering over my Fault, like bright Metal upon a ſullen Ground, ſhall ſhew more goodly, and attract more Eyes than that which has no Foil to ſet it off. And we find this illuſtrious Perſon was not at all worſe than his Word, eſpecially in the Caſe of the Lord Chief Juſtice. This good Man, upon the Death of Henry IV. was under terrible Apprehenſions of Severity from the Hands of his new Maſter: The young King put on a ſullen Countenance, and reprehended him with a great Deal of ſeeming Warmth; and the Judge defended himſelf as nobly as he had acted before, by telling him, that upon the Bench he repreſented his Father, who was inſulted in his Perſon; and deſiring him to make the Caſe his own, and conſider whether, now he was King, he would ſuffer his Dignity to be profan'd in a Chief Magiſtrate, by a diſobedient Son. But how agreeably was this venerable Perſon ſurpriz'd, when his Maſteſty returned him this Answer: *You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh the Matter well; therefore ſtill bear the Balance and the Sword, and I wiſh your Honours may increaſe till you live to ſee a Son of mine offend you, and obey you as I did: So ſhall I live to ſpeak the Words of my Father, Happy am I, that I have a Magiſtrate ſo bold as to dare to do Juſtice upon my own Son; and no leſs happy in having a Son that would deliver up his Greatneſs into the Hand of Juſtice. You committed me; for which I commit into your Hand the unſtain'd Sword that you uſed to bear, remembering you ſtill to uſe the ſame with the like bold, juſt, and impartial Spirit as you have done againſt me. There is my Hand; you ſhall be a Father to my Youth, and I will humble myſelf to your wiſe Directions: I will mock the Expectations of the World, and frustrate the Propheſies of the Vulgar: My Tide of Blood, that has proudly flow'd in Vanity till now, ſhall turn back to the Sea, from whence it ſhall henceforth flow in State and formal Maſteſty. The wiſeſt of our Nation ſhall form our Council, of which you, Father, ſhall be the Chief, and I will mingle in your ſolemn Debates till Peace and War become familiar to me, and England is own'd the beſt-govern'd Nation in the World.* It is further reported of this Prince, that he was wont every Day after Dinner to ſet apart two Hours to receive Petitions, and redreſs Grievances, which he would do with wonderful Equity; and that he ſent to Rome to be abſolved from the Death of King Richard II. (of which 'tis thought his Father was guilty) tho' 'tis certain he had no Hand in it.

This Account of the Reformation of King Henry V. is doing Juſtice to the Memory of one of the greateſt and beſt Monarchs that ever ſate upon the *Engliſh* Throne: Beſides, it is not altogether foreign to our Deſign, as it makes Way for another Story of our Hero, Sir John Falſtaff. The Knight was in the Country, at the Houſe of one Juſtice Shallow, an old Acquaintance of his, when the News was brought by Piſtol of his Friend Hal's Advancement. He was unable to contain his Joy, and ſummoning all his own Gang and the Juſtice's Family about him, he made this Harangue: *Away Bardolph, ſaddle my Horſes. — Maſter Robert Shallow, chuſe what Office thou wilt in the Land, 'tis thine — Piſtol, I will double charge thee with Dignities — Carry Maſter Silence to Bed — Maſter Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's Steward. Get on thy Boots; we'll ride all Night — Oh! ſweet Piſtol, utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thyſelf good. — Boot, Boot, Maſter Shallow, I know the young King is ſick for me — Let us take any Man's Horſes; the Laws of England are at my Commandment — Happy are they who have been my Friends; and Wo to my Lord Juſtice. Accordingly they all got ready, and Mr. Shallow lent Sir John a thouſand Pounds to maintain his Dignity, till the King loaded him with Riches. They rode poſt to London, and came juſt Time enough to ſee the Coronation. The whole Company got among the Mob, and Sir John addreſſed himſelf to the Juſtice in this Manner: *Stand here by me, Maſter Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you Grace,**

Grace : I will lear upon him as he comes by; and do but mark the Countenance that he will give me. O if I had Time to have made new Liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand Pounds I borrow'd of you. But it is no Matter, this poor Shew doth better; it infers the Zeal I had to see him; it shews my Earnestness of Affection; my Devotion, as it were, to ride Day and Nighr, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have Patience to shif me, but to stand stained with Travel, and sweating with Desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all Affairs in Oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Thus did Sir John run on in a lofty Strain, indulging his own Vanity, and the Hopes of all that were with him, till the Royal Person appear'd in all the Splendour and Magnificence that was fuitable to the Occasion. *God save thy Grace, King Hal, my sweet Boy, my Jove, my Heart!* said Sir John with his wonted Air: But how was he disappointed, when, instead of the Warmth he expected to be receiv'd with, his Majesty, with a forbidding Countenance, deliver'd these Words! *I know thee not, old Man, what is thy Meaning? Do these white Hairs become a Buffoon and a Jester? I have long dream'd indeed of such a Man as thou art, so surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane: But being awake, I despise my Dream—Make thy Body less, and thy Grace more; for the Grave gapes for thee three times wider than for other Men.—Do not reply to me with a foolish Jest, nor be so presumptuous as to think me the Thing that I was: Heaven knows, and the World shall perceive, that*

I have turned away my former self; so will I those that have kept me Company. When thou shalt hear that I am what I have been, approach me, and be what thou wast, the Tutor and Feeder of my Riots; 'till then, I banish thee from my Presence, as I have done the rest of my Misleaders;—dare not henceforth, on Pain of Death to come within ten Miles of our Person: I will allow you a Competence for Life, that Want may not induce you to Evil; and as we hear of your Amendment, we will advance you according to your Strength and Qualities. The King did according to his Word in every Particular, and conquer'd himself in a manner that won the Hearts of all his People.

Habits of Vice are very difficult to be worn off, even tho' the Occasions that first produc'd them cease; Henry's Extravagancies were only the Sallies of a great and violent Soul, not yet subjected to the Government of Reason; but Sir John was grown grey in Iniquity, he acted his Crimes with Coolness and Deliberation; neither the Example, the Severity, nor the Promises of his Sovereign, could have any Effect upon him. He continued his dissolute Courses 'till he was apprehended, and committed to Maidstone Goal for a Robbery at Gads-Hill. At the next Assizes he was capitally convicted, but the King unwilling he should suffer Death, order'd him only to transport himself in a Month's Time out of the English Dominions. It was thought this Sentence, tho' very mild, broke the Knight's Heart, for he died before the Time allow'd him was expir'd.

The LIFE of ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

HAVING gone through the Life of *Falstaff*, or rather a Series of comic Adventures performed by him, and his Gang of merry Fellows, which we have extracted from authentic Memoirs, and some Touches of our great *Shakespeare*, we shall pass over to latter Days, and present our Readers with Transactions of Modern Date, and which Thousands now living may, probably, be no Strangers to. We should, indeed, have premised before, that our Countrymen were not to expect a successive Order of the Persons, whose Exploits (if they may be termed so) we have determined to write; but, on the other Hand, such a mix'd Account as might have two Effects on the Minds of our candid Readers; by which Expression we beg leave to be understood, that our Aim, throughout the Course of these Sheets, is, sometimes by setting before them the oddest Occurrences that ever happened in Life, so to amuse them that they may receive a vast deal of Pleasure while they read; and at other Times, by drawing horrid and melancholy Scenes of Death and Murder, so to awaken them that they may detest the like Vices; and in pursuing this Course, we have reason to think we shall do no small Service to our Countrymen.

The Person we are going to treat of, was named *Arthur Chambers*, one of base Extraction, and consequently void of Education, good Manners, or any other Qualification that was amiable; from his Infancy he had a natural Propensity to Pilfering, and, because the poor Circumstances of his Parents deprived him of acquiring what might set him off in the World, the loose Way of Living he had contracted from a vagabond and lazy Life, quite turned his Thoughts to dishonest Ways of supporting himself: 'Tis even asserted that he more than once play'd the Thief in Hanging-sleeve Coats, and if this be true, we need not wonder he became so expert in his Employment, as he called it.

The first Step, in his Opinion, to compleat him a thorough Master in the thieving Art, was to have at his Fingers Ends, all the canting Language (which comprehends a Parcel of invented Words, such as Thieves very well know, and by which they can distinguish one another from the other Classes of Mankind) in order to the Attainment whereof, he put himself under the Direction of an experienced Teacher that Way; and what

was soon observable, attended so closely to the Dictates of his Preceptor, that he not only out-rivalled him, but became superior to any of his contemporary Thieves.

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told them, he had none; at the same Instant laying his Hand suddenly upon one of their Swords, he wrenched it out of his Hand, and gave him such a Blow with it on his Arm, that the Pain took away all Sense. Having done this, he set upon the other very furiously, who, being less valiant than his Companion, betook himself to the Swiftneſs of his Horſe's Heels. But Sir John purſued him ſo cloſely, that he made him yield himſelf to his Mercy: Upon which he generously gave him his Life, after reprimanding him ſeverely for attempting to meddle with one who was his Maſter at his own Trade. Returning after this to the other, whom he had firſt ſtruck, he threaten'd him with Death, if he deliver'd not his Money: The poor Thief would willingly have excus'd himſelf by pretending he had none: But Falſtaff was not to be put off in that Manner, being well ſatisfied there was no Credit to be given to Perſons of that Vocation. He very orderly therefore applied to his Pockers, where he found a large Quantity of Gold and Silver, the Spoils of a great many honeſt People. To be more completely revenged of his Antagoniſt, Sir John bound him ſtrongly Neck and Heels, wrote his Crime upon a Paper, and pinned it to his Breſt; then placed him where he might be expoſed to the View of all Paſſengers. The unfortunate Highwayman had not lain long in this Poſition, before ſome whom he had lately robbed came by, who looking at the Paper, and at the ſame Time examining his Face, knew him to be the Man: Upon this they carried him before a Magiſtrate, who committed him to Priſon, where he remained till the next Aſſizes, when he was convicted, ſentenc'd, and ſhortly after executed. Thus was Sir John the Means of bringing one of his Brethren to Juſtice, while in the Height of his own Crimes; but the Action was honourable, and in his own Defence; for the Soul of our Knight was above ſubmitting to the deteſted Office of a mercenary Thief-Catcher.

Sir John followed this diſorderly Courſe of Life a great many Years; and what made him the more daring in his unlawful Enterprizes, was the having a no leſs Man than the eldeſt Son of King Henry IV. in his wicked Fraternity, with whom he was very familiar, as we have before obſerved. This Prince being prompted on by his own vicious Inclinations, and the Fire of Youth, and encouraged by a Set of debauched and abandoned Courtiers, committed ſuch Extravagancies as are almoſt incredible: For he not only frequently robbed upon the Highway, in Company with Falſtaff and others, whom we have mentioned, but went ſo far as to ſet upon his Father, and ſeveral Times put him in Fear of ſome Deſign againſt his Perſon: For Kings went not guarded in thoſe Days as they do at preſent. He attempted alſo to reſcue a Priſoner from the Face of Juſtice, in the Court of King's-Bench, Weſtmiſter; for which he was himſelf committed a Priſoner by the Lord Chief Juſtice, whom he ſtruck on the Seat of Judgment. The Juſtice was admir'd and applauded for this Action; and the Prince, notwithſtanding his ungovernable Temper, ſubmitted to the Sentence, ſeemingly without Reluctance. And indeed it appears this Prince, who had a prodigious natural Genius, often diſapprov'd his own Extravances when he came to reflect ſeriouſly. *Shakeſpear* has given us a Speech, or rather Soliloquy of his, ſuppos'd to be ſpoken at the Place of Haunt in Eaſtcheap, immediately upon parting with his ſcandalous Company. 'Tis in theſe Words: *I know you all, and will uphold your Humour a little; yet in this will I imitate the Sun, who permits the baſe contagious Clouds to hide his Beauty ſometimes from the World, that when he pleaſes to be himſelf again, at a Time when he is very much wanted, he may be the more wonder'd at, by breaking thro' the foul and ugly Miſts and Vapours that ſeemed almoſt to ſmother and ſtrangle him. If all the Year were Holidays, it would be as tedious to ſport as to work; but when Play-days come ſeldom, they come wiſh'd for, and nothing pleaſes but what is rare: So when I throw off this baſe Behaviour, and pay the Debt I never promis'd, by how much I am better than my Word, by ſo much ſhall I falſify Men's Hopes:*

and my Reformation glittering over my Fault, like bright Metal upon a ſullen Ground, ſhall ſhew more goodly, and attract more Eyes than that which has no Foil to ſet it off. And we find this illuſtrious Perſon was not at all worſe than his Word, eſpecially in the Caſe of the Lord Chief Juſtice. This good Man, upon the Death of Henry IV. was under terrible Apprehenſions of Severity from the Hands of his new Maſter: The young King put on a ſullen Countenance, and reprehended him with a great Deal of ſeeming Warmth; and the Judge defended himſelf as nobly as he had acted before, by telling him, that upon the Bench he repreſented his Father, who was inſulted in his Perſon; and deſiring him to make the Caſe his own, and conſider whether, now he was King, he would ſuffer his Dignity to be profan'd in a Chief Magiſtrate, by a diſobedient Son. But how agreeably was this venerable Perſon ſurpriz'd, when his Maſteſty returned him this Answer: *You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh the Matter well; therefore ſtill bear the Balance and the Sword, and I wiſh your Honours may increaſe till you live to ſee a Son of mine offend you, and obey you as I did: So ſhall I live to ſpeak the Words of my Father, Happy am I, that I have a Magiſtrate ſo bold as to dare to do Juſtice upon my own Son; and no leſs happy in having a Son that would deliver up his Greatneſs into the Hand of Juſtice. You committed me; for which I commit into your Hand the unſtain'd Sword that you uſed to bear, remembering you ſtill to uſe the ſame with the like bold, juſt, and impartial Spirit as you have done againſt me. There is my Hand; you ſhall be a Father to my Youth, and I will humble myſelf to your wiſe Directions: I will mock the Expectations of the World, and frustrate the Propheſies of the Vulgar: My Tide of Blood, that has proudly flow'd in Vanity till now, ſhall turn back to the Sea, from whence it ſhall henceforth flow in State and formal Maſteſty. The wiſeſt of our Nation ſhall form our Council, of which you, Father, ſhall be the Chief, and I will mingle in your ſolemn Debates 'till Peace and War become familiar to me, and England is own'd the beſt-govern'd Nation in the World.* It is further reported of this Prince, that he was wont every Day after Dinner to ſet apart two Hours to receive Petitions, and redreſs Grievances, which he would do with wonderful Equity; and that he ſent to Rome to be abſolved from the Death of King Richard II. (of which 'tis thought his Father was guilty) tho' 'tis certain he had no Hand in it.

This Account of the Reformation of King Henry V. is doing Juſtice to the Memory of one of the greateſt and beſt Monarchs that ever ſate upon the Engliſh Throne: Beſides, it is not altogether foreign to our Deſign, as it makes Way for another Story of our Hero, Sir John Falſtaff. The Knight was in the Country, at the Houſe of one Juſtice Shallow, an old Acquaintance of his, when the News was brought by Piſtol of his Friend Hal's Advancement. He was unable to contain his Joy, and ſummoning all his own Gang and the Juſtice's Family about him, he made this Harangue: *Away Bardolph, ſaddle my Horſes. — Maſter Robert Shallow, chuſe what Office thou wilt in the Land, 'tis thine — Piſtol, I will double charge thee with Dignities — Carry Maſter Silence to Bed — Maſter Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's Steward. Get on thy Boots; we'll ride all Night — Oh! ſweet Piſtol, utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thyſelf good. — Boot, Boot, Maſter Shallow, I know the young King is ſick for me — Let us take any Man's Horſes; the Laws of England are at my Commandment — Happy are they who have been my Friends; and Wo to my Lord Juſtice. Accordingly they all got ready, and Mr. Shallow lent Sir John a thouſand Pounds to maintain his Dignity, 'till the King loaded him with Riches. They rode poſt to London, and came juſt Time enough to ſee the Coronation. The whole Company got among the Mob, and Sir John addreſſed himſelf to the Juſtice in this Manner: *Stand here by me, Maſter Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you Grace,**

Grace : I will lear upon him as he comes by; and do but mark the Countenance that he will give me. O if I had Time to have made new Liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand Pounds I borrow'd of you. But it is no Matter, this poor Shew doth better; it infers the Zeal I had to see him; it shews my Earnestness of Affection; my Devotion, as it were, to ride Day and Night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have Patience to shift me, but to stand stained with Travel, and sweating with Desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all Affairs in Oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Thus did Sir John run on in a lofty Strain, indulging his own Vanity, and the Hopes of all that were with him, till the Royal Person appear'd in all the Splendour and Magnificence that was suitable to the Occasion. *God save thy Grace, King Hal, my sweet Boy, my Love, my Heart!* said Sir John with his wonted Air: But how was he disappointed, when, instead of the Warmth he expected to be receiv'd with, his Majesty, with a forbidding Countenance, deliver'd these Words! *I know thee not, old Man, what is thy Meaning? Do these white Hairs become a Buffoon and a Jester? I have long dream'd indeed of such a Man as thou art, so surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane: But being awake, I despise my Dream—Make thy Body less, and thy Grace more; for the Grave gapes for thee three times wider than for other Men.—Do not reply to me with a foolish Jest, nor be so presumptuous as to think me the Thing that I was: Heaven knows, and the World shall perceive, that*

I have turned away my former self; so will I those that have kept me Company. When thou shalt hear that I am what I have been, approach me, and be what thou wast, the Tutor and Feeder of my Riots; 'till then, I banish thee from my Presence, as I have done the rest of my Misleaders;—dare not henceforth, on Pain of Death to come within ten Miles of our Person: I will allow you a Competence for Life, that Want may not induce you to Evil; and as we hear of your Amendment, we will advance you according to your Strength and Qualities. The King did according to his Word in every Particular, and conquer'd himself in a manner that won the Hearts of all his People.

Habits of Vice are very difficult to be worn off, even tho' the Occasions that first produc'd them cease; Henry's Extravagancies were only the Sallies of a great and violent Soul, not yet subjected to the Government of Reason; but Sir John was grown grey in Iniquity, he acted his Crimes with Coolness and Deliberation; neither the Example, the Severity, nor the Promises of his Sovereign, could have any Effect upon him. He continued his dissolute Courses 'till he was apprehended, and committed to Maidstone Goal for a Robbery at Gad's-Hill. At the next Assizes he was capitally convicted, but the King unwilling he should suffer Death, order'd him only to transport himself in a Month's Time out of the English Dominions. It was thought this Sentence, tho' very mild, broke the Knight's Heart, for he died before the Time allow'd him was expir'd.

The LIFE of ARTHUR CHAMBERS:

HAVING gone through the Life of *Falstaff*, or rather a Series of comic Adventures performed by him, and his Gang of merry Fellows, which we have extracted from authentic Memoirs, and some Touches of our great *Shakespeare*, we shall pass over to latter Days, and present our Readers with Transactions of Modern Date, and which Thousands now living may, probably, be no Strangers to. We should, indeed, have premised before, that our Countrymen were not to expect a successive Order of the Persons, whose Exploits (if they may be termed so) we have determined to write; but, on the other Hand, such a mix'd Account as might have two Effects on the Minds of our candid Readers; by which Expression we beg leave to be understood, that our Aim, throughout the Course of these Sheets, is, sometimes by setting before them the oddest Occurrences that ever happened in Life, so to amuse them that they may receive a vast deal of Pleasure while they read; and at other Times, by drawing horrid and melancholy Scenes of Death and Murder, so to awaken them that they may detest the like Vices; and in pursuing this Course, we have reason to think we shall do no small Service to our Countrymen.

The Person we are going to treat of, was named *Arthur Chambers*, one of base Extraction, and consequently void of Education, good Manners, or any other Qualification that was amiable; from his Infancy he had a natural Propensity to Pilfering, and, because the poor Circumstances of his Parents deprived him of acquiring what might set him off in the World, the loose Way of Living he had contracted from a vagabond and lazy Life, quite turned his Thoughts to dishonest Ways of supporting himself: 'Tis even asserted that he more than once play'd the Thief in Hanging-sleeve Coats, and if this be true, we need not wonder he became so expert in his Employment, as he called it.

The first Step, in his Opinion, to compleat him a thorough Master in the thieving Art, was to have at his Fingers Ends, all the canting Language (which comprehends a Parcel of invented Words, such as Thieves very well know, and by which they can distinguish one another from the other Classes of Mankind) in order to the Attainment whereof, he put himself under the Direction of an experienced Teacher that Way; and what

was soon observable, attended so closely to the Dictates of his Preceptor, that he not only out-rivalled him, but became superior to any of his cotemporary Thieves.

Chambers quickly discover'd how pleasing his new Language was to him; for he could not enter an Ale-house, but he would be punning with the Landlord: Indeed his gay Apparel (for *Arthur* could not endure the Thought of being called a Sloven) gained very often on the Masters of the Houses he frequented, to sit down by him, and listen to his jocular Way of talking: Sometimes, from the Ignorance of some of them, he would impudently assert that what he now and then mixed with his ordinary English, was the purest Greek in the World, and, to convince them he was sincere in what he advanced, would frequently pull out of his Pocket a Greek Testament, and say, *Sir, this Book was made by one of the old Philosophers; believe me, I have studied it this dozen Years, and every Moment I look'd into it, I gain'd a Twelve-month's Knowledge.* The Landlord would be gazing all the while open-mouth'd at *Chambers*, and to be sure, he, on his Part, was very intent upon something besides his Greek Testament, for, soon after, a general Complaint was made of Abundance of Money being lost, but, which Way, was the Question.

A while after this, our Practitioner was sent to *Bridewell*, there to answer, with hard Labour, some petty Abuses he had committed; but, obtaining his Liberty he began to reflect, that some Way or other was of Necessity to be found out to make his Life more agreeable and less burthensome to him, than it had been of late; he found that the Town began to suspect him, and having very clear Eyes to see into those Things that concerned himself, he left it with a hearty Curic, and went down to *Launceston* in *Cornwall*.

It seems the Inhabitants here received him with open Arms for a considerable Time, and his merry Disposition soon procured him the Acquaintance of Men of Note in that County: He had taken Care too before his leaving *London*, to supply himself with a great Number of false Crown and Half-Crown Pieces, which, on his Arrival, he uttered at all the Places he frequented, but Abundance of Persons having been deceived with these Pieces, and a general Complaint made round about, Search was made every where for the apprehending of

the Cheat, and poor *Chambers* was taken up; the Consequence of which was sending him to Goal, where he remained a Year and a Half before he could get his Enlargement.

Cornwall now became too hot for him to stay any longer there; he had forfeited his Reputation with his Acquaintance; he found no Relief, nor no Signs of any; and what could he do in these Circumstances? Why, he made the best Way he was able to *London*, where on the very first Day of his Arrival, he performed the most cunning, artful, and yet barefac'd Piece of Felony that ever was heard of. The Fact stands thus recorded.

Having alighted from the Waggon, he went directly to an Alchouse in *West-Smithfield*, where, seating himself in a Box, and calling for a Pint of Beer, and a Slice of Bread and Cheese, he comfortably refresh'd himself; then falling into Discourse with some Tradesmen in the next Box to him, about the Country and quiet Enjoyment of a rural Life, the Talk was insensibly turned upon Diving or picking of Pockets (a Circumstance of all others the most surprizing, as it was observed the Company had been reasoning very gravely a long Time on the Advantages of a Country before a City Life.) *Chambers* improved the Hint, and said, *It was a thousand Pities no better Provision could be made for the Suppression of little Villians; for added he, Death was too ample a Punishment for a Person if he robbed the whole World; but why should I talk thus, continued he, if great Offenders are suffered, well may the poor and Necessitous say — We must live, and where's the Harm of taking a few Guineas from those who can spare them, or ten thousand to one who robbed others of them? — For my own Part, I look on a dextrous Pick-pocket as a very necessary Man in any Government whatever; as such a Person draws so much from the Purses of his Countrymen, which otherwise would be spent in Gaming or Whoring. Look ye, Gentlemen, I can pick a Pocket as well as any Man in Great-Britain, and yet, tho' I say it, am as honest as the best Englishman breathing; for an Instance of what I say, observe the Country Gentleman just now passing by the Window I'll step out and take his Watch tho' it is now scarce five o' Clock.* — A Wager of 100 s. was immediately laid that he did not perform it; *Chambers* answer'd the Bet, and presently pushing out of the Door, made a quick Round till he came to the End of *Long-Lane*, where he met with the Gentleman, and courteously pulling of his Hat to him, ask'd if he could inform him which was the nearest Way to *Knave's-Acre*: — to which the Gentleman replied, — *Lack-a-day Friend, you ask a very ignorant Person, for I am a Stranger here, and want to know the nearest Way to Moorfields: — Oh! oh! Sir, I live there, and can acquaint you which Way to take; excuse me, Sir, I would willingly bear you Company thither, but extraordinary Affairs calling me to find out a Place called Knaves-Acre, I must necessarily be jogging on; but be pleased to take my best Directions: So saying he pointed with his Hand; Look you, Sir, you have no other Way to go than directly along this Lane, which will bring you into a Street call'd Barbican, that into a dirty Lane over against it, and that into Chiswell-Street, the End whereof will lead you into Moorfields.* All this while the Country Gentleman was staring the Way *Chambers* pointed, who in the Interim, made sure of his Watch, and after the Gentleman and he had left one another, returned back to the Company, laid down the Spoil on the Table, and claimed the Wager, which was accordingly paid. — *But, said Chambers, the Gentleman shall have his Watch again, and I myself will acquaint him with the Whole Affair: So said, he trudged after him, and coming up with him before he had got quite through Barbican, after having ask'd Pardon for his Rudeness, desired him to tell him if he had lost any Thing. — Nothing I hope Friend, but I'll search my Pockets, to be sure of it, and see, my good Man; in short, the Gentleman coming to his Fob, found his Watch gone; upon which Chambers civilly return'd it, but not without giving him a succinct Detail how he came by it, and the Reason why. — The Gentleman return'd him a thousand Thanks, admir'd his Dexterity, gave him half a Crown, and bad him put it to the 10 s. and re-*

member him among his Friends, and so they parted again.

This Action performed in Broad-Day Light, and in a Lane where Abundance of People resort, and consequently where some must be passing and repassing at that Time, argued in *Chambers* not only a consummate Boldness, but the greatest Dexterity of Hand, with respect to the obtaining the Watch, that can be imagined: But if this is looked upon as surprizing, the Sequel will discover Adventures of his, not any wise inferior, but I may venture to say, much superior to it.

But before we enter into giving an Account of those which we deem vastly astonishing, we must beg Leave to fill the next Paragraph with a sharpening Trick *Chambers* put on a raw Country Fellow that was just come to Town. It seems that this Rustic was got among a Company of Sharpers, and gaping with the rest at a Marble-board; *Chambers* chanced to come by, dress'd in a very handsome Suit of Cloaths, and seeing *Robin* (for so was the Fellow named) intent on seeing the Diversion, gave him a Tap on the Shoulders, which made him turn about; upon this *Chambers* took him aside, and asking him what Countryman he was, and how long he had been in Town, which *Robin* acquainted him with, demanded if he wanted a Place, or had any Inclinations to serve a Gentleman: To which *Robin* answer'd, *Indeed, Master, that be the very Errand I came to Town about. O then, replied Chambers, I can fit you to a Hair. I believe I can afford you myself, for the present, four Pounds a Year standing Wages, and six Shillings a Week Board-Wages, and all my cast-off Cloaths; which, let me tell you, are none of the worst.* This was enough to make *Robin* ready to jump out of his Skin; he had never had such a fine Proffer made him, and he began to think that good Fortune was going to smile upon him. *Chambers* observing the Gladness *Robin* was in, bid him take his Cloak and follow him, which he throwing over his Arm, away they went together to the May-pole in the Strand, where *Chambers* ordering his new Man to call him a Coach, he stept in and *Robin* after him. *Hold, hold, (said Chambers,) you must know, Robin, that Servants ride behind, which he obeying, away drove the Coach to the Bell-Tavern, in King-Street, Westminster, where Chambers alights, and goes into the Tavern, orders a Fowl to be roasted for his Dinner, and when it was ready, sets his Man down by him, who eat the best Part of it. During Dinner, Chambers acquaints Robin with the Ways of the Town, tells him he must be very circumspect in his Behaviour, and that a thousand Tricks would be put upon him by the Londoners, who were ever sporting with Persons just come out of the Country, concluding his Discourse thus: Robin, I am obliged to wait on a Person of Quality this Afternoon, and as I have a tolerable good Liking to you, I thought I could not do you a greater Piece of Justice than to acquaint you, that it is customary for Gentlemen's Servants to get to gaming when they meet together; now you being a Youngster, may easily be drawn in and imposed on; but to prevent it, if you have any Money about you, put it into my Hands, and as you want it, 'tis but ask and have.* *Robin* concluding from his Master's Words, that he had found out one of the honestest Men in the World, readily lugged out his Leathern Purse, wherein were nine and forty Shillings, and gave it to *Chambers*, who while he sent him to call a Coach, paid the Reckoning with his Man's Money, and then riding to the Temple-Gate in Fleet-Street, *Robin* was ordered to pay the Coachman, who having a stout Oaken Stick in his Hand, began to lay about his Sides in a terrible Manner; upon which a fierce Encounter between him and the Coachman ensuing, and a numerous Mob immediately gathering about to see the Scuffle, *Chambers* found his Opportunity to move off, and leave his Man to provide for himself, and bemoan the Loss of so good a Master.

If the following Story was not related by Captain *Smith* in his Collection, I would not have inserted the same here, considering that the Circumstances, when put together, discover something of Improbability; tho' I confess, that Author assigns a Reason for the most unaccountable Fact of all, that makes the rest gain Credit. But without using any more Words, we shall give it our candid Readers.

A Gen-

A Gentleman advanced in Years, who had a considerable Estate of his own, married a young Lady (whom the Captain makes to be none of the wisest) with a Fortune agreeable to the large Possessions he held. His Temper being sedentary, and devoted to the Quiet of a Country Life, he carried his new Spouse to a Seat of his about a Mile from *Huntington*, which stood by itself, and seemed to enjoy a very peaceful Recess. But it seems our *Chambers* had frequently view'd it, to put in Force a Design he had a long Time entertained to rob it; but still was disappointed: For the good old Gentleman was too careful to let any of his Goods or Effects be taken from him without using proper Means to retain what he had about him. Now, whether he was previously acquainted with *Chambers's* Design, is not certain, but it seems probable he was; for Fire-Arms were Things he constantly kept in his Chamber, and he was several Times observed to be sitting behind the Curtain in his Window, especially in Moon-light Nights, to watch the Motions of such as should offer to molest his House. *Chambers* perfectly understood this, yet was so far from declining from his Design, that he was the rather influenced now to put it directly in Execution. Accordingly he procured as many Cloaths as would just dress a Man, and with them made up the fictitious Appearance of one, which taking along with him to the House, he sets a Ladder to the Gentleman's Chamber Window, mounts it with the Scarecrow before him, and nods it full against the Sash. The Gentleman hearing a Kind of Noise, and presently, to his Surprise, seeing the Scarecrow, discharges his Piece; upon which *Chambers* lets it drop, and instantly betakes himself to his Companions, who were behind the House. Old *Rusticus* thanks his Stars a thousand Times, that he has been so fortunate as to kill his mortal Enemy, and one whom he had been obliged to watch against so many Months. He goes to his Wife who was in Bed, and bids her congratulate with him for his Success, for that now he hoped they had no farther to fear. *I will put on a few Things*, said he to her, *go out, and drag the Corps to a secret Place in my Grounds, where I will bury it, by which I shall avoid the burthen-some Fees of the Parish.* And having thus said, he dress'd himself, took a Pick-Ax, Spade, and a Cord, which having tied about the Neck of the imaginary Dead, he haul'd it a considerable Way over his Grounds, dug a Pit, and tumbled it in. *Chambers*, all the while was not ignorant of the egregious Folly the old Gentleman was committing; but to make amends for the Loss of Time, he had frequently had about the House before, mounted up the Ladder, and whipt open the Sash, and went to Bed to the Lady, with whom expressing his Gladness for what had happened, but withal giving Signs of some Diffidence, that still made his Mind uneasy, *What*, says he to her, *must we do, supposing this Rogue's Ghost should haunt us in Spite, and come and rob us still? This is what I have Reasons to fear, and I pray, my Dear, let me take Care of your Diamond Ring, and the Gold Watch by you.* No sooner said, than the Things were delivered up; and, as the Captain says, *Chambers repaid her extraordinary Complacency, with gratifying her in the most sensible Manner*; after which, acquainting her, *he had only haul'd the Body into a Field behind the House, he would get up again and bury him, to avoid coming into any Trouble for having killed him.* Accordingly he got up, dress'd himself, took a Cabinet of Jewels, thro' a Pretence of concealing it in the next Room, went privately down Stairs, and made off triumphantly to his Comrades, who waited in a convenient Place for him. All this while old *Rusticus* was busied in removing out of the World, as he thought, the greatest Torment he ever had. The Night being something cold, and his Apprehensions on one Side, of incurring Trouble about shooting the Deceased; and his Gladness, on the other, for having got out of the Way the much-dreaded Villain, made him dispatch the Business he was about in the quickest Manner. After he had finished every Thing to his Satisfaction, he returned Home extremely cold, and getting into Bed to his Lady in the chilly Condition he was in, *Lord*, says she, *my Dear, how cold you are! You an't the same Man you was*

lately; how frigid! Lack-a-Day, what made you get up again. To which he made answer, *My Love, my Dear, certainly you must be in a Dream; for I assure you, I have not been in a Bed since the first Time I rose, which, let me tell you, is above an Hour ago.* Nay, my Dear, replied she, *it cannot be more than a Quarter of an Hour since you left me, when I gave you my Diamond Rings and Gold Watch, for fear the Rogue's Ghost should haunt us in Spite, and rob us still; and to convince you, that what I tell you is no other than the real Truth, you gave me that due Benevolence which we married Women require, better than ever I had it of you.* These were Hints the old Gentleman was confounded at: He swelled immediately into a violent Passion, and said, *By Heavens, Mad-ness possesses the Woman! She dreams! What Diamond Rings? What Gold Watch? What Benevolence is this you speak of? For my Part, I have not touched your Rings, nor your Watch; it must unavoidably be, that you are besides yourself.* But upon my Word, my dear Husband, you did, and likewise carried the small Cabinet there of Gold and Jewels, for better Security, into the next Room. What an astonishing Piece of News is here? *Rusticus* begins to think there have been deplorable Things committed, during his Absence; and that, while busied in burying one Rogue, he had been robbed by another. But of all the Evils that perplexed his Mind, the Word Benevolence gaul'd him in the most sensible Manner: This was a Circumstance that gave him a thousand Mortifications. He fretted, foam'd at the Mouth, and star'd: He calls to his Servants to bring him a lighted Candle to see if there was Truth in what his injur'd Wife had told him. The Candle comes; but to his Cost, he finds his Effects sunk fifteen hundred Pounds in Value; but he is resolv'd to find the Bottom of the whole Affair; and, as soon as it was Break of Day, goes to the Place where he had interred the fictitious Corps, digs it up, and finds he had been spending his Time in making a Hole for, and covering a Bundle of Rags; which unexpected Sight, rais'd by Turns his Indignation and Laughter to think he had been so abominably impos'd on, so cunningly robb'd, and so unaccountably made a Cuckold.

Leave we the Reflections that may be made on this Story to those who peruse these Sheets: Let it suffice to say, that the Facts are very uncommon; and therefore liable to be variously construed. But proceed we to some other Transactions of the dexterous Man we are treating of.

Chambers having had a pretty long Merry-Making, as he called it, about *Huntington*, and the adjacent Country, thought he could not do better, than to remove into some other Place. Accordingly, *St. Albans* was the Town he had a Longing for; the Master's Wife of the *Grayhound-Inn* there, had inspir'd him some few Month's before, with a great Deal of Love; and, in spite of himself, he found he was not able to conquer his Passion, 'till he had enjoy'd her. 'Tis true indeed this Dame had an extraordinary Beauty in her Face, nor were the Charms of her Conversation less engaging, which made Abundance of Gentlemen call or lodge there, purely to have a Sight of her, or, what was more agreeable, to converse with her. The Husband was a meer *Bacchanalian*, devoted to his Glass and Bottle, and in every Company must unavoidably make a Party with them: during which, Madam found Opportunities to display herself to Advantage, which the Guests admiring, she constantly improved. Now it happened that *Chambers* alighted one Night at this Inn, in a very wretched Condition, having been encounter'd on the Road by a Person of his own Vocation, and unhappily being unsaddled, and thrown in the Road, had received all the Dirt and Mud about him by that Means. At his first Appearance the other Gentlemen that lodged there that Night, seem'd to be sorry for him, and every one through an Act of Humanity, frankly lent him some of their own Apparel to wear 'till he went to Bed, and his own were cleaned and dry. To requite these extraordinary Favours, *Chambers* desires the Gentlemen, who were about six in Number, to bear him Company at Supper, and par-take

take of such Things as he had ordered to be provided for him, saying, *Half a Dozen Bottles of Wine were at their Service; and you, Landlord and Landlady, I beg may make two of the Company.* In short, all admired the Gentleman's Generosity; but the Landlady, though *Chambers* had frequently been at her House before, thought him an entire Stranger, and handsomely accepted the Proffer. Supper being ready, our Guests with the handsome Dame at the Top of the Table, and *Chambers* next to her, sat down: Every Thing was conducted with great Regularity, and every one was satisfy'd extremely with each other's Company; but *Chambers* carried the Prize in the Eyes of the Landlady, who, after Supper, diverted the Company with several humorous Songs and merry Catches, admirably adapted to the Occasion. The Glasses moved briskly about, and, to be sure, *Chambers* made Madam drink very plentifully. 'Twas now about one in the Morning, and all, except *Chambers* and the Landlord, were laid fast, (not even excluding the Mistress of the House) which made *Chambers* think he had a fine Opportunity to put his Schemes in Practice; so, desiring our Landlord to call his Servants to help the rest to Bed, (for he told him, it was much better to carry them there, than see them where they were) two or three lusty Fellows were called in, who taking them up, one after another, *Chambers* pretended to assist them, but was so dexterous in the Interim, to secure their Watches and Money; after which, telling the Landlord he would smoke one Pipe more, and drink a serious Bottle with him, they sat down together again; but neither one, nor two Bottles excused them, though *Chambers* all the while drunk but a little, letting the Bacchanalian Landlord take his just Dose, which he had the Satisfaction to see completed. *Silenus* is now laid along two Chairs, and *Chambers* improves the Opportunity to see the Linings of his Pockets; wherein he found great Spoil; but took only a third Share to himself, to avoid being suspected of having robbed him, if any of his Servants should have searched for his Money, to have kept it for him till the Morning. In fine, every Thing concurred to complete *Chambers's* Wishes: He went himself civilly to Bed, and earnestly desired the Servants of the House to have a strict Care of their Master; nay, he came down Stairs again, and would not go back till he had seen the true Son of *Bacchus* laid by his handsome Wife; whereby he had Means of observing the Situation of the Room, and every Thing besides. All the House being now in profound Rest, except *Chambers*, who could not sleep for the Success that had attended him, after having been about Half an Hour, or something more in Bed, rises up in his Shirt, and opening his Chamber-Door very softly, which was against that of his Landlord's Room, which was open, he steps in, and gets in at the farther Side of the Bed where Madam lay. Scarce was he enter'd, but rolling over to him, (not knowing but it was her beloved *Silenus*,) she grasped her Arms about his Waste, and began to caress him in a very obliging Manner. This was what *Chambers* came about: He satisfied his own Inclinations, and probably that of the Dame for that Time; for he rose up immediately after, and went to his own Bed, leaving her calmly reposed, just like a Child set to Sleep by giving it the Bubby. The Clock now strikes four, and the Sun invites our Adventurer to be stirring: He rises, puts on a Suit of Cloaths, all embroider'd, of a Gentleman's that lay in the next Room; and being ready to mount, calls the Hostler for his Horse, who ignorantly brings the right Owner's, and delivers it to *Chambers*. He mounts, leaves a Couple of Guineas to answer his Expences, and Half a Crown for himself, telling him at his Departure, *That if any Thing should be wanting, he would satisfy his Master, who was his intimate Acquaintance, the next Time he came that Way*; and having so said, rode off directly: But *Chambers*, having rode not above three or four Miles out of Town, was agreeably surpriz'd at seeing some Guineas tumble out of the Lining of the Saddle, by the violent Agitation of his Galloping: He dismounts, opens the Linings farther with his Knife, and finds to his Satisfaction two hundred Guineas; for

which he pours a thousand Blessings on his successful Exchange, prays heartily that his Landlord may have his House dignified with an Heir of his getting, and then rides directly to London.

Chambers being now in Town again, resolves not to let his Time be mispent: To which End, he haunts all the Publick Places of Resort, in order to find out his Prey: One Day, being very well dress'd, he goes to the Exchange, and mixes with some Italian Merchants, and after some little Conversation, which ran on Trade and Shipping, calls one of them aside, who was a very comely and grave Person: With him he seems to be in a close and eager Dialogue, the Merchant all the while nodding and biting his Thumb. Mean Time one of *Chambers's* Confederates comes up, and begins to discourse the Merchant much after the same Way as he himself had done: Upon which *Chambers* says, *Sir, I perceive you have no liking to my Proposition, but possibly you may not meet with such another Bargain as mine, I mean as to Profit.* — *No liking*, answer'd the Merchant, *Yes, Yes, Sir, I'd as lieve chap with you as the best Man alive, so I find but my Advantage in it.* Upon this the Merchant spoke a few Words to *Chambers's* Confederate, and then calling *Arthur* to him, said, *Here's another Gentleman has a Bargain much like your's to dispose of; if you can join together, we'll throw the Commodities together, and make but one Lot of them.* — *Agreed*, replied *Chambers*, who without any farther Ceremony, as the Merchant stood close to his Confederate, div'd nimbly into his Pockets, and drew thereout a Purse of Gold, and his Gold Watch, and imperceptibly convey'd them to his Confederate. But this Spoil not satisfying the avaricious Temper of our Adventurer, who, seeing a very good Handkerchief hanging out of the Merchant's Coat-Pocket, snaps at it, but unluckily for his first Prize. The Merchant, it seems, caught him in the Act; and, seizing him by the Collar, called out, *Thief, Thief*, which Words raising Abundance of Persons then on the Walks, about them, every one were desirous to know the Bottom of the Matter. The Merchant was for having our Adventurer before a Magistrate; and he, on his Part, strenuously denied the Fact (for by this Time the Purse and Watch were found gone) and even threaten'd the injur'd Tradesman to punish him for defaming his Character among the only Persons in the World he got his Living by. During this Contention, the Confederate, who had received the Purse and Watch from *Chambers*, was marched to the Porter at the Gate, to get Proclamation to be made on the Exchange, *That if any Person had lost a Purse with Gold in it, and a Gold Watch, on giving the true Marks, he might have it again.* These Words reaching the Merchant's Ears, he, glad of the Opportunity of regaining his lost Things, lets go *Chambers*, with a thousand Excuses for his Rudeness and rash Accusations, and goes directly to the Crier; but both *Chambers* and his Confederate procured Means of Slipping away in the mean Time.

This Disappointment but the more sharpened the Wit and Cunning of our Adventurer, who was resolved to use his Talents (as he called them) to a much better Purpose than his last Endeavour had produced. To this End he takes a first Floor of a House in *Soho-Square*, and contracts with the Landlord to pay fourteen Shillings a Week for the same. For a while a good Harmony and Understanding was between *Chambers* and the Gentleman of the House, who took him for a Man of Fortune, as his Dress and Expences might have very well argued him. One Evening as they were at Supper, I mean the Family of the House, our Adventurer came in seemingly in a vast Uneasiness, which made the good Folks importune him to let them know what it was that disturbed him. *I have so much Friendship for you, Mr. Woodville*, said the Landlord, (for you must know this was the Name he had given himself,) *that if I can be of any real Service to you, 'tis but opening your Mind to me, and you may depend to find me both your Counsellor and Benefactor.* — *Chambers*, pleas'd with the Landlord's frank Kindness, made no further Doubt to unravel the great Mystery he had

had at his Heart, and thus began: *'Tis with a thousand Struggles of Soul, that I find myself obliged to speak; Landlord, I am very sensible of the Obligations I already owe you, and that Thought makes me decline being any further burthensome to you; you must know then, that having been at Hampstead this Afternoon, where I frequently used to go to divert myself with an affectionate Brother of mine, I was there a mournful Spectator of his Death. 'Tis too much for me* (here he pretended to weep) *to acquaint you with every sad Particular about the Struggles he had before his Soul departed out of his Body; let it suffice to say, that he has left me Heir to his Possessions, (but his Life would have been of greater Value to me) and in his Will appointed me to inter him in the Cloisters in Westminster-Abbey. Now, Landlord, the Favour I have to desire of you is, for Convenience of his Funeral, to have his Body brought here, and carried hence to his Grave.* These last Words Chambers pronounced with a deep Groan, which made the Landlord, and all the Family compassionate him; they told him any thing they had was at his Service, and the Landlord left him at his own Liberty to bring the Corps, and chuse what Room ever he pleased to place it in. He thanked him for his Civility, and told him he would certainly repay it very shortly, in a Way he should be very sensible of. Which indeed, he was as good as his Word to perform. Chambers accordingly went out the next Morning, leaving Orders that the Horse with the Corps would be with them about Six in the Evening. And true was he to his Word. For just upon Six o'Clock, a stately Horse with Six Horses arrived at the Door; and Men suborn'd to this End took thenceout a beautiful Coffin with fine Hinges and Nails, wherein our Adventurer had put himself, there being private Holes in the Sides for Respiration. The Counterfeit Load was streightway born up one Pair of Stairs, and placed on a Table in the Dining-Room, where the Landlord, to grace the Deceased Brother of his Lodger, had set out a very fine and rich Side-Board of Plate, besides other Valuables. You must know Chambers was laid in the Coffin in his Cloaths, and a Winding-Sheet wrapt round him, and one of his Confederates had taken Care to draw the Screws. All this Time our Adventurer was mulling, which made the Landlord ask the Fellows where he was, who said, he had bid them acquaint him, that having a Multitude of Things to dispatch about the Funeral, 'twas probable he might not come Home that Night, but should be obliged to stay with a Friend of his in the Strand. The Landlord took the Excuse for granted, the Horse and Men departed, and the Family of the House, excepting the Maid, at their usual Hour, went to Bed, leaving Chambers to rise out of his silent Mansion of Death, and perpetrate his villainous Design. Accordingly, he gets out with his Winding Sheet about him, and going down Stairs, places himself in a Chair over-against where the Maid was sitting, who, hereby frighted at the Apparition, as she thought, screamed out, *a Ghost, a Ghost*, and, without speaking another Word, ran as fast as she could up into her Master's Chamber, and told him and his Wife the Story. *A Ghost*, says the Master, *phoh! you Fool, there's no such Thing in Nature; you have been asleep, Woman, and waking suddenly, have fancied you saw a Thing there never was.* Scarce were these Words out of the Mouth of the Landlord, but in steps, with a solemn Tread, our Adventurer Chambers in his Winding-Sheet, and presenting himself and his Face, which was covered over with Flour, full to the Maid, the Landlord, and his Wife, sets himself down in a Chair in the Room, where he continued full Half an Hour, putting the three Persons above into the greatest Pannic in the World all the Time. After which the imaginary Ghost stalks down Stairs, opens the Door to six of his Accomplices, who, while their Director Chambers raps the Doors too and fro to drown the Noise of more Persons being in the House than himself, strip the Dining-Room of all the Plate and other rich Furniture therein, and then making a general Search throughout the other Chambers and the Kitchen below, rifle and carry off every Thing of Value to the Amount of six Hundred Pounds. All this while the Family, believing a Spirit was actually in their House, and making the horrid Noise they

heard, kept close hid under the Bed-Cloaths, but the Dawn of Day soon appearing, their Fears began to abate; whereupon the Maid gets up, and has the Courage to go down and see the Consequences of the late Bustle. She finds all her Pots, and her Pans removed effectually off out of the Way, and a dreadful Havock made among the Pewter, which, to the very last Plate was all vanished. She hastens to her Master, who was still in Bed; acquaints him with the Spirit's having robb'd the House, and tells him, *that she can't in Conscience live with him any longer, since a bad and thieving Ghost visited his Family, which proved that his House was neither a good one, nor the Persons that compos'd his Family fit to be lived with.* Hereat the Landlord could not forbear bursting out into an extream Laughter; *Why, thou silly Jade, can it be supposed, that Ghosts, or Spirits, who have neither Flesh, Blood, or Bones, can rob; phoh! banish thy foolish Conceits, and let me come and see what has been a working all this Night.* The Maid displeased with her Master's Words, goes down Stairs, and finding some of her Fellow-Servants and Neighbours about the Door, tells them what she had seen, whereat all seem astonish'd, and say, *They should not dare to stir an Inch out of their Houses in the Night, if the Case was so as she related it.* Mean Time the Landlord had roused his indolent Body from his Bed, and made a strict Search in those Places where he thought the most valuable Part of his Moveables lay, which he found entirely convey'd away; but coming into the Dining-Room, and seeing the Plate gone, and an empty Shell of a Coffin, he, too late is made sensible of the Imposition, which we'll leave him to mourn, or banish the Thoughts of, just as he pleases, and proceed to something else.

Chambers being an extream Lover of a Woman, had made Choice of one of singular Beauty, to whom he was in every Thing devoted except in the Case of his Secrets, and the Robberies he committed, which (if it may make to his Reputation) he would never entrust to any Female, which he justly knew to be too capricious and changeable to hold always in one Mind. Once as this Beloved and he were in Bed together, entirely resigned up to mutual Endearments, and the Pleasures of Love, she, with a Languishing Air, as she twined about his Neck, address him thus: *Dear Chambers* (says she) *if I have proved sincere to you, or you have had any Affection for me, why may not I partake of your Secrets, since all I know in the World, is revealed to you? It must certainly argue extraordinary Diffidence of me in you, to be thus deprived of a Priviledge which every Woman ought to enjoy who can say she has cohabited with a Man for some Years. Had you put me to the Trial once, and found me transgressing the Secret you had thought fit to impose on me, then you had had Plea sufficient to have thought me an empty Person, unfit to hold any thing committed to me: But since nothing of this Nature has been put to my Experiment, nor you have any Ground to say I am a Betrayer of Secrets; indulge me, my dear Chambers, so far as to put me to the Trial, which if I happen to fail in, then my Veracity for ever shall be renounced, and you be at Liberty to make your Breast the sole Closet for your Actions.* This was a grave Harangue, indeed, to Chambers, who was so far from having the least Notion of hearing such a Discourse that he had fully resolved within himself to devote that Night to Love; but he found his Humour cross, and the Woman he loved best in the World in his Way, unalterable in her Request till, wearied with her continual Intreaties, he told her he would some Time or other that Month, comply with her Desires and put her to the Test. After this Nocturnal Conference, several Days past without a Word made by Madam of being tried to keep a Secret. Chambers put divers Constructions on her Silence; sometimes he imputed it to her Want of hearing him speak the first about it; sometimes to a Sullenness in her for being refused so long to partake of his Mind; but, as he was too much acquainted with her condescending Temper, to think Moroseness had any Ascendant over her Mind, he could not find her guilty in this Respect. In short supposing the whole Affair entirely blotted out of her Mind (for he had strove to divert her with other Amusements) early one Morning as he was in Bed he feigns himself

himself prodigious ill, which put Madam into much Concern, who asks him what he ail'd. — *Ail'd* — says he, *Why, Peggy, one of the most wonderful and yet terrible Things has befallen me in the World? if you betray me now I am an undone Man for ever, for it is a Circumstance I cannot keep from you. — Oh! — What — Another! Good Lord! Good Lord help me. — What is the Matter, Love? can I be of any Service to you? Where is it you are pained? Let me see; Oh! Laird! What a Couple of Eggs! surely they cannot be Eggs. — Eggs as sure as you are a Woman, and I have just now laid them. — Oh! for Heaven's sake do not say a Syllable about them. — Not a Word for all the World, my Dear. — But pray, can I trust you? Ah! I cannot but trust you, now you have seen them. — Trust me, Chambers! say you, Oh! my Dear, I would not falsify myself in this Point for ten thousand Crowns. —* Here the Discourse ended. Chambers pretends to keep his Bed two or three Days, and Madam, that very Day in the Afternoon, being invited to drink a Dish of Tea with a Neighbour's Wife, amidst their Cups, tells the whole secret, and makes the Number of the Eggs four; the Neighbour some Time afterwards augments them to Eight, and a third Person to twenty: In short the Moment Chambers appeared out of Doors he heard it whisper'd, as he went along the Streets, *There goes the Man that laid an hundred Eggs.* He curses Womankind for their Folly, and determined never more to reveal a Secret to them, because he has found on Trial, that they are a Vessel with a leaky Bottom, that lets all the Water out.

Chambers having tried this Experiment upon his pretended Wife, took a small Journey into the Country; and coming into an open Road, met with a Couple of Men driving a Pair of fat Oxen: He had an immediate Longing for the Cattle, and so to improve a Scheme he had in his Head as to obtain them, he put the following conceit in Practice. Having a Cord in his Pocket, he put over the Foot Path in the Fields, and by that means got about half a Mile before the Countrymen. There was a tall Ash-Tree, into which Chambers having climbed, he put the Cord about his Neck, and so entangled himself among the Boughs, that to the Eye below he seemed as if he had been really hanging. 'Twas not long before the Drivers came up, who seeing our Adventurer in this Condition, put various Constructions upon the Dismal Act, as they thought it. One alledged, that it could be nothing else but Love that had induced him to so desperate an Action, while the other imputed this Piece of rash Conduct in Chambers, to Losses and Misfortunes in the World, conceiving that he had been some Tradesman. In short, the first who spoke about it, had the truest Notions of the Matter, for Chambers did it purely for Love; but it was for Love of the Oxen, which the Countrymen were driving. By this Time the Fellows were got at some Distance from Chambers, who descending immediately from the Tree, made the best Way he could over another Foot-Road, leading over the Meadows, and came again into the Highway. He mounts another Tree, and puts himself into the very same Posture as before. The Countrymen come up, see, and admire this strange Sight, and begin to have fears within themselves about it. At first they look narrowly, in order to know whether it is the same Man or no, they had left behind them; they perceive the same Cloaths, and one of them concludes, it must be the same Man: Hereupon a kind of Argument began between them; one asserting it was a different Man, the other insisting it was the same. *How can that be, answer'd the first, that a Man can be hanging in two different Places at one Time? I cannot dive into the Reason of that, for indeed it is above my Understanding.* At this the other tells him, *'Tis to no Purpose to make more Words: for 'twas the same Man he was sure; and, to confirm his Belief, would lay him a Wager of a Shilling, and they two should go back to the first Place and see.* Hereupon both, to decide this important Wager, hasten back to satisfy themselves; but, coming to the Place where they

thought to have found Chambers hanging, found nothing at all but the Tree. Mean while our Adventurer was got down from his second Hanging Place, to the Countrymen's Oxen, which he drove to a Town in his Way to Exeter, where a fair happened to be at that Time, and sold them, and with the Money came up triumphantly to London.

Chambers, during a few Years, committed Actions the most daring and artful that were ever known, we shall bring him to a Period, after two more of his Adventures, which shall conclude our Account of him. — The first proceeds thus: Happening to be amongst some of his Companions, and very Hungry; but having little or no Money amongst them, they went together, with what they had, to an Alehouse by *Clare-Market*, and our Adventurer immediately borrowed of the Landlord a blue Apron, which tying about him, he went into the Market, and cheapen'd a Pig of a Woman; some little Difference as to the Price, making the Bargain longer than ordinary, Chambers, whose Stomach was pretty sharp, at last took the Pig, and left the Price of it in the Woman's Hands, with a Power of bringing it back, if the Company, as he pretended, did not like it. Away he returns to his Companions, who, in Concert with him, take the Pig out of the Cloath, and put a dead Dog into its Room, which Chambers pins up in the Cloath, and carries it back to the Woman, telling her his Company did not like it: Whereupon he received his Money back again. Some little Time after, another Chapman comes to the Woman's Stall, and cheapens the supposed Pig, who tells him, *'Tis one of the whitest in the World, and one that she can very well put into his Hands.* Hereupon she begins to unpin the Cloath; but coming to open it, finds, both to her Astonishment and Loss, a Dog. The Artifice is soon blown over the Market, and the People put into an extraordinary Laughter; so that what between Jeers and Jokes, and what between Loss and Disappointment, the Market-Woman is forced to pack up her All for that Evening, go home, and comfort herself in the best Manner she is able.

The last Story of him is this: Being at *Bristol* just before the Fair there, he hired himself as a Clicker to a Shoemaker, though no Ways skilled in the Business; but contracted with his Master not to enter upon actual Employment 'till that Day Se'ennight. However, he continued at the Door of the Shop, in order to let the rest of the Trade know he belonged to them. Chambers, who was perpetually forming some Stratagem or other, to procure him either Goods, or Ready-Money, bethought him of an Expedient that would turn the Shoe-maker's Boots to his Advantage. Accordingly, he goes to a Neighbour of the Trade, and tells him, *That a Gentleman was at his Master's Shop, who wanted a Pair of Boots of the Eighth Size, and that he should be obliged to him to let him have one Boot for the Person to try on.* The Shoemaker, nothing distrusting the Honesty of our Adventurer, gives him a Boot of that Size, hoping to have it soon returned, if the Gentleman did not like it, or it did not fit him. Chambers immediately improves his Scheme, goes to all the rest of the Shoemakers, with the same Tale in his Mouth, and procures from each a single Boot of the Size with the first; when, on Computation, he had made himself Master of forty single Boots, which he pack'd off to a Customer for a Sum of Money something less than the real Worth of them. By this Time the several Masters wondered why their Boots were not returned, and consequently sent their Men to know the Reason; but Chambers's Master having lost his Man, in the Interim, and telling them, *He knew nothing of the Affair, nor any Boots borrowed,* every one became sensible of their Mistake, and found it too late to rectify the Cheat; for our Adventurer had moved his Quarters, and left his Master and the rest to admire his Dexterity and Contrivance.

Here we conclude the Scene of this Man's Life, who, after a Series of unaccountable and very surprizing Robberies and Actions, received a just Recompence for his ill-spent Life at *Tyburn*.

The LIFE of Sir GOSSELIN DENVILLE:

WE have ranked *Chambers* between two Knights, not to give him any Preference by such a Position, but only to pursue a mixt Account, as we have apologiz'd for in the Beginning of his Memoirs.

The Gentleman we are going to give an Account of, was descended of very honourable Parents at *Northallerton*, a Market Town in the *North-Riding* of *Yorkshire*. The Family was very ancient, and came into *England* with *William the Conqueror*, who assign'd 'em Lands for the Services done him in the North of *England*, where they lived in great Esteem, and the Successors after them, for several Ages, till the Time of *Sir Gosselin*.

The Father of this Gentleman being a pious and devout Man, sent his Son to *Peter College* in *Cambridge*, where, for some Time, he prosecuted his Studies with great Warmth; and, to outward Appearance, gave Signs of making a fine Man. This gave the ancient Father extreme Joy, who began to think of placing his Son in the Priesthood; but it seems *Gosselin* sat at his Books purely to amuse his Father, and to gain some Advantage he had in View by it. It was found out afterwards that a religious Life, as his Father had design'd for him, was not the Thing he relished; but that the Prosecution of Amours and Love Intrigues, had the greatest Ascendant over his Mind; nay, he began now to display his natural Propensity to a luxurious and profligate Life.

These Steps creating great Discontent in the Breast of the Father, he took the violent Courses of his Son so much to Heart, that 'twas not long before he died leaving our Gentleman in full Possession both of the Dignity of the Family, and his Estate, valued at twelve hundred Pounds *per Annum*, a considerable Fortune in those Days. Thus our Gentleman becomes a Knight, rolls in a plentiful Fortune, and gives a Loose, more extravagant than ever, to his ill Courses. He associates a Brother of his, named *Robert*, with him, and they two together, by their Profuseness, soon made an End of the Estate.

Being now out of the Reach of maintaining themselves as usual, and finding the Poverty of their Circumstances still encreasing upon them, they perceived there was no other Way of supporting themselves, than by raising Contributions on the Highway. To this End, being Men of extraordinary Valour and Courage, they equip themselves out for a daring Enterprize, which was to rob two Cardinals, sent into this Kingdom by the Pope, to mediate a Peace between *England* and *Scotland*, and terminate the Differences then on Foot, between *Edward II.* and the Earl of *Lancaster*.

One *Middleton* and *Selby*, two Robbers of these Times, having heard of *Denville's* Design, came and join'd him with all the Forces under their Command, which were no inconsiderable Number. In short, the Cardinals were robbed, and a very large Booty taken from them, which put our Bravo into a tolerable Way of Subsistence for some Time; but there happening some Difference between *Middleton* and him, with regard to the sharing of this Booty, the former left the Association, and went some Time on the Road by himself; but being soon apprehended, was brought up to *London*, and there executed.

All this while, *Sir Gosselin* pursued his illegal Practices; the Valour of his Arm, and the continual Preys he and his Men made on all Travellers, put the whole Country into a terrible Pannic; for there was no such Thing as travelling with any Safety; and the great Number of Persons, of whom his Gang was composed, plainly shewed, that they defied the Laws, and every

Thing else. What they could not obtain on the Highway, they sought for in Houses, Monasteries, Churches, and Nunneries, which were rifled without any Distinction; and the most valuable and sacred Things carried off. The Men under *Sir Gosselin's* Conduct led a most licentious Life; and, like their Master, committed the worst of Villainies and Barbarities. Persons were murdered in their Houses, when their Goods might have been taken without using Bloodshed: So that killing and doing Havock, rather looked like Sport or Pastime with these Desperadoes. Our Countryman *Tom. Shadwell* seems to point at our Knight, in his Play, called the *Libertine*; nay, to have founded the main Plot of that Piece upon his barbarous and licentious Conduct. They who have a Mind to be further informed in this Particular, may, by perusing that Dramatic Performance, see how near the whole Conduct of the *Libertine* Squares with that of the Person we are speaking of.

A while after our Knight and his Associates marching on the Road between *Marlow* in *Buckinghamshire*, and *Henley* upon *Thames*, met with a *Dominican* Monk, named *Andrew Symson*, who not only was obliged to deliver what little Gold he had, to them, but also to climb into a Tree, and preach them a Sermon, which he did with a great Deal of Judgment and good Sense, though pronounced *Extempore*.

This Sermon being at this very Time recorded in the *Bodleian* Library, as a Piece containing sound Divinity, and a great Deal of Wit, we shall make no Apology to our Readers for inserting it, but give it an immediate Place here. Mr. *Symson* having got into the Tree, chose for his Text the following Words:

L U K E, Chap. x. Ver. 30.

A certain Man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among Thieves, which stript him of his Rayment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

OUR Blessed Saviour himself pronounced these Words to a Lawyer by Way of Parable, who came with a View to tempt him, by putting this Question to him, Master, What shall I do to inherit eternal Life? Luke 10. 30. The Lawyer is taught by our Lord in the Context both before and after these Words, on which I lay the Foundation of my ensuing Discourse; That, in order to obtain Life Eternal, he was to esteem every Man his Neighbour, that stood in need of his Assistance; after which, the good Samaritan is introduced to shew the Love to one's Neighbour; for this Person, though a Priest and Levite, had before past by this poor Man spoken of in my Text, who was fallen among Thieves, had Compassion on him, went and bound up his Wounds, placed him on his own Beast, carried him to an Inn, and giving Orders to the Host to let him have any Thing he wanted, promised to defray all Expences, so the poor Man but recovered.

Having thus explained the Meaning of my Text, I shall now go on to a farther Illustration of it, by Discoursing on the three following Heads:

- I. The Hazard or Danger of taking a Journey.
- II. Who it is that may bring this Danger.
- III. What the Danger is, which is two fold, either the Loss of Goods, or Loss of Life; and sometimes Loss of both.

First then, I shall discourse on the first of these Heads, namely, the Hazard or Danger of taking a Journey.

Journey. Now, this is when a Man leaves the City to go into the Country; in the former of which a Person need not be much apprehensive of himself, because the Numbers of Inhabitants are a sufficient Guard to protect him; but it is quite otherwise in the Country, I mean on the Road, where an honest Man, thro' the few People passing and repassing, and perhaps through the Obscurity of the Place, is exposed to the Insults of such abandon'd Wretches, whose Actions we should by no Means imitate or agree with. For the Royal Psalmist seems to allude to this Doctrine: When thou sawest a Thief, then thou consentedst with him, Psal. i. 18. And I observe again, that if a Man but goes a few Miles from his Habitation, he cannot assure himself that he shall return unrobbed; for it seems that the Person here spoken of in the Evangelical Parable, went but to Jericho, which was only six Miles South Eastward from Jerusalem. And what added to the Opportunity of the Thieves robbing him, was the Desert that lay between the two Places, which the Inhabitants call Quarentem, where great Thieving and egregious Robberies are committed to this Day.

Secondly, Who it is that may bring this Danger. They who willfully give themselves over to an indolent and lazy Life, and to covetous Pursuits, or they who abandon themselves to Drunkenness, to Gaming, or following lewd Women; for such as these turning Thieves, through their profligate Life, put honest Men into great Disorder, and commit great Damage upon them. Judas thus for Example, coloured over his Actions, with a specious Pretence of loving the Poor, and with pretending to extraordinary Charity; when, on the contrary, he was neither a charitable Man, nor a Lover of the Poor, but a Thief, and a very covetous Wretch. This was his Hypocrisy; and one of the Evangelists witnesses thus much. Why was not this Ointment sold for Three Hundred Pence, and given to the Poor? John xii. 5, 6. I cannot but say, that depriving even a Man of an Advantage is a great Injustice, tho' robbing us of Things we hold the most considerable is much superior to this. But where both Life and Goods too are in the Case, then 'tis a most dismal Consideration; for not only the Lives of Man, but those of God likewise have made it a Capital Crime to take away any Thing unjustly from a Man, or to detain what of Right belongs to another; now this taking away which I am speaking of, is branched out into the three following Denominations; First, simple Theft, which means a private taking away of that which is another Man's. Secondly, Rapine, by which Word is implied a forcible or compulsive Way of taking away of that which appertains to another Body's Right; And Thirdly, Sacrilege, which imports the taking away of Things dedicated to holy Uses, or in sacred Places. Now the First and Last of these Kinds, are, for the Generality put in Execution in the Night-time, that being the most convenient Season to accomplish the Ends design'd by them. If (says the Prophet) Thieves comes to thee, if Robbers by Night, now art thou cut off; would not they have stolen till they had enough. Obad. v. 5. And our Saviour himself compares his coming on Earth to a Thief in the Night. The Day of the Lord so cometh as a Thief in the Night, 1 Thes. v. 2. Says St. Paul.— Agreeable to which is the following Passage of St. John the Divine. Behold I come as a Thief, Revel. xvi. 15. Which Words, if they were paraphrased, import thus much. Behold I come when you know nothing of it. But the other Kind of taking away is generally put in force (as you have now done) in the Day-time, putting Men and Women into terrible Frights, and vast bodily Fears.

But I must beg Leave to acquaint you, Gentlemen, by the way, that you are not the only Thieves in the World, for a great many others come under the Denomination; such as Kings and Princes, when they lay unnecessary Taxes and Excises upon their Subjects; Subjects when they do not pay the customary Tribute to their Princes; Tradesmen, when they use deceitful Weights and Measures; and unjustly enhance the Price of Commodities; Masters, when they defraud Servants of their Wages; and Servants when they embezzle the Goods of their Masters: Nay, Apothecaries, and Tay-

lors, when they make unconscionable Bills; Butchers, when they blow their Veil; Millers, for taking double Toll; Shoemakers, for stretching their Leather larger than their Consciences; Surgeons, for prolonging a Cure; Physicians, for taking away the Lives of their Patients; and Lawyers, for taking Bribes on both Sides: I say, that all these are no better than Thieves, and such as they, nor Covetous, nor Drunkards, nor Revilers, nor Extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God, 1 Corinth. vi. 10. Now what I have already observed brings me to the following Inferences. Thou shalt not steal. This is a positive Precept delivered to us by the Hand of God himself, who has also declared his avenging Hand on those that infringe it; yet this is so far from deterring Mankind from the Commission of it, that rather than not indulge your Headstrong Inclinations this Way, you will cut, back, maim, wound, tie Hand and Foot, Neck and Heels together; you will rob, pilfer, and plunder any one, so this vicious Desire is but served. What a melancholy Thing is this, and astonishing Considerations does it present to an honest and virtuous Mind! But, lack-a-day, why should I talk at this Rate; will not Courtiers rob People that solicit them for Favours? will not Judges pervert the Laws and administer Justice partially? These are shocking Reflections, and yet they are no more shocking than true. I confess they are hard, but true, Instances of Injustice and Thieving. But considering the Age we live in; 'tis not to be wondered at; for if Arts and Sciences are suffer'd to augment, much less is it to be admired why Vices and Immorality in all Shapes increase; Satan being industrious to plant his Schools of Wickedness, as much as our best Instructors their's, of good Learning and Morality.

Now they who relinquish the Paths of Virtue, and will voluntarily pursue the Road of Iniquity and Thieving, Robbing, and Plundering, every one they meet, without any Distinction either of Sex or Person, expose themselves to an untimely Fate, which not only proves a miserable Exit to themselves, but also involves their Families, Friends, and Relations, in a great Deal of Scandal. And supposing they who pursue this profligate Course of Life, do not meet with the Gallows for their Reward, yet ten to one, they die no natural Death, for, 'tis possible, that one Time or other, meeting with a Prey, as they imagine, they may find some obstinate Resistance from the Person they attack, as may at last over-power them, and in the End take away one or other of their Lives; then pray what's the Consequence? Why, being thus cut off in their Sin, they tumble Headlong into Perdition, where endless Torments wait for them. Probably you are dispatched and sent out of the World some Years before your appointed Time, whilst he that sent you packing out of this World, enjoys his Quiet, without being accountable to the Laws of his Country for what he did; and besides, we have the Levitical Law justifying the killing of a Thief. If a Thief be found breaking up, and be smitten that he die, there shall no Blood be shed for him, Exod. xxii. 2. And indeed all honest Men look upon Theft with such Detestation, that on a Thief's being apprehended, they are ready to massacre him, before he is carried to Goal. And under the Denomination of Theft we may justly place Usury, Bribery, and Cheating in Gaming. Let us now suppose that the Thief may run on in his Villainous Course of Life several Years, without either being taken from his Roguery, or paying his Recompence to the Laws, yet what's this to the Purpose? All this Time he has something within him called Conscience, which incessantly tells him of his Ways; his Mind presents to itself terrifying Ideas; nor can he purchase one Night's sound Sleep he's haunted in every Corner, nor will Conscience suffer him to be at rest; possibly his pleasing Sins may delude his Thoughts with Gaiety and Mirth for a while, but this Scene lasteth not long, before a Vulture gnaweth his Heart, and eternally racks him: For ill Actions are constantly attended with Perturbations; and the Punishment that follows is a thousand Times Worse than all the Delight such Actions produced. Ill-acquired Gains are far more detrimental than all the Losses of an adverse Fortune. These latter but disturb us once; the first are perpetually teasing

teazing us. And indeed that Man can never think of adding to his Contentment, who pursues Ways diametrically against it, still fixing his Eyes on the Beginning of Things, but has never once the Sense to consider where the End will reach. Now, Gentlemen, if you are ignorant to this Particular, I will make bold to tell you, that the Beginning of Theft is an Entrance into Prison, where your chiefest Companions are Hunger, Thirst, Shackles, Bolts, Irons, and Vermin; and the End Hanging, unless you have the good Fortune to meet with an Adversary as favourably as King Edward the Confessor. I will produce the Instance for your Informations: It seems this Prince one Morning lying in Bed with his Curtains drawn, saw a poor Courtier come into his Chamber, and going up directly to his Coffers, take as much Money away as he was able to carry, and came again, and was suffered to convey his second Booty off without being spoke to, but King Edward finding him advance thither the third Time, reproved him for his Covetousness, and commanded him to be gone; for if Hugoline his Treasurer, came and caught him in the Fact, he would certainly have a Rope for his Deserts; Now it seems he was scarce got out of the Chamber, but the Treasurer, who had left open the Coffer, came and seemed in a vast Surprise at the Loss, but the King bid him not concern himself, for he had most Occasion for the Money, that had taken the Opportunity to convey it away.

Now I shall infer once more from this Discourse, that Persons of your Profession, let your Lives be never so flagitious and enormous, may probably be of Opinion, that the same Mercy is laid up in Store for you, which the penitent Thief on the Cross found and enjoyed: But let me tell you, and be you assured, that you are far from it, unless you can bring yourselves to repent as he did. But pray what Man in his Senses would run the Risk of Damnation by suffering a reproachful Death, When cursed is everyone that hangeth on a Tree, Gal. xiii. 21. Nay he that is hanged is accursed of God. Alas! no Man always sins unpunished, Deut. xxi. 3. Is it not a common Thing for us to see the Son punished for the Vices and profligate Life of the Father? I am very well assured that there are but few Vices of any Magnitude, which are not punished in this World. God, let me tell you, Gentlemen, doth not bless or punish all at once, but by Degrees and Warnings. So much Knavery possesses the World at this Time of Day, that to be an honest Man is reputed Vice, and so many Mutations are hourly observed, that 'tis very rare to see the compleated Race of another. Our Lives are too short to take exact Notice how the most just God dispenses his Judgments, and how he strikes pernicious Mortals. Some of his Corrections are performed in the Dark, nor does every notorious Act meet with its just Punishment, notwithstanding (as I have observed in the foregoing) private Punishments sometimes give a Man vast Uneasiness within, while Mankind observing only the Superficies of Things, see not how he Smarts in secret.

Having proceeded thus far, I shall now come to some few Exhortations, and then close my Discourse. I must take the Freedom to acquaint you Gentlemen, that the Sin of Theft is Obligatory, that is, that you are obliged if you are able to restore back the Things you steal, or forcibly take from another, otherwise, let me tell you, your Sins are not forgiven. I speak not this for the Sake of myself, but for the Benefit of your precious Souls; entertaining so favourable an Opinion of you, that I believe you to be good-humour'd, generous, tenderhearted Gentlemen, and such who, without being spurred on, have the Sense to shew a compassionate Honesty. All Things whatsoever you would that Men should do unto you, do ye even so to them: For this is the Law and the Prophets. Some of you probably may object, and say, that it is impossible to keep the Commandments. I answer to this; that it is because you have no Inclination to oblige yourselves to the Observation of them, but are more willing that God should be thought the Author of Sin, which is exceedingly blasphemous and wicked. Possibly too you may endeavour to justify your Iniquities and scandalous Lives, by alledging you cannot restrain yourselves, liking this Evasion much better than acknowledging your Iniqui-

ties, and confessing your Sins in order to amend, by engraving the Law of God upon your Hearts.

It is my sincere Hope that the Words and Doctrine I have already delivered, will have the same Influence on you, as the Advice once had on the Thief which the Apostle St. John gave him, which reclaimed him from his wicked Courses. The Narrative is not very long, and for your Information, I will acquaint you with it. St. John, as soon as the Tyrant was dead, who had banish'd him to the Isle of Pathmos returning to Ephesus, and being importuned to visit the Countries adjacent, to put the Churches in Order, when he was come into a certain City, and seeing a young Man of goodly Body, handsome Face, and fervent Mind, among the Brethren, he turned his Face to him, who was appointed chief over all the Bishops, and said, I commend this young Man unto thy Custody, with an earnest Desire to take Care of him, as Christ and the Church bear me Witness. The Bishop having received his Charge, carried the young Man Home, and took extraordinary Care of him. But it seems that this young Convert, in spite of the Bishop's Precepts and Admonitions soon abandon'd himself to lewd and dissolute Courses, and associated with young Men of his Years, who were Idle, Debauch'd, and acquainted with all Manner of Vice and Immorality. The first Step these evil Counsellors take with their Pupil, is to bring him to costly Entertainments; afterwards to Steal and Pilfer in the Night, and commit a great many other Offences. Thus our Convert soon became acquainted with all manner of Wickedness; he plunges himself into a Bottomless Pit of all Disorder and Outrage, and in the End, Despairs of the Saving Grace that cometh of God. He is past all Hopes of Mercy; and therefore being quite regardless of the Consequences of his irregular Life, he proceedeth onward in his Impieties, and takes his Lot in common with the rest of his Companions. It seems that a Gang of Thieves being gather'd together, he puts himself at their Head, and conducts them in the Execution of their Enterprizes. His Mind is now entirely bent to Robbing, extream Cruelty and Murder. A while after this the Bishop, being under some Necessity, sent for St. John, who having declared the Cause of his sending for him, the Apostle address'd him in the following Manner: O Bishop! I require the young Man and the Soul of our Brother, whom I committed to thy Custody. The Bishop hearing this, with a dejected Countenance, and sobbing and sighing, told him that he was dead. Dead, said St. John; how? by what kind of Death? The Bishop replied, he is dead to God; for he is become a very wicked and pernicious Wretch; nay, a Thief, keeping this Mountain over-against the Church, in Company with his Associates. St. John immediately rent his Garments, and beat his Head saying to the Bishop, I have left a wife Keeper of our Brother's Soul; prepare me a Horse, and let me have a Guide. He hasten'd out of the Church, and rode Post to the Place he intended, but was immediately apprehended by the thievish Watch; yet he makes no Resistance, but exclaims aloud, and says, Bring me hither your Captain, who, in the mean time, as he was arriv'd, saw him coming. As soon as the Captain saw the Apostle's Face, knowing it to be St. John's, he was stricken with Shame, and ran away. The old Man, unmindful of his great Age, pursues him flying, and cries, My Son, why turnest thou away from me thy Father, unarm'd, and old? Be not any way daunted, as there are Hopes of Salvation remaining; I will plead for thee with Christ; nay, I will expose my Life to Death for thee, if there be Occasion, as Christ exposed his for our Redemption; believe me, that I too will even hazard my Soul for thee and thine, for Christ sent me. Our Thief hearing this warm Expostulation, stood some Time stock still, with his Countenance fix'd on the Ground, trembling like an Aspin Leaf, and all the while shed a Flood of Tears. He took St. John in his Arms, and, with great Emotion, embraced him, making him as pertinent Answers as he could for his weeping; so that to outward Appearance he look'd as tho' he had been baptiz'd again with Tears. After St. John had promis'd and assured him to obtain his Pardon with our Saviour, and pray'd, and fell on his

Knees, and kissed his Right Hand, which Repentance had now purified; he conducted him to the Church again, where rectifying his late fallen Soul with abundance of Prayers and Fastings, and confirming his Mind with several excellent Sermons, he left him fully restored to the Church, a great Example of true Repentance, a brave Trial of a new Birth unto Righteousness, and a singular Pledge of a visible Resurrection from mortal Sin.

Wherefore, Gentlemen, if your Inclinations are to imitate the Examples of this great Convert, and to put on the new Man, by being good Christians, associate yourselves with honest and good Company; for there is nothing more prejudicial than to keep that which is bad: Our Fame and our Souls are utterly ruined by it; we receive Wounds by it which are incurable and past Remedy; besides, consider the Disgrace: Was a Man a King, he would lose his Majesty and Dignity by it; for pray tell me, who would pay Obedience to his Commands or Government, when, in imitation of Nero, he would waste his Time at Taverns with the lewd and debauched, play with Minstrels in his Chariot, and frolick with common Players on the Stage? Bad Company may be compared very justly to the new Trimming of a Ship; wheresoever you but touch it, you are all bedaub'd; and supposing you are clean when you go aboard, yet the smallest Motion in the World will soon discover the Blotches you have received. How many hundreds could I enumerate, who, going to perform the last Scene of an ignominious Death, have blamed ill Company as the Original of all the Failings they have made, as though some Witch had enchanted them into their Follies? Bad Company is an Engine which the Devil always is putting in Play to remove Man from the Pursuit of virtuous Ways: Bad Company is the spiritual Whore, that by fond Dalliances and Arts betrays a Man into his Destruction: Bad Company is certainly a Delilah, if there be one under Heaven: But not to tire you with more of this Nature, I shall conclude my Discourse with this Admonition in Scripture, Let him that stole, steal no more.

This Sermon was vastly well received by Sir Goffelin and his Associates, who returned the Monk their extraordinary Thanks for the excellent Sermon he had made; in short, they gave back not only the Gold they had taken from him, but making a Collection among themselves presented him a Purse (above his Money) by Sir Goffelin their Spokesman, who, after a few Ceremonies on either Side, left the Monk to descend out of the Tree quietly: and go Home in Peace.

One would have thought that the Doctor's impartial Handling of his Subject, and the open Manner in which he exposed Thieving, and the direful Consequences that waited upon it after this Life, would have awaked our Adventurers to a better Sense of themselves: But, it seems they were too far plunged in their iniquitous Course of Life, to retreat back and reform. Which will be proved in the Sequel. Nay, if Accounts be true that are transmitted down to us concerning this Knight and his Confederates, whole Parties of Horse and Foot sent out to suppress their Career, were several Times defeated; at which the whole Kingdom was put into so much Terror and Amazement, that none durst take a Journey, or appear on the Roads. The King then reigning having acquainted his Nobles of his Intention to make a Progress through the North of England, Sir Goffelin came timely to hear of it, and accordingly put himself and his whole Gang in Priests Habits. Now the King being on his Progress and near Norwich, our Adventurers, being a considerable Number, drew up to him in their venerable Habits, which making the King halt to observe them a little more closely, Sir Goffelin closed up with him. The King upon this seemed desirous to hear what he had to say, which Sir Goffelin observing, after a low Obedience made to his Majesty, he told him that he was not come to discourse about Religious Matters, but Secular Affairs, which was to lend him and his needy Brothers what Money he had about him, otherwise not all the Indulgences he could obtain from the Pope should save him from being exposed to a very

hard and rigid Penance. The King having but about Forty to attend him, found it impossible to get clear of his Adversary, or save his Money, but was obliged to surrender all; nay, look on while his Noblemens Pockets were searched; after which Sir Goffelin and his Associates left them to perform the remaining Part of their Progress.

This Attempt upon the King was highly resented; and several Proclamations with considerable Rewards inserted, issued to apprehend any of the Persons concerned in this Robbery, alive or dead. In less than Six Months above Sixty were treacherously taken by People, in order to obtain the Præmium. Notwithstanding, this Change of Fortune was so far from working any Reformation in our Knight, that he and his Brother robbed with greater Boldness; so that those Noblemen and Gentlemen who had Seats in the County, were afraid to reside at them, and were obliged to secure themselves and their Effects in the fortified Cities and Towns of the Kingdom.

The last Adventure which we have on Record of this Knight was this: Sir Goffelin and the remaining Part of his Associates being in the North of England, were determined to see what the rich Bishop of Durham could afford them; accordingly they got into his Palace, which they rifled from Top to Bottom of all the valuable Things in it; and, not content with the Spoil they found, bound the reverend Prelate and his Servants Hand and Foot, while they went down into the Cellar, drank as much Wine as they could well digest, and then let the rest run out of the Barrels; after which they departed, leaving the Ecclesiastick to call upon God to deliver him in his Necessities.

But Fortune now weighs down the Scale of our Knight's Iniquities: It seems a Man kept a publick House in a By-place in Yorkshire, where Sir Goffelin frequently went, not so much for the Liquors there, as the Beauty of the Woman of the House: A freer Acquaintance than consisted with Decency had been kept up very openly some Time between the Knight and the Landlady; which the Husband at first connived at, through a Notion his dignified Customer, and the Company he brought to his House, would be of considerable Advantage to his Trade: But Sir Goffelin and his Wife pursuing their love Intrigues in broad Daylight, to the no small Scandal of his Family, and he beginning too late to think himself injured, found no other Resource to repair the ill Name thrown upon him by the People in the Neighbourhood, than by removing the Knight out of the Way: To which End he goes to the Sheriff of the County, and acquaints him how Sir Goffelin might be apprehended with little Difficulty at his House provided he came that Night. The Sheriff rejoiced at the Opportunity, but considered that the Knight and his Associates were Men of desperate Fortunes, vast Courage, and resolved to hazard the last, rather than surrender or betaken; upon which he mustered up between five or six hundred Men at Arms, came privately at Night with them to the House, which they vigorously attacked as our Knight and his Company were revelling over their Cups. Now or never was an important Battle, or rather Siege, to be determined. The Persons within resolutely defended themselves for some Time, and the Men at Arms without were not less valiant. Good Fortune seemed to incline to our Knight's Side, who, in Conjunction with his Men, laid two hundred of his Adversaries dead on the Spot; but being tired with the Slaughter, and fresh Enemies pouring in upon him, he was presently hemmed in on every Side, and obliged to surrender, tho' not without fighting to the last. The Sheriff exasperated to think at losing so many Men, took care to put the captive Knight, and three and twenty of his Comrades, who were made Prisoners at the same Time, under a very strong Guard, who safely conducted them to York, where, without any Trial, or other Proceedings had upon them, they were executed, to the Joy of Thousands; the Satisfaction of the Great, and the Desire of the common People, who waited upon them to the Gallows, triumphing at their ignominious Exit.

The LIFE of ROBIN HOOD.

THE Accounts of this Man's Genealogy are exceeding various, and the Stories of him as fictitious among the Country People, as the Theft of Mercury among the Heathens, the one being accounted a God for his Dexterity of Pilfering, and the other being generally reputed a Nobleman. I shall only confine myself to two, out of the several Accounts we have of this Man. In the first he is said to be the Earl of *Huntington*, that his Father was Head-Ranger in the North of *England*, that his Mother was a Daughter of the Earl of *Warwick*, that he had an Uncle named *Garnwell* of *Garnwell-hall* there, that his Father and Mother lived at a small Village called *Loocy*, near the Forest of *Sherwood*, and that he himself was born in *Henry* the Second's Time. But in the second he is said to derive his Family *ab origine*, from no higher Persons than *Shepherds*, who for some time had inhabited in *Nottinghamshire*, in which County, at a small Village adjacent to the Forest of *Sherwood*, he was born in the Reign of King *Henry* the Second, and bred up a Butcher; but being of a licentious and wicked Inclination, left his Trade, and associating himself with several Robbers and Outlaws, put himself at their Head, because he was a Man of extraordinary Courage, and would never entertain any in his Fraternity, but such as had been sufficiently tried both as to their Stoutness and Dexterity in handling their Arms.

But we are acquainted from the former of these two Accounts, that *Robin* was put to School, where he made a surprizing Progress in his Books, and could answer to any Question put to him by his Master with wonderful Facility and Wit, which gave his Parents no small joy: And that one *Christmas* he went to see his Uncle *Garnwell*, at whose House, in Company with *Little John* (who was a Servant there) he performed very unusual Tricks with Cups and Balls; which won the Heart of the aged Gentleman so much, that, dying not long after, he left *Robin* his sole Heir, who now began to be very beneficent and hospitable to all that came to see him; relieved the Poor, and did a Thousand other meritorious Actions, which gained him the Good-will and Esteem of all about him; but that this open and free way of living did not last long, for, by his Profusion and too great Liberality having run thro' the Estate, he was obliged to support himself as well as he could. That he had abundance of deep Reflection within himself how to maintain his usual Grandeur and Hospitality, which at length turned upon robbing the Rich, and always shewing kind to the Poor, who were always sending up their Prayers to Heaven for his Prosperity and long Life, because, if he met any of them, he would not only restrain from injuring or robbing them, but give them Money; nay, wheresoever he heard that any were Sick or in Want, he was sure to send his Succour and Assistance to relieve them in their necessitous Circumstances.

By this time he and *Little John* (so called, tho' otherwise of lofty Stature) were become sworn Brothers. They were together in all Parties of Pleasure, of robbing, or otherwise. And the first Adventure of theirs which we have on Record was performed by them, and fifteen more, on the Bishop of *Carlisle*, who had fifty in his Retinue. The Account of this Matter stands thus: *Robin* having Intelligence that the Prelate was in his way to *London*, met him on the South-side of Ferry-bridge in *Yorkshire*, and, notwithstanding his Retinue was so numerous, attacked him with his much inferior Number, took from him eight hundred Marks, and then tying him to a Tree, made him sing Mass; after which he unty'd him, set him on his Horse again with his Face to the Tail, and in that Condition obliged him to ride to *London*, where he made heavy com-

plaint to the King of the Indignity that had been offered him, who issued out a Proclamation for his being apprehended; but all endeavours were ineffectual.

Some time after this the King having proposed a Shooting-match in *Finsbury-fields*, *Robin* and his Gang, notwithstanding their late insulting the Bishop, had a mind to be Spectators of this Diversion, nay, to make Parties in it, and accordingly having disguised themselves, they came up to *London*, and mixed *incognito* among the company assembled on this Occasion. Great Commendations were given to the King's Archers, who, to say the worst of them, shot exceeding well, and large Betts moving about, *Robin* steps up, and offers to lay an hundred Marks, that he singled out three Men who should shoot better than any three others that could be produced to oppose them; the King takes up our Adventurer, and the Queen, admiring the resolution of the Strangers, as she thought them, was incited to lay a thousand Pounds on their Heads against the King, which example was followed by several of the Nobility. *Robin* now bent his Bow and shot almost into the middle of the Clout, beating his Adversary above a Span; *Little John* hit the black Mark in it, and overcame his Antagonist, but *Midge* the Miller pinn'd up the Basket, by cleaving with his Arrow the Pin in two which was in the middle of the Black, so that the Queen, and all those that laid on her side won the Betts. But when the King came to know afterwards that it was *Robin Hood* and part of his Gang, that had beaten his Archers, he swore that he should be hanged whenever he was caught, and, in order thereto, sent out several Detachments of Soldiers into the Forest of *Sherwood* after him, which *Robin* having private notice of, made him withdraw into *Yorkshire*, thence to *Newcastle, Cumberland, Lancashire, and Cheshire*, and last of all to *London* till the heat of the Hue and Cry was over, and then he returned to his old Place of Rendezvous, to the no small joy of his Companions, who had been from him full eight Months.

Robin having a mind to make a Progress by himself, put into a bye-fort of a House, a little out of the Road, in which he found no Body but a poor old Woman, who was weeping very bitterly, and in a flood of Tears. *Robin*, moved at her extraordinary crying, desired her to acquaint him with the cause of her Sorrow, to which she answered, that she was a poor Woman and a Widow, and being somewhat indebted to her Landlord for Rent, she expected him every moment to come and seize what few Goods she had, which would be her utter Ruin. This News filling *Robin's* Breast with Compassion, he bad her rest herself contented, and he would make things easy; so pulling off his rich laced Cloaths, and putting on an old Coat, which the old Woman lent him, and having likewise secured his Horse in an old Barn, in a little time came the old miserly Landlord, and demanded his Rent: Upon this *Robin* rises out of the Chimney-corner with a short Stick in his Hand; and says, *I understand, Sir, that my Sister here (poor Woman) is behind hand for Rent, and that you design to seize her Goods; but, she being a desolate Widow, and having nothing wherewithal to satisfy you at present, I hope you will take so much pity and compassion on her mean Circumstances, as not to be so severe upon her; Pray, Sir, let me persuade you to have a little forbearance, to which the Landlord reply'd, Don't tell me of forbearance, I'll not pity People to the ruin of myself; I'll have my Money, I want my Rent, and if I am not paid now, I'll seize her Goods forthwith, and turn her out of my House.* When *Robin* found that no Intreaties nor Persuasions would prevail with the old miserly Cuff, to have patience with the poor Woman, he pulled a Leather Bag out of his Pocket, and said, *Come, let's see a Receipt*

Receipt in full, and I'll pay it ; so accordingly a Receipt was given, and the Rent paid : Then the Landlord being upon going away, says Robin, 'tis drawing towards Night Sir, and there's great robbing abroad, therefore I would advise you to stay here till To-morrow Morning, and take the Day before you. No, no, replied the Landlord,, I'll go Home now, I shall reach seven Miles before 'tis dark. Pray, Sir, says Robin to him again, Let me persuade you to tarry here, for indeed there's great robbing abroad : I don't care, answered the Landlord, what robbing there is abroad ; I'll go home now, besides, I don't fear being robbed by any one Man, let him be what he will : So taking his Horse, away he rode, and Robin after him; drest then in his fine Cloaths, and meeting him at a Pond where he knew he must pass by, bid him stand and fight, or deliver his Money : Which words so terrified him, that he delivered all the Money he had received for Rent, and as much more to it. Then Robin riding back to the old Woman again, and disguising himself as before, it was not long before the Landlord came back to the House again, and knocked at the Door ; upon which Robin asks who was there ? The Landlord answers, 'Tis I : what I ? says Robin ; why 'tis I, answered the Landlord again. At these Words the old Woman cry'd, O dear ! 'tis my Landlord : So letting him in, he told his Grievance with a great deal of Sorrow, as how he was robbed by a Rogue in a lac'd Coat, who swore a thousand Oaths at him, and had certainly knocked his Brains out had he not given him all his Money : Ay, says Robin, I told you there was great robbing abroad, but you would not take my Advice ; now I hope you'll stay here till Morning: However he did not; for, having given an Account of his Misfortune, he made the best of his way homeward.

The King having determined to make a Progress into the North of England, Robin came to hear of it, and was resolv'd to rob him. Accordingly taking sixty of his Followers, determined to rob him, and with that View put himself and his Associates in very rich Cloaths, with each Man his white Horse, well harnessed and accoutred. They met the King at a small Village, with about thirty in his Retinue (for the Kings of England in those Days were not wont to be attended with Horse-Guards as now) whereupon Robin, the foremost of his Comrades, stept up to the King, and address'd him in a very handsome manner, *My Liege, says he, by our extraordinary Garb and Dress we should seem to be Persons of Dignity and Fortune, but I must crave leave to be so sincere with you, as to inform you we are of a quite different Stamp and Condition to that which probably you and your Retinue may take us to be. For my part, having been descended of honourable Parents, and left, when very young, in Possession of a considerable Estate, which for several Years supported me in a generous and gay manner, I reckon myself among the Number of those of your Countrymen (for Subject is too harsh a word for a Gentleman to pronounce) who think themselves the happiest Persons living, by having lost all thro' generous and polite Living ! What mean you Sir, by this mysterious way of Discourse, answered the King ? Explain your self, for really I am at a loss to understand you. To which Robin replies, My Liege, my Actions are already so much divulged throughout this Land, that there's no need of making enquiry about me ; I am only to inform you, that, having run thro' all that I was born to, and double the Quantity, I made myself Captain over these brave Fellows whom you see before you. Our Employment is to collect Tribute (not as you do, to satiate the hungry Appetites of Ministers of State and Pensioners) of every one that travels thro' these Counties, which I have some time ago annexed to my Dominions. I constantly take from the Rich to give to the Poor, for those share my Benevolence hourly, and I cannot think but your Generosity will look upon me as a Person deserving. What I want Sir, is your Money, which will give you a free Passport to the Place you are going to. The King finding by the Number of Robin's Attendance, that there was no such Thing as resisting his Demand, voluntarily pulled out a Purse and gave it him, who found it, by the Weight, sufficient to*

answer his present Occasions, without having recourse to the Noblemens Pockets who waited upon the King to increase the Booty.

Our Readers are to be acquainted, that it was no Difficulty to rob our Kings at that Time of Day : Several of our Nobility of the present Age appear more splendid and numerous in their Attendance than they did. Kings formerly used to make frequent Progresses to different Parts of the Kingdom, to diffuse among their Country Subjects their Riches, and see how Matters went among them ; but now the Custom is quite varied, and nothing but large Bodies of Life Guards are seen waiting upon our Kings, though it be but for three or four Miles, which makes it seem rather a Clog upon Majesty than an Augmentation of it.

Robin, happening to be out one Morning by himself, observed a young Man, of a genteel Aspect, and well drest, sitting under the Shade of a Tree in a very melancholly and dejected Mood : The Sight presently made our Adventurer step up to him, and ask the Reason of his sitting so disconsolately there. The young Man, after many Sobs and Tears, broke out very fervently into an Exclamation against Womankind, who, he said, were the most perfidious Wretches in the World. *I this Morning, said he, had got all things ready in order to be married to the Gentleman's Daughter of that House ; but Money being a stronger Persuasive than the truest Love, another Person in the Neighbourhood has supplanted me by the young Woman's own Appointment, tho' she's mine by all the sacred Oaths under Heaven. Ay, ay, says Robin, is your Case so ? never be afraid Man, but put on a more cheerful Look, and I'll warrant you Success ; you shall not only have the Woman, but her Fortune too. Having thus said, he took the young Man along with him to his Comrades, who went back to the Church together, and meeting the Bishop, Robin began to discourse him on some Points in Religion, till a wealthy Knight, and the young Man's Mistress came in to be married. Upon which Robin said, 'Tis a great Shame that such a young beautiful Woman should be married to such a fumbling old Man as this, to lie grunting by her Side, and to make a Nurse of her all the Days of her Life : No, no, she shall have her own Bridegroom, and be his right Mistress. With that he blew a Blast, and straightway appeared the young Man, and twenty Ycomen. Now, said Robin, you shall enjoy the Woman you love, this very Day. No, hold, said the Bishop, that's against the laws of our Church, to marry any Person that has not been ask'd three Times. Robin hearing this, immediately pulled off the Bishop's Robes, and put them on Little John, who went up directly into the Choir, and asked them seven Times before all the People ; but the young Gentlewoman absolutely refused to make any Response, till Menaces and high Words forced her into a Compliance, when away they carried her to Sherwood, where they kept the Wedding.*

Another Time Robin being at Coventry, and having a Mind to play a Prank, which he mightily delighted in doing ; and understanding that a certain Lord was to set out for London the next Day on Horseback, with a great Retinue, he put himself in Woman's Apparel ; and overtaking his Lordship on the Road, having a tolerable good Face, and young, the noble Peer was pleas'd to scrape Acquaintance with this young Damsel, as he suppos'd her ; so after a great deal of Chat together, his Lordship, being amorously inclined, was for fulfilling the primary Command, *Encrease and Multiply* ; and putting the Question to her, this Masculine, Feminine Creature pretending great Modesty, said, *It became her Sex never to permit Dishonesty to come nearer than their Ears, and then, to save Virtue the Labour, Wonder and Detestation ought to stop it. However, his Lordship pursuing his Inclination very close, it made her simper at the Conceit of it ; and at last giving way to her Enamorado's Courtship, she told his Lordship, that if they had been in any Place of Privacy, she should have been very ready to gratify his Desire ; but to expose herself before all his Men, she would not for the World. His Lordship being very joyful at her Condescension to his Embraces, they had not rid above half a*

Mile



W. Jetté delin.

J. Basire. Sculp.

WILLIAM STUTELY *making his Complaint to* **ROBIN HOOD.**

Half a Mile further, before a Wood presented itself to their sight, where he ordered his Servants to halt till he came to them: So he and his dear masculine Mistress rid into the Wood, and there alighting with an Intention of having a full Enjoyment of his supposed Lady, when his Lordship taking up her Petticoats, found under them a Pair of Breeches; and said, what's the meaning of your wearing Breeches, Madam? *Nothing*, replied our Adventurer, *but to put your Money in, and now you must pay for your peeping*; with that he beat his Lordship, and took away above an hundred Marks from him, and then tied him to a Tree, to cool his Courage, and so bid my Lord farewell till the next meeting. The Servants meantime waiting the Return of their Master, wondred, having staid an Hour, at his long Absence; but at last they determined to seek him out, and so entering the Wood, they heard a Voice crying out for Help; they followed the Sound as fast as they could, till at length they found his Lordship fast; he bad them untie him, and said, that the Villain whom he had taken for a Woman, proved to be neither better nor worse than an Highwayman and a Robber, and had taken all he had from him, that was valuable, but that for the future he would be hang'd, if ever he trusted himself alone with any thing in the shape of a Woman.

Another time *Robin* disguised himself in a *Friar's* Habit, and travelling from his Companions, had not gone far before he met a Couple of Priests, and he making a pitiful moan to them, begg'd their Charity, and that they would relieve one of their Function, for the *Virgin Mary's* sake: That he would willingly do, said they, was it in our Power, but we have lately met with a Gang of Villains, who have robbed us of all our Money, and left us nothing to relieve our selves. I am afraid, said *Robin*, you are all so addicted to Lying, that an honest man cannot take your words: Therefore let us all down on our Knees, and pray to the *Virgin Mary* to send us some Money to defray our Charges. Upon which they offered to run away, but *Robin* soon put a stop to their Career, and made them go to Prayers. They had not been long at their Supplications, before *Robin* had one of the Priests feel in his Pockets what the *Virgin Mary* had sent; upon which both, to obey the word of Command, put their Hands in their Pockets and pulled out nothing. *Robin* upon this fell into a great Passion, and told them, that he believed they were nothing but a parcel of lying deceitful Knaves, to make him believe that the *Virgin* had sent them nothing, when they had all prayed so heartily; therefore, don't deceive one another, but each of you stand a search: So *Robin* began, and search'd their Pockets, and soon found five hundred pieces of Gold. When he saw this glorious sight, he could not forbear calling them lying and deceitful Knaves. Soon after this they rose up to go, but *Robin* stop't them and made them take an Oath never to tell lies to a *Friar* again, nor to tempt young Virgins, nor to lie with other Men's Wives. After which he mounted his Horse and returned to *Sherwood*.

Another time a Gentleman as he was riding from *Coventry* to *London*, happened to meet with *Robin Hood*, and thinking him to be an honest Gentleman, desired him to turn back, and go some other way, or else he would certainly meet with Highwaymen, and be robb'd for he had narrowly escaped them himself, and so advis'd him, if he had any Charge about him, not to venture that way. I have no great Charge about me, Sir, said *Robin*; however, I'll take your Advice for fear of the worst: So as they were riding along, said *Robin*, perhaps we may meet with some Rogues of the Gang, by the way, for this is an ugly robbing Road, therefore I'll secure that little I have: which is but ten Guineas, by putting it into my Mouth. Now the Gentleman, not in the least suspecting him to be of that Profession, told him, that in case he should be set upon, he had secured his Gold in the feet of his Stockings which he said was no small Quantity, and that he had receiv'd it that Day of his Tenants for Rent. Discoursing thus together they had not gone above half a Mile further, before they came into a very By-place, where *Robin* bad the Gentleman stand and

deliver his Money. The Gentleman was in a great Surprise, and told him, he took him for a very honest and worthy Person. However there was no Remedy for the Loss of his Money, which was about fourscore and ten Marks. So *Robin* left the Gentleman cursing his Folly for telling him where he had hid his Money.

Some time after this *Robin*, meeting with a Butcher going to Market to sell his Meat, bought his whole Cargo, and his Mare with it, which came together to about twenty Pounds: With these *Robin* immediately goes to the Market, and sells his Bargain presently, making such good Pennyworths, that all the People thought he had stole the Meat; which now being converted into Money, he puts into an Inn at *Northampton*, and treats all his Customers to the Value of Five Pounds, which coming to the Sheriff of the County's Ears, who was at the same time in the Inn, and taking him to be some prodigal Spark, of whom he might make a Penny, intrudes into his Company, and after some short Discourse, ask'd him if he had any more Meat to sell. *Not ready dress'd*, said *Robin*; *but I have two or three hundred Head of Cattle at Home, and a hundred Acres of Land to keep them on, which, if you'll buy, I'll sell you them a Pennyworth*. The Sheriff snapt at the Proffer, and took four hundred Pounds in Gold along with him. Away they rid together; but he was very much surpriz'd at the melancholy Place that *Robin* had brought him to. He told him, he wish'd they did not meet with a Man call'd *Robin Hood*, and began to will himself back again, but 'twas then too late; for *Robin* winding h. Thence, presently came *Little John* with fifty of his Companions, who were commanded by their Captain *Robin* to take the Sheriff to Dinner with them assuring them he had Money enough to pay his Share. Accordingly, they got a Collation ready for the Sheriff, and after Dinner was over, they led him into the Forest, and there took all his Gold from him, good part of which he had borrow'd of the Inn-keeper, where he met with *Robin Hood*.

Our Adventurer being another time at *Wigton* in *Yorkshire*, and hearing how barbarously the Hostlers would cheat the Horfes of their Provender, privately went into the Stable, and hid himself under the Manger: A little time after came the Hostler into the Stable, under Pretence of feeding *Robin's* Horse; no sooner had he put the Oats and Beans into the Manger, and laid down his Sieve, but he sweeps them all into a Canvas Bag fix'd under one Corner of the Manger, and so away he went. *Robin* all this while kept himself secretly hid under the Manger, and saw how the Hostler manag'd his Matters; upon which he got up from his private Recess, and went into the Kitchen again. After Dinner he seem'd to be for going, and calling for his Reckoning, ask'd the Hostler what Corn he had given his Horse? He said he had given him what Corn he had order'd him, and that the Gentleman who din'd with him, saw him bring it through the Kitchen. To which *Robin* answered, *Don't tell me a Lye, for I shall ask my Horse presently*. This Saying put all the strange Gentlemen that were with him into Admiration; but above all, the Inn-keeper ask'd him if his Horse could speak. *Yes*, said *Robin*. 'Tis impossible, reply'd the Landlord. *Not at all*, said *Robin*; *for my Horse is taught by Art Mag. to fetch him hither, and you'll soon see whether the Hostler has done him Justice or not*. Accordingly the Horse was fetched, and *Robin* striking him on the Belly, he laid his Mouth to his Master's Ear (by Custom) just as the Pidgeon did to *Mahomet*. *Look you there now*, said *Robin*, *did not I tell you that the Hostler had cheated him of his Corn*. Why said the Landlord, What does he say? *Say*, quoth *Robin*; *why he says your Hostler has flung all the Corn into a Bag placed at one Corner of the Manger*; upon which the Landlord and his Guest went into the Stable, and searching narrowly about the Manger, found the Bag of Corn at one Corner of it; for which cruel Villainy he immediately turn'd away his Hostler.

It was customary for our Adventurer to go frequently in Disguise; so one time he pulled off his fine Cloaths, and dress'd himself like an old Shoemaker,

and put an old Leather Apron about him, the better to colour his being one of the Gentle Craft. In this Disguise he set out to travel, and coming to alone Inn in the Road to *Newcastle*, it being near Night, he put in there; and being pretty liberal in his Expences, the Landlord lik'd him, and provided him a good Lodging; and *Robin* went to bed betimes. The House, it seems was full of Guests, so that all the Lodgings were taken up; and a Friar coming in very late, they had no Lodging for him: The Friar, rather than go farther, chose to accept of a Bed-fellow; but there was none that cared to be disturbed at that time of Night; but *Robin* (whom they took for a Shoemaker) was well enough pleas'd to have such a Bedfellow. Well, Matters being thus accommodated, and the Friar in Bed, he soon fell asleep, and slept very heartily, being tired with the Fatigue of his Day's Journey; but *Robin* having got a pretty good Nap before, had no mind to sleep any more that Night, but to lie awake and meditate Mischief for he never lov'd any of that Function: so he studied how he should contrive to change Breeches with the Friar, and after having resolved upon what he would do, he gets up at Dawn of Day, and puts on not only the Friar's Breeches, but also his sacerdotal or canonical Garment. Now *Robin* finding these sacred Habiliments fitted him very well, and being thus rigg'd, down stairs he goes and calls the Hostler, bidding him bring his Boots, and make ready his Horse. The Hostler not in the least mistrusting, but that it was really the Friar, brought him his Boots, and ask'd him what Corn his Horse must have: Half a Peck of Oats, says *Robin*, which was accordingly given him, *Robin* all this while being extremely uneasy till the Horse had eat them; but that he might be the sooner ready to go, he call'd for the Reckoning, and was answer'd that he had paid all last Night, but for his Horse. The Horse having eat up his Corn, he mounted him with all the Expedition imaginable, having paid for his Corn, and given the Hostler something to drink his Health. Away he rid as fast as the Friar's Horse would carry him, resolving to make himself merry at the first convenient Place he came to. The Friar mean time not dreaming what had happen'd, kept close within his Bed; but about seven in the Morning (it being in the Month of *June*) he rose out of his Sleep, and going to bid his Bedfellow good Morrow, soon found not only that the Bird was flown, but also that he was flown away with his Feathers; for he saw nothing but a Parcel of old Cloaths, which he supposed belong'd to his Bedfellow. Upon this the Friar in a great Surprise knocks and calls for some body to come up; but the Servants, who supposed it to be only the old Shoemaker, ask'd him, what a Pox ail'd him to make such a Noise, and bade him be quiet, or else they'd make him so. This vex'd the Friar, and made him knock the harder; upon which the Chamberlain went up, and threaten'd to thrash him if he made any more Noise. The Friar not understanding the Meaning of this rude Treatment, was amaz'd, and ask'd where his Cloaths were? The Chamberlain taking him for Sir *Hugh*, replied, *Where a Plague should they be, but upon the Chair where you left them? who the Devil do you think would meddle with your nasty Cloaths? they an't so much worth, that you need be afraid of any body's stealing them.* The Man's mad, replied the Friar; do you know who you speak to? *Yes, I do*, says the Chamberlain. *If you did*, answer'd the Friar, *you'd use better Language.* Better Language, replied the Chamberlain; my Language is good enough for a pitiful drunken Shoemaker. What do you mean by a drunken Shoemaker? *Why, I am the Friar*, said he, *who came in here late last Night.* The Devil you are, replied the Chamberlain, *I am sure the Friar went away soon after three o' Clock this Morning.* With that the Friar jump'd out of Bed in his Shift, and taking fast hold of the Chamberlain, *Sirrah*, says he, *produce me my Cloaths and Money, or I'll break your Neck down the Stairs.* With this Noise and Scuffle up comes the Landlord of the Inn, and some of the Servants, who presently discover'd that this was the Person they had taken for the Shoemaker; and upon a little Enquiry into the Matter, found that Sir *Hugh*

had made an Exchange with the Friar; upon which the Master of the Inn furnish'd him with a Suit of his own Cloaths, and Money to bear his Charges through his Journey.

Robin Hood another Time was riding towards *London*, and being on *Dunsmore-Heath*, met with *William Longchamp*, then Bishop of *Ely*, with a small Retinue of about four or five in Number. Immediately he rides up to one of the Bishop's Servants, whom he pretended to know; *Ah! Tom*, says he, *I'm glad with all my Heart that I am come up with you, for there's whipping Doings abroad; there's nothing but Robbing go where one will; I have got a great Charge of Money about me myself; but since I have the good Luck to get up with these honest Gentlemen, I'm not in fear of losing it; 'Egad let the Rogues come now if they dare, I'm resolved to have a Slap at them myself.* This Discourse which *Robin* had with the Man, made his Lordship and his Retinue think him to be a very honest Man, and they held a great deal of Chat with him on the Road, till at last an Opportunity favouring his Intention, says he to the Bishop's Attendance, *I'm very dry, and since you are pleased to give me Protection from Danger as far as I shall go your Way, I'll ride before, and see if I can get any good Liquor, to treat you for your Civility, and shall be glad to find any worth your Acceptance.* Accordingly *Robin* set Spurs to his Horse, and rid away as fast as if it had been for some Wager, when being out of Sight, he quickly tied his Horse to a Tree in a thick Wood, which was on one Side of the Road, through which the Bishop was to pass; and *Robin* making what haste he could back again to the Company, says he, *O Gentlemen! I am ruin'd and undone, for in yonder's Lane, meeting with two Rogues, they have robb'd me of all I had; they have taken above forty Marks from me, but the Villains being but indifferently mounted, I don't doubt but that if you were to pursue them, you'd soon take them.* This News put them into a Consternation, and the Bishop pitying *Robin's* Loss, as he pretended, said to his Servants, *Let the poor fellow shew you which Way the Rogues took, and go all of you after them as fast as you can, and take them if possible.* They obeyed the Bishop's Command, taking *Robin* along with them; and when they came into a narrow Lane, he gave them the necessary Direction for pursuing the Highwaymen, and away they rid as fast as the Horses could carry them, to catch the Rogues. But *Robin's* Business was with the Bishop, and back he goes immediately, and says to him, *Sir, my Time is but very short, and very precious too; therefore you must deliver what Money you have, or expect the worst of Usage.* The Bishop was very much surpriz'd at his Impudence; but not knowing how to help himself, was forced to give him two hundred and fifty Marks, and then *Robin* making all the Expedition he could to the Wood, there mounted his Horse, and rid off with his Prize. Soon after the Bishop being met by his Servants, they told him they could not hear of the Rogues high nor low: *Ah!* answer'd the Bishop, *the greatest Rogue has been with me, for he that pretended to be robb'd of forty Marks, hath just now made up the Loss by robbing me of six times the Money; but for his sake I shall never put Confidence in a man who pretends to too much Honesty.*

Robin, after coming into an Inn near *Buckingham*, heard a great Singing and Dancing; he enquired the Reason thereof, and found it was a Country Wake; at which were present most of the young Men and Maids for several Miles round about. *Robin*, pleas'd at the Adventure, set up his Horse at the same Inn; and as he was drinking in the Kitchen, an old rich Farmer came with an hundred Marks ty'd up in a Bag under his Arm, which he had just received. The Farmer, it seems must needs step into this Inn, to see their Mirth and Pastime, instead of going directly home with his Money, which was not above a Quarter of a Mile from the Town. *Robin* seeing him admitted in the Room where the Wake was kept, ask'd the Landlord whether he might be permitted to see the Country Diversion without any Offence to the Company. The Landlord told him he might and welcome; so he enter'd the Room likewise; but *Robin's* Eyes were more fix'd up-

on the Farmer's Bag of Money than the young Folks dancing; and observing in the Room where they were, that there was a Chimney with a large Funnel, he went out and communicated his Design to the Hostler, who, for a Reward, dress'd up a great Mastiff Dog in a Cow's Hide that he had in the Stable, placing the Horns just on the Forehead, when, in the Height of their Jollity, by the help of a Ladder and a Rope, he let him hastily down the Chimney into the Room where they were all assembled: Robin was returned before the acting of this Scene; the Dog howled hideously as he descended, and rushing among them in that frightful Form, turn'd all into a Hurry and Confusion: The Musick was immediately silenced, the Tables overthrown, the Drink spilt, the People screaming and crowding to get down Stairs as fast as they could, every one striving to be foremost, lest the Devil (as they supposed this to be) should take the hindmost: Their Heels flew up, the Womens Coats over their Heads and Tails, whilst their Back-strings loos'ing, gave full Flushes, and made them in a very unfavoury Condition: All the musical Instruments were trod under Foot, and broken to Pieces, and the supposed Devil making his Way over all, got into the Stable, whither the Hostler hasten'd to uncase him. Some time after, coming a little to their Senses, looking about them, and seeing no more of this supposed Devil, they all concluded he was vanished into the Air: But during this Hurly-burly, the old Farmer being in as dreadful a Fright as any of them, and his Breeches as well befoul'd, dropt his hundred Marks, and fled for Safety: The mean time Robin securing the Money under his Cloak, immediately took Horse, and made the best of his Way; but as soon as all Things were in a little Order again, there was a sad Outcry for the hundred Marks, which being not to be found, the Company supposed the late Devil had taken them away, and imputed the Loss as a Judgment inflicted on the Farmer, who was a covetous Wretch; one whose Study was how to cozen his Tenants, beggar the Widow, or undo the Orphan, or any body else, so he could but obtain their Money.

Another Time Robin having been-riding for his Pleasure, as he was returning home in the Evening, very well mounted, and dress'd like a Gentleman, coming near *Turnton-Bridge* in *Yorkshire*, he perceived from a rising Ground a Gentleman walking in his Gardens, which were indeed very fine, and of a large Extent: Then Robin rode up to the Gardiner, who was standing at a Back-Door, and enquired of him whether a Gentleman, whose Curiosity had led him to see those famous Gardens, might not have the Liberty of taking a Walk in them? The Gardiner, knowing his Master was willing that any Person appearing in good Fashion, might walk therein, gave him Admittance: Then Robin alighting, he gave the Gardiner his Horse to hold; and seeing the Gentleman in the Walks, Robin paid his Respects to him in a very submissive Manner; at the same Time desiring he would pardon his Presumption of coming into the Gardens when his Worship was there recreating himself. The Gentleman told him he was very welcome, and invited him to see his Wilderness; where sitting down in an Arbour, they began to talk very merrily together; and at the latter End of their Discourse, Robin told him, *That he heard he was a very charitable Gentleman, and that he must now make bold with him to borrow that little Money he had about him; for he had but little himself, and that he had a long Way to travel.* At these Words the Gentleman began to startle, and was very much surpriz'd at his Impudence. But Robin told him *he was a dead Man if he made any Resistance.* Then he tied him to a Tree, and went away with a large Booty; but he bad the Gentleman be of good Cheer, for he would send one presently to relieve him. And accordingly going to the Gardiner, who held his Horse all this while, giving him a Ninepenny Piece; says Robin, *Honest Friend, your Master wants to speak with you;* then mounting, he rode off the Ground, whilst the Gardiner made haste to his Master, and was very much surprized to find him bound in that Manner; but he immediately loos'd him, and the Gentleman returned his Servant

many Thanks for sending a Rogue to rob him in his own Gardens.

Our Adventurer was a Man of great Courage, and a noble daring and resolute Temper, and would often seek out for some new Adventures by himself. He had not gone far before he met the Lord *Longshamp*, near *Nottingham*, with three Servants. His first Words were these: *Sir, I have a great Occasion for a little Money at this Time; so deliver what you have, or expect a Knock on the Pate.* Says his Lordship, *How dare you, Sirrah, have the Impudence to stop a Nobleman? let me get off my Horse, and I'll fight you at Quarter-staff.* Why truly, replied Robin, my Lord, *that's a fair Challenge, and I should be very willing to accept of it, but I doubt when you are off your Horse, instead of fighting, you'll run away, as you did when you betray'd the poor Duke of ———* I won't put it into your Power to run away; so pray, Sir, don't stand prating, but deliver what you have presently. Says his Lordship, *what the Devil are my Servants doing there? what! three great cowardly Dogs of you, and all stand still, to let me be robb'd by one poor Thief? Thief! Scoundrel,* replied Robin, *I am a Gentleman bred and born, and you see I live by my Sword and Staff; therefore don't rely on your Servants Assistance; for the first of them that offers to lay his Hand on his Sword, is a dead Man, as you are, if you make any more Words, offering as if he would strike him.* His Lordship cried out for Quarter, and gave him a Brace of hundred Pounds, which he had in his Portmanteau, and then Robin returned to *Sherwood*, to make merry with his Companions.

Our Adventurer being endued with a great deal of Love and Charity for the Poor, inasmuch that he would relieve any poor Family in Distress, was, on the contrary, a mortal Enemy to Misers and Engrossers of Corn; for he would often take from these to relieve the Necessitous. One Time being at *Wantage*, a great Market for Corn, he happened to fall into a Person's Company at an Inn there, whom he knew to be a great Engrosser of Corn, and who had bought as much Corn in the Market as cost him fourscore Marks, which Robin bought of him again, and paid him an hundred Marks Ready Money for it, liking it, as he pretended far beyond any he had seen that Day. The Corn he immediately sent to be distributed amongst the Poor of the Country. Robin understanding which Way his Corn-Merchant went, was soon at his Heels, and demanded his Money again, and what he had besides. The Countryman was in a great Surprise, shaking and trembling very much, asking him, *Whether he thought it Justice to take from him his Goods and Money too?* Says Robin, *why han't I, you Villain, paid you for your Corn Honestly, and can you assume the Impudence to talk of Justice, when there's none in the World adds more Injustice than an Engrosser of Corn? Sirrah, there's no Vermin in the Land like you, who flanders both Heaven and Earth with pretended Deceits, when there is no Scarcity at all: So talk no more of your Justice and Honesty, but immediately deliver your Money, or I shall crack your Crown for you.* Upon this he deliver'd him a Bag, in which Robin found his own Money, and as much more to it; so away he went with a great deal of Satisfaction.

As Robin was going one Morning to *Nottingham*, he met with a Tinker, and civilly ask'd him where he lived, for he heard there was nothing but bad News abroad: *What bad News is it,* answer'd the Tinker? *for I live at Banbury, and am a Tinker by Trade, and as I came along I heard no bad News.* Yes, says Robin, *the News that I heard was bad, but true; for it was only two Tinkers in the Stocks for Drinking.* Your News, says the Tinker, *is not worth a Fart, and had they look'd in your Face, they would have put you in to bear them Company; for I dare say you love Beer as well as any Tinker in Town.* So I do, answered Robin, *but pray tell me what News abroad; for you that came from Town must needs hear some News.* Why, replied the Tinker, *I hear no other News than of taking Robin Hood; and I have a Warrant in my Pocket for apprehending him, wheresoever I find him; and if*

you can tell me where he is, I'll make a Man of you for your Pains: Let me see the Warrant, says Robin, whether it be made strong, and good, and I'll go with you and take him this Night, for I know a House that he useth at Nottingham. No, answered the Tinker, *I'll let no Man see my Warrant, and if you won't help me take him, I'll go and apprehend him myself.* So Robin perceiving how the Game went, ask'd him to go with him to Nottingham, for, he said he was sure to meet with Robin Hood there; they were not long before they arrived at Nottingham, where they went into an Inn, and drank so plentifully, that the Tinker got drunk, and fell asleep; then Robin took away the Tinkers Money, and the King's Warrant, and left him ten Shillings to pay; but when he awak'd it would have made any one laugh to have beheld the poor Tinker's Fright at the Loss of his Money and Warrant; he called up his Landlord, and told him what a Mischance had befallen him; that the Stranger who was drinking with him was run away, and had robbed him of all his Money, and had took a Warrant out of his Pocket, which he had from the King to apprehend Robin Hood: The Landlord told him, that was Robin Hood who had been drinking with him all that Day; then the Tinker rav'd and fretted like a Madman, and swore what he would have done, had he but known it had been him. In fine, the Tinker was obliged to leave his Budget to answer the Reckoning.

The above recited Stories are some of the great Number told of this Adventurer, and were we to give an Account of all, 'twould swell his History to too immoderate a Length; let it suffice to say, that Robin

Hood was a very bold Man, of a charitable Disposition, generous and open to the last Degree. The long Distance of Time he lived in from these our Days, make the Generality of People look upon his Actions as fabulous. It may be so, for we are at no Certainty about them, because, in several Books I have been obliged to peruse, I find the very same Stories attributed to him which are reported to be done by Falstaff and Glanville. These I have purposely omitted, not to give my Readers the same Things in two different Places. But I might have inserted the Story about our Adventurer and the Pinner of Wakefield, this having as much Veracity in it, as any thing that Captain Alexander Smith (who is too concise) says about him; but I have thought fit to omit it, as I am come to a Length large enough already, and shall only add, that Robin Hood having pursued his licentious Courses of Living above twenty Years, when falling sick, was struck with Remorse of Conscience for his past mispent Life, and unlawful Practices, which made him privately withdraw to a Monastery in *Torkshire*, where being let Blood by a Monk, he bled to Death; aged forty three Years, and was interr'd in *Kingsey*, with this Epitaph on his Grave-stone.

*Here underneath this Marble Stone,
Through Death's Assault, now lieth one,
Known by the Name of Robin Hood,
Who was a Thief and Archer good;
Full twenty Years or somewhat more,
He robbed the Rich to feed the Poor,
Therefore his Grave bedew with Tears,
And offer for his Soul your Pray'rs.*

The LIFE of THOMAS DUN.

THIS Person was of very mean Extraction, and born in a little Village between *Kempston* and *Elstow* in *Bedfordshire*. 'Tis said he had contracted Thieving so much from his Childhood, that every thing he touch'd stuck to his Fingers like Birdlime, and that the better to carry on his Villanies, he chang'd himself into as many Shapes as *Proteus*, being a Man who understood the World so well, I mean the Tricks and Fallacies of it, that there was nothing which he could not humour, nor any Part of Villainy that came amiss to him. To Day he was a Merchant, to Morrow a Soldier, the next Day a Gentleman, and the Day following a Beggar: In short, he was every Day what he pleased himself.

When he had committed any remarkable Roguery, his usual Custom was to cover his Body all over with nauseous and stinking Sear-cloths and Ointments, and his Face with Plaisters, so that his own Mother could not know him. He would be a blind Harper to commit one Villainy, and a Cripple with Crutches to bring about another; nay, he would hang artificial Arms to his Body: Besides, his natural Barbarity and cruel Temper was such, that two or three Men together durst scarcely meet him; for one Day being upon the Road, he saw a Waggoner driving his Waggon full of Corn to *Bedford*, which was drawn by five good Horses, the sight of which inflamed him to put the Driver to death; accordingly, without making any Reflection on the event, he falls on the Waggoner, and with two stabs killing him on the Spot, boldly took so much time as to bury him, not out of any Compassion for the Deceased, for he never had any, but the better to conceal his Design: And then mounting the Waggon, drives it to *Bedford*, where he sells it, Horses and all, and marched off with the Money.

Dun at first thought it the best way to commit his Robberies by himself, but finding, upon trial, the method not so safe, as where they were a Company toge-

ther, he betook himself to the Woods, where he was soon joined by Gangs of Thieves as wicked as himself. These Woods served them as a Retreat on all Occasions, and the Caverns and hollow Rocks for hiding Places, from whence Night and Day they committed a thousand Villanies. The report of their barbarity diffusing it self round about, caus'd all the Country to keep off from them, and more especially to avoid the Road leading from *St. Alban's* to *Toecester*, betwixt which they every Day acted insupportable Mischiefs, murdering and robbing all Travellers they met, inso-much that King *Henry* the First built the Town of *Dunstable* in *Bedfordshire*, to bridle the outrageousness of this Dun, who gave Name to the aforesaid Place.

However, this Precaution of the King was no impediment to Dun's Designs, who still pursued his old Courses, and tho' the Age he lived in was not so ripe for all manner of Villainy as it is now, yet the Gang under his Command consisted of several sorts of Arrists, who were made to serve different Purposes and Uses, just as he observed which Way every Man's particular Genius directed him. Some of these being very expert in making false Keys and Betties, he never suffered them to remain idle or without Business. Others were ingenious at wrenching off Locks, and making deaf Files, which wasted the Iron without Noise, making the strongest Bolts give Way for their Passage. His Fraternity being thus composed of Lifters, Pickpockets and Filers, he refines, corrects, augments and establishes their Laws. and one Day having read to them some few Comments on the Art and Mystery of robbing on the Highway, he for a while leaves them, but in a short time returns, and begins a pleasant Adventure; for being informed that a Company of Lawyers were to dine at a certain Inn at *Bedford*, he hastens directly to the Place appointed, where entring puffing and blowing, as a Man in extraordinary haste, he gives Orders, as if deputed by the Company, to make ready a Dinner

Dinner for ten or twelve Persons; which he had no sooner done, but the Company comes to the House, and *Dun* bustles about as if a principal Servant of the Inn, and was indeed believed so to be by the Lawyers, so notably did he bestir himself in the Business; when being about the Middle of their Dinner, he packs up the best of their Cloaks, and so marches off. Scarcely had they made an End, but they began to miss them, demanding where they were; but they might look long enough before they found them, for *Dun* having done his Work, was got too far for the Lawyers to overtake him, or their Cloaks either.

After this Adventure, *Dun*, with some of his Associates, marches some Miles from whence they were known, and puts in at the first Inn he came at, where asking for a Chamber, the Mistress of the House, supposing them honest Men, shews them up Stairs, and perceiving her alone, they intended to force her, and in effect were ready to put their Intention into Practice, when the Master of the House just enter'd; upon which they were forced to wait a more favourable Opportunity. Accordingly about Midnight one of *Dun's* Comrades feigns himself to be extraordinary ill, and raises the Master and Mistress of the House; but it happening as he slept out of Bed, that he espied a Neighbour of his in the Chamber, upon which the Host, being transported with Jealousy, runs after the Man, while in the mean time these Rascals laid Hands on his Wife, who had gotten up Stairs in the Dark into *Dun's* Chamber, where they began to truss her up like a Woman of her Profession; but presently after the Husband coming to his Chamber, and missing his Wife, goes up to them, and finding her with them, would have put her to Death, but by a strange kind of Perfidiousness, she caused him to be murder'd by one of these Villains, thinking to come off well enough herself; but *Dun* would not be contented; for having understood of a long Time that there was Money in the House, he comes up to her, claps a Dagger to her Breast, (for there was no Pistols nor Use of Gunpowder in those Days), and tells her, *That if she shew'd him not where the Money lay, there was an End of her Life*; but she making Resistance when there was a Demand for the Money, was immediately dispatch'd, and her House rifled of all the Money and Plate which *Dun* and his Confederates could find.

Some time after this, *Dun*, being very well dress'd, went to an eminent Lawyer's House near *Bedford*, and demanded of the Lawyer a hundred Pounds, which, as he pretended, he had lent him on Bond. The Barrister was surpriz'd at his Demand, as not knowing him, and looking on the Bond, his Hand was so exactly counterfeited, that he could not in a Manner deny it to be his own Hand Writing, but that he knew his Circumstances were such that he was never in any Necessity of borrowing so much Money in all his Life of any Man; therefore as he could not be indebted in any such Sum upon the Account of borrowing, he acquainted *Dun* that he would not pay a hundred Pounds in his Wrong: Upon this *Dun* taking leave of him, told him, he must expect speedy Trouble; and in the mean time the Lawyer, expecting the same, sent for another, to whom opening the Matter, they concluded it was a forged Bond; upon which the Lawyer having got a general Release forged for the Payment of this hundred Pounds; and when Issue was joined, and the Cause came to be tried, the Witnesses to *Dun's* Bond swore so heartily to his lending the Money to the Defendant, that he was in a very fair Way of being cast, till the Lawyer's Council moving the Court in Behalf of his Client, acquainted the Judge that they did not deny the borrowing the hundred Pounds of the Plaintiff, but it had been paid for above three Months. *Three Months*, said the Judge, *and why did not the Defendant then take up his Bond, or see it cancelled?* To this his Coouncil replied, *That when they paid the Money, the Bond could not be found, whereupon the Defendant took a general Release for the Payment of it*; which being produced in Court, and two Knights of the Post swearing to it, the Plaintiff was cast, which putting *Dun* into a great Passion, he cried to his Companions, as he was coming from the Court, *Was ever such Rogues seen in this*

World before, to swear they paid that which was never borrowed?

This very Story is related by Captain *Smith*, in the Life of one *Tom Shap*, who lived some hundred of Years after our Adventurer. We shall make no Remarks on it, but proceed to somewhat else.

Dun having Intelligence that the Sheriff of *Bedford* with his Men were in search of him, and that they had determined to beset the Wood, where he then was, obliged him to be upon his Defence, which however did not make him lose his usual Courage; wherefore, to prevent any Danger that might happen, he musters up his Company of grand Rogues, and retires into the thickest Part of the Wood, to a Place, in his Opinion, the most advantageous; where having left necessary Orders, he sent out Scouts; but judging it not safe to put his Confidence in Spies in Case of such Importance, he puts on a Canvas Doublet, and Breeches, old Boots without Spurs, and a Steeple-crown'd Hat on his Head, and so draws near them, where taking notice that they were unequal to him both in Number and Strength, he comes back to his Companions, makes them stand to their Arms, and so encourages them by Words and Example, that in setting upon them, as they did immediately, they were presently routed; and pursuing them closely, they took eleven Prisoners, whom they stript of their Liveries, and hanged them on several Trees in the Wood; after which they made their Coats serve them to commit several Robberies in: For *Dun* going one Night to a Castle near this Wood, order'd, in the King's Name, the Gates to be open'd, pretending that *Dun* and his Companions had hid themselves there. Accordingly the Gates were open'd, without the least Suspicion of what afterwards fell out. *Dun* made a Pretence of searching into every Corner for Thieves, bustling every where throughout the Castle with the greatest Eagerness imaginable; but happening to find none, he would needs persuade the Warders that they had concealed themselves in the Trunk. Upon this he gave Orders for the Keys to be immediately brought him, when opening the Trunks, and having loaded himself and Companions with every thing that was any way valuable, he returns back to the Wood. Mean time the Lord of the Castle was extremely enraged at this Proceeding, and could not brook to think that he should be thus robb'd, concluding that the Sheriff's Men, under Colour of searching for Thieves, had thus pillag'd him. Upon this he addresses the King and Parliament, giving an Account by whom he thought he was thus robb'd, who immediately issued out an Order for examining the Sheriff's Men, one of whom was hang'd to see what Influence it would have on the other; but they persisting (as well they might) on their Innocency, and discovering how eleven of their Companions had been used by *Dun* and his Associates, were set at Liberty.

A very rich Knight living in the Neighbourhood, *Dun* was determined to ask his Benevolence, and accordingly went and knock'd at the House Door. The Maid coming and opening it, *Dun* ask'd her if her Master was within, who told him he was. Upon this he acquainted her he had earnest Business, and must needs speak with him. The Maid taking *Dun* for a Gentleman by his Mien and Dress, admits him within the House, and conducts him up Stairs to her Master's Chamber, into which *Dun* enters without any Concern; and after having complimented the Gentleman, sits down in a Chair, and begins a hotch-potch Discourse, which the Knight admiring at, *Dun* steps up and demands a Word or two in his Ear. *Sir*, says he, *my Necessities come pretty thick upon me at present, and I am obliged to keep even with my Creditors for fear of cracking my Fame, and Fortune too. Now having been directed to you, by some of the Heads of this Parish, as a very considerate and liberal Person, I am come to petition you in a modest Manner for the lending me a thousand Marks (which are thirteen Shillings and four Pence a Piece) which will just answer all the Demands upon me at present. A thousand Marks!* answer'd the Knight, *why Man that's a capital Sum; and where's the Reason to lend you so much Money, who are a perfect Stranger to me; for to my*

Eyes and Knowledge, I never saw you before all the Days of my Life. Lord, Sir, you must be mistaken, I am the honest Grocer at Bedford, who has shared so often your Favours. Really, Friend, I do not know you, nor shall I part with my Money but on a good Bottom: Pray what Security have you? Why this Dagger (says Dun, pulling it out of his Breast) is my constant Security; and unless you let me have a thousand Marks instantly, I shall drive it into your Heart. This terrible Menace so frightened the Knight, that rather than expose his Life to any Danger, he thought it safer to deliver his Money, and get rid of his audacious Visitor.

Another Time Dun, having a Mind to make a Journey some Miles off to see an old Aunt of his who was still alive, took Horse and set forward; but unluckily mistaking his Way, and the Night coming upon him, he was obliged to put in at the first House he came to. Accordingly seeing a Light at a considerable Distance from him (for it was quite dark now) he made the best of his Way thither over Hedge and Ditch. When he came to the House, he observed a great Bustle in the Stables and Court before the House; and enquiring of some of the Servants, who he saw were busied in rubbing down several Horses, as though lately come off a Journey, *if he could lodge there that Night, having lost his Way, and being benighted, so that he could not pursue his Journey any farther till the Morning,* he was answered, *That they believed their Master would not turn away at that Time of Night a Person of his Condition, but they would go and ask.* In Consequence hereof, the Gentleman of the House was acquainted with our Adventurer's being in his Court, who immediately came to the Door, and after mutual Respects paid on both Sides, told Dun, *That he was sorry to think he had not a Bed to spare to entertain a Gentleman, but that really his House was taken up from Top to Bottom by some Acquaintance and Relations who were come to honour him with their Presence at his Daughter's Marriage, which was design'd to be solemniz'd the next Day.* However, he said, *there was one Room in his House which his Family from Time to Time told him was haunted; but he looked upon such a Thing as ridiculous, and could not for his Part be ever brought to come into such a Notion: That if he pleased, the Room was at his Service, and if he required it, Persons should be appointed to sit up with him.* No, replied Dun, *I have so little Faith, Sir, as to Stories of haunting Houses, or Walks of Spirits, that I chuse to be entertained in such Places before any others.* Upon this Dun dismounts, and is conducted by the Gentleman of the House into the Apartment where his Guests were, who receive him with extraordinary Civility; and all strive to banish out of his Mind the Thoughts of Fear. But Dun is above vain Apprehensions, and looks on Tales of this Nature as the Produce of a romantick Brain. He, on his Part, strives to divert the Company with several humorous Relations, which gain wonderful Approbation. He sat over-against the Gentleman's Daughter, who was designed for Marriage, and eyed her with eager Looks; nor could all the Reason he was Master of restrain him from wishing that she was his: The Clock strikes Twelve, and all are immediately desirous of going to rest. They rise up, and with hearty Zeal wish our Adventurer all the Quiet in the World, nor would they leave him till they had seen him in Bed. The House is now in a profound Rest, and Dun by himself to reflect on his Adventure. Two large Tapers and a good Fire burn by him; he waits every Moment for something to appear, which he could not well tell how to devise. An Hour or more is past, but his Curiosity is disappointed; wherefore he is resolved to compose himself to Rest, and leave the Consequence to Fate; but soon he is charm'd by the Appearance of the finest Woman his Eyes ever saw. The Gentleman's Daughter comes into the Room, (for he had not lock'd the Door,) and stalks slowly to the Bed-side. Dun was in Amaze, and could not tell what to think: Sometimes he thought 'twas a Ghost he saw; sometimes he consider'd the young Gentlewoman might be addicted to dreaming, and walk in her Sleep,

(as Thousands have been known to do) and a thousand to one but that might be the real Cause of the House being thought to be haunted: but he was resolved to find the Truth of the Matter, and accordingly reaching his Hand softly to her, he gently touch'd her Shift, and then found how Matters went. She seem'd earnestly to look upon him; but after some Time turn'd about, went to the farther Side of the Bed, and got in. Here's an Adventure worth Notice: if ever Man hugg'd himself on his good Fortune, certainly Dun did now. He was in a thousand Doubts what to do, but his Surprise was at length prodigiously heighten'd, by seeing the young Lady go to the farther Side of the Bed, gently turn up the Cloaths, and lay herself down by him. She had not lain above six or seven Minutes, before she pulled off her Finger a Diamond Ring, which Dun no sooner cast his Eyes on, but transporting Wishes prevailed within his Breast to seize it. However, being determined within himself to see the Issue of the Adventure, he lay quietly, without offering either to take the Ring or incommode the Lady. But this Surprise now vanishes; the Lady rises up, leaves the Ring on the Pillow, and goes out of the Room with the same silent Steps as she came in. Now our Adventurer is convinced of the Reality of the Gentleman's House being haunted; he forms pleasing Ideas in his Mind about it, and cannot compose himself to Rest for a long Time, without having a thousand Thoughts about his good Fortune. However, at last he falls asleep, and dreams that the same Gentlewoman comes to him again; and, enquiring for her Ring, seems solicitous about it. *She acquaints him that she is going to be married to a Person that she can never love, and if he does not assist her in the critical Conjunction she was in, she was lost to the Sense of all Pleasure and Satisfaction for ever; and then with a Sigh departs.* The Morning now appears, and Dun awakes; his Dream sits fresh on his Mind, and he is at a Loss what to determine, whether to stay and see the Conclusion of the intended Nuptials, or get himself ready, and ride off with the extraordinary Prize he had made. After some Deliberation, the latter Expedient seems best and safest. *What have I to do,* says he, *with Matrimony, or the Copulation of Fools; I have got sufficient in my Hands to defray my Expences homewards, and that's the sole Affair I came about: My Aunt now may go to the Devil if she will, for what I care:* And so saying, he rises up, dresses himself, and, without once taking leave of the Gentleman his Benefactor, or so much as staying to gratify the Company with an Account of his Night's Transactions, leaves them to animadvert on his sudden Departure, and the Lady to look after her Ring.

I believe this same Story has been fixed on ten other Persons of modern Date; but as I find a very grave Author seriously attribute it to Dun, I shall make use of his Authority, and let our Adventurer go with it.

By this Time the Person we are speaking of was become formidable to all; for not only the Peers and other great Personages of the Kingdom stood in Awe of him, but also those of the lower Rank durst not frequent the Roads as usual. What a melancholy Circumstance in his Conduct was, his generally committing Murder; and we find but one Instance, among the several Particulars of his Life, in which he refrained from this Barbarity, and that was in the Case above recited.

We shall draw now to his last Period, and only endeavour to shew the extraordinary Struggles he made to obtain his usual Liberty, and preserve his Life, without being called to give an Account of his Actions, or answer the Laws of his Country what he was indebted to them for the many Villanies and Barbarities he had committed. He had continued in his wild and infamous Course of Life for above twenty Years, and about the River Ouse in *Yorkshire*, was the general Scene where he play'd his pernicious and destructive Pranks, where Men, Women and Children fell a Prey to his Attempts, for he went constantly attended with fifty Horse, and the Men of the Country round about were so much terrified at his inhuman Cruelties, and the Number of his Partizans, that very few had the

Courage;

Courage, or even durst venture to attack him, in order to apprehend and bring him to Justice. We may venture to affirm, that if his Life contained many unaccountable and strange Exploits, yet that his Death was as remarkable: For having transacted Things beyond Imagination, his Fame, or rather Infamy, encreased every Day, so that the Country were determined to put up with his Insolencies no longer. It seems Threatnings against him came from all Parts; but these, instead of working a Reformation, or making him reflect on his past Conduct, only the more enflamed his audacious and villainous Temper. A stout Fellow, we are told, about *Dunstable*, had made five or six of the Sheriff's Officers to come to his House, with a Design to apprehend *Dun*, who sometimes would venture to walk out by himself. But *Dun* having got previous Information of this Design against him, came in the Night Time with his Partizans to the Man's House, and filled it with a thousand Oaths and Curses, which presently got Wind throughout the Town, and among the Sheriff's Men, who came and pursued him with all their Forces. The Fellows, his Partizans, finding they were closely pursued, divided themselves into separate Companies, and fled away to what Places they could come to, but *Dun* got into a certain Village, where he took up his Quarters for that Time. However, the Pursuit still continued very warm, and his Adversaries arriving at the House where he had concealed himself, asked where he was hid, and at last found that he was concealed there. Immediately, on this Report, the People, in Crowds, gathered together about the House, and two especially posted themselves in the Threshold of the Door to apprehend him; but *Dun*, with an insurmountable Courage, started up, with his Dagger in his Hand, from the Table, and laid one dead that instant, and then dispatched his Companion, who ventur'd to oppose him. But what was the most surprizing, he had the Boldness to bridle his Horse in the very midst of this confused Uproar, mount, and force his Way out of the Inn. The People no sooner saw this, but they fell upon him to the Number of one hundred and fifty, armed with Clubs, Forks, Rakes, and what else they could next come at. With these Weapons they forced him from his Horse, but this was so far from dismaying our Adventurer, that he mounted again in spite of all Opposition, and made his Way clear thro' the Crowd that opposed him, with his Sword. The Countrymen, upon this found there was more Difficulty than they at first apprehended in taking him; but fresh Supplies coming in to their Assistance, they gave him chase still. Our Adventurer, now finding the last Period of his Life drawing on, made all the Haste he was able, and got among the standing Corn, and then taking to his Heels (for by this Time he was forced to quit his Horse) outstript his Pursuers a Matter of two Miles, a Circumstance that seems almost incredible. *Dun* having procured this Advantage, as he thought, would have lain him down to rest, and composed himself a while, but was presently, to his exceeding Surprise, hemmed in with no less a Number than 300 Men. Thus was he brought into as great a Dilemma as before, but resuming his wonted Courage, he push'd valiantly through them, and got to some Vallies, where, considering there was but one Expedient left to save himself, he presently undrest himself, and then taking his Sword between his Teeth, plunged into the River below, and fell to swimming. Instantly were all the Banks covered with Multitudes of People, some of whom were drawn together merely out of Curiosity to be Eye-Witnesses of the Event; while others got ready Boats with a Design to give him chase, and

try if they could take him. 'Twas an astonishing Sight to behold him with the Sword all the Time between his Teeth, and swimming so many crofs and various Ways, as still to elude his Pursuers. At length he got upon a little Island which was in the River, where he sat down to get Breath a while; but his Adversaries having determined not to let him have any Rest, follow'd him in their Boats, but were forced to return back wounded in the Attempt. After this he jumps in again, falls to swimming, and tries to gain the Shore at another Place; but ill Fortune attends him, and the People crowding thither, make at him with all their Oars, when they found it no way possible to take him without Blows: Several Times they struck him on the Head, and the Blows stunning him, it was no hard Matter then to apprehend him, which they did, and conveyed him to a Surgeon, in order to have his Wounds cured, and Care taken of him. When his Wounds were dress'd, he was conducted before a Magistrate, who, with very little Examination, sent him to *Bedford* Goal, under a strong Guard, to hinder his being rescued by his Companions. Within a Fortnight after this, being tolerably well cured, he was brought into the Market-Place at *Bedford*, without being put to the Trouble of undergoing a formal Trial, where a Stage was erected for his Execution, and two Executioners appointed to finish his last Scene of Life. *Dun*, on beholding these dreadful Men, was so far from giving into the least Concern or Dismay, that he warred them, with an unconcerned Air, not to approach him for fear of the Consequences, telling them he would never suffer himself to undergo the Punishment determined him from their Hands. Accordingly, to convince the Spectators round him, that his usual Intrepidity and Greatness of Mind had not left him, he grappled both the Executioners, and struggled so long with them, that he was seen nine Times successively upon the Scaffold, and the Men upon him: However, he had still Strength to rise up from them, and taking his solemn Walks from one End of the Stage to the other, all which Time he cursed the Day of his Birth, and vented a thousand Imprecations on those who had been the Cause of his being apprehended, but chiefly on him who had been the first to beset him. But his cruel Destiny is determined not to leave him; he finds his Strength diminish, and that he cannot, in spite of himself, defend himself any longer: He yields, and the Executioners chopping off his Hands at the Wrists, then cut off his Arms at the Elbows, and all above next, within an Inch or two of his Shoulders; next his Feet were cut off beneath the Ankles, his Legs chopt off at the Knees, and his Thighs cut off about five Inches from his Trunk, which, after severing his Head from it, was burnt to Ashes. So after a long Struggle with Death, as dying by Piece-meal, he put a Period to his wicked and abominable Life; and the several Members cut off from his Body, being twelve in all, besides his Head, were fix'd up in those of the principal Places in *Bedfordshire*, to be a Terror to such Villains as survived him.

Here ends the Life of *Thomas Dun*, one of the most profligate Wretches that ever lived, and had not so many Murders stained his Actions, our Censures of him might somewhat be abated, but where Blood was so plentifully spilled, and his Robberies attended with such miserable Catastrophes of the Persons he committed his Depredations on, we have no Room left for Pity, notwithstanding the infamous and extraordinary cruel Death he was put to. But waving more about this Point, we shall proceed to another equally as flagitious.

The LIFE of SAWNEY CUNNINGHAM.

THIS Person had no Reason to say he was come of mean Parents, or that good Education or Tuition was denied him, whereby he might have avoided the several pernicious Actions and Villanies he committed, as will presently be shewn in the Sequel. His Family lived in tolerable good Repute at *Glasgow* in *Scotland*, where he was born; but, in spite of all the Learning his Parents had given him, or good Examples they had set before him, to regulate his Passions and direct his Conduct right, he abandoned himself, from his earliest Acquaintance with the World, to little shuffling and pilfering Tricks; which growing habitual to him, as he advanced in Age, he increased in his wicked Practices, till at last he became a Monster of Prophaneness and wicked Living. However, these (which one would take to be) great Disadvantages, hindered him not from making a very honourable Match in Wedlock; as his Parents could not be blamed with any Misconduct, but still kept up an honest and genteel Character in the Neighbourhood where they lived; and as it would have been infamous to have reproach'd them for those Miscarriages in the Son which they had strove all they could to root out of his Mind, and could not help, to an old Gentleman, who had preserved for a long Time an inviolable Friendship for the Family, entered into an Alliance with Mr. *Cunningham* the Elder, which at last terminated in giving his Daughter to *Sawney*, and an Estate in Portion with her of above one hundred and forty Pounds *per Annum*, thinking that Marriage might be a Means to reclaim our Adventurer from his ill Course of Life, and at last settle his Mind, to the mutual Satisfaction of both Families, for which he thought his Daughter's Portion would be a good Purchase, and well laid out. But how are Mankind deceived, and, in short, all our Foresight and Consultation. *Sawney* no sooner found himself in Possession of an Estate able to support his Extravagancies, but he immediately gave a more violent Loofe to his Passions, than he had hitherto done. He made Taverns and Alehouses the frequent Places of his Resort; and, not content idly to waste the Day in Debauches and Drunkenness, the Night too must come in to make up the Reckoning. These destructive Steps could not be attended but with hurtful Consequences, and he was too soon an Eye-Witness of some of them: For not having always wherewithal to indulge his usual Expences and Method of living, he was forced to have Recourse to indirect Measures, which ended in pawning every thing he had, not only of his Wife's but of his own. Melancholy Things were unavoidably to follow, if some Redress or Care was not taken to put a Restraint on this destructive Course. *Sawney* laughed at his Follies, and could not bring himself to believe he should ever want, while he had either Hands or Heart to support him. He was determined to enter upon Business as soon as possible, I mean such Business as generally brings so many unhappy Men to the Gallows. His Wife, who was vastly beautiful and handsome, saw this, but, with a Prudence that became her Sex, stifled her Uneasiness so long, till no longer able to bear the Torment upon her Mind, she first began with kind Entreaties, since all they had in the World was gone, to fall into some honest Way of Livelihood, to support themselves, for 'twas much and more commendable to do so, than for him to give his Countrymen every Day so many Instances of his riotous and profuse Living. Had *Sawney* been so good to himself as to have given Ear to this Remonstrance, without doubt Things had succeeded well, and we should never have read the miserable End he suffered. But all Admonition was lost on a Man abandoned to Wickedness, and determined

to support his usual Extravagancies at any Rate. The poor young Gentlewoman, instead of being answer'd civilly for her Love and Affection to him, met with nothing but harsh and terrifying Words, attended with a thousand Oaths and Imprecations. The Parents on both Sides observing this, were in extreme Grief and Concern; and determined, after a serious Consultation, to dissolve the Couple, but the young and handsome Wife would never consent to part from her Husband, tho' so base to her.

Before we enter upon the first remarkable Transaction of *Sawney's* Life, we think ourselves under an Obligation to lay before our Readers some Account of this young Bride's rare Qualifications. In the first place, as I have taken notice above, she was extremely beautiful, not only in a perfect Symmetry of Features, but likewise to these were joined an exquisite Person. She was tall, finely shap'd, full-breasted, and had all the other exterior Ornaments of her Sex. For her Temper and the Qualifications of her interior Part or Soul, she was sincere in her Love to the last, ever patient under the greatest Difficulties, and ready at all times to extricate her Husband out of the Misfortunes he involved himself in, by lawful and justifiable Methods; she had a nice Conduct, and an extraordinary Restraint upon every Passion that might betray her into unforeseen Miscarriages. In *Glasgow*, where an University was, and consequently young Gentlemen of Fortune and Address, it was impossible for Mrs. *Cunningham* to hide the Charms of her Face and Person, so as not to be taken notice of. Several immediately offer'd their Respects, and Money was not wanting to promote their Suits; but all were below the prudent Sentiments of her Mind: She could not endure to think of dishonouring the Bed of her Husband, by a base Compliance with the richest Man in the Kingdom, and always she put off her Suitor with a Frown, and a seemingly disdainful Air. But this only served to animate her Lovers the more, who now seemed to attack her with a Resolution not to quit the Siege till she had either capitulated or surrender'd herself. Amongst the rest was a certain Lawyer, who was so frequent in his Importunities, that she was quite tir'd out. However, she was so discreet all the while, as to conceal from her Husband *Sawney* the Importunities of her several Lovers; but their Sollicitations increasing, and being determin'd to be deliver'd of them as soon as possible, she, one Night, as she lay in Bed with her Husband, began to discourse him in Words to the following Effect: *You are sensible, my Dear, of the inviolable Love I have, from the first Day of my Marriage to you, preserved for you, which shall still, let whatever will happen, be as chaste as maintained; for the infernal Regions shall sooner open and receive me alive, than I will dare to break the Laws of your Bed, or bring Dishonour to my Person, by a shameful Prostitution of my Person in the Embraces of any Man alive. As a Proof of what I tell you, you need only be acquainted, that for these several Months I have been strongly importuned by Mr. Hamilton the Lawyer to consent to his Embraces, but still I have ward off from his Addresses, yet cannot be free from him; which makes me now discourse thus, in order to hear your Opinion in the Matter, and see which will be the safest and best Expedient to be delivered of his Company.* Here she ended, and *Sawney* being thoroughly convinced of his Wife's Loyalty and Fidelity, first answer'd her with a Desire she should forget all his Irregularities, confessing their present Poverty had been the immediate Consequences of his too liberal and profuse Living, but that for the future she should see a good Alteration in his Conduct, and he would make one of the best of Husbands. As for Mr. Hamilton, said he, it is my Advice

vice that you do not give him an absolute Refusal, but pretending a kind of Love at a distance, make him think that a considerable Sum of Money will finish his Expectations, and gain him what he so much longs for; you have Youth and Beauty on your Side, and you may, consequently, command him as you please; for I am not so much a Stranger to Mr. Hamilton's Temper, and Inclination, but that I know Love will influence him to perform generous Things: My Dear, I have no Occasion to acquaint you with our Poverty at this time, which, to my extreme Grief, has been the Consequence of my irregular and profane Living; but our Wants and Necessities may be amply made up by dexterously managing this Adventure, the Prosecution of which I leave to your own Prudence and Conduct; and for my Part I shall take effectual Care to extricate you and myself out of any Consequences that may happen upon it.

Mrs. Cunningham, after this Conference with her Husband, had a thousand Thoughts in her Head, how to manage this Scheme, so as to make the most Advantage of it: She saw that the Want of Money in her Family must oblige her to it, tho' never so much against the Bent of her Inclination to the contrary, and therefore determining to put it in Execution as soon as possible, she composed herself to Rest for that Night. The next Day Sazney got purposely out of the Way, but not without a longing Expectation of receiving extraordinary Matters from his Wife's Conduct. Hamilton appeared as usual; and, protesting his Love for her was the sincerest in the World, said, *That it was impossible for him to enjoy a Moment's Rest without tasting those Joys she could so easily afford him.* Mrs. Cunningham, at first, reproved him for such a bare Declaration of his Desires, and said, *That so long as her Husband liv'd, she could not, without the most manifest Breach of conjugal Fidelity, and an eternal Infamy to herself, give way to comply with his Demands.* Your Person, Mr. Hamilton, said she, is none of the worst, neither is your Sense to be despis'd; but alas! Heaven has decreed it, that I am already another Man's Wife, and therefore deprived from gratifying you as I would were the Case otherwise. And I have Apprehensions of my Husband, who is a choleric Person, and presently urg'd into a Passion upon the most trifling Affair, which either he doth not like, or squares not with his Happiness or Interest. Interest, reply'd Hamilton, Why, if that be the Case, neither your Husband nor you shall have any Reason to complain: for, let me tell you for once and all, I do not require a Gratification from any one, without making a suitable Return; your Circumstances, Madam, are not unknown to me, and I am sorry to think that after having brought Mr. Cunningham so plentiful a Fortune, I should have a just Occasion to say that you are poor; but mistake me not, I scorn to make a Handle of your Circumstances, neither do I believe Mrs. Cunningham would ever consent to my Desires on such servile Terms. Upon this Madam answer'd him with a great deal of Prudence and Art; she told him, *That he pleaded handsomely for himself, and if she was not a married Woman, there should be nothing to obstruct their Desires.* Mr. Hamilton finding this, gave her long Harangue, in which he endeavour'd to shew how weak her Objection was, with respect to her Husband, concluding, that what they did might be so artfully contrived, that neither Mr. Cunningham nor the World should know any thing of it. In fine, the Lawyer pleaded as if it were for Life, for her Consent, which Madam observing, and not caring to prolong the Time too far, but dispatch a great deal of Business in a little Time, she artfully told him, *That since her Stars had so directed the Actions of her Life, that she had no Power of herself to contradict them, she resign'd herself to him, and said, that it was to no purpose to stifle her Inclinations for him any longer; for, to be plain with him, she had lov'd him from their first Acquaintance together, before all the Men she had ever seen, and that she hop'd there was no Transgression in an Affair which her Destiny over-ruled, and if the World proved censorious, she did not care, and left her Cause to be determined by the Stars, who, together*

with Mr. Hamilton's fine Person, had influenced her to it. To be short, an Assignment was made, and a Porch of one of the Churches in Glasgow designed to be the Place where these two Lovers were to meet. Nothing in the World gave the Lawyer so much Satisfaction as the Thoughts of having obtained the Consent of his fair Mistress, who had declared her Love to him, and resigned herself up to his Arms. Hamilton promised to make her a Present of a Purse of a hundred Pounds Sterling before any thing was done, and she on her Side assured him she would please him to the utmost, and acquainted him, that he might expect all the Kindness she was able to afford him. Here they parted, and the Lawyer thought the Time contained a thousand Days till the Hour appointed was come, and he in the Arms of his Mistress. It arrives, and both appear in the Porch; they caress and toy, but no farther than the Laws of Modesty permitted. Hamilton wants to know where Mr. Cunningham her Husband is, and is acquainted that he was gone a short Journey into the Country, which however would take him up eight Days; whereas Madam had posted him, or he had done it himself, in a private Place in his Chamber at Home. Hamilton seems extraordinarily pleased at his Success, and the Repose he should find in humouring his Appetite, now his Antagonist was out of the Way as he thought. In a little time both these Lovers came to Sazney's House, and having entered his Bed-chamber, where he was concealed, and a good Fire burning, Mr. Hamilton pulls out two Purse of Gold and gives them to her, and then going to undress himself, Sazney springs out from his secret Place, and with one Stroke lays Mr. Hamilton flat on the Floor with a Club he had in his Hand; for, not contented with his Wife's having received the two Purse of Gold, he must have the Lawyer's Cloaths too; and therefore to make sure of them, he redoubles his Blows, till the poor Gentleman gave up the Ghost at Mrs. Cunningham's Feet. This was a Sacrifice to Love with a witness: The Lawyer had contributed handsomely before for a Night's Lodging, and must he give his Life into the Bargain? I know not how Mankind may think on't, but the Affair was carried to a desperate Length. Now Mrs. Cunningham not dreaming her Husband would have carried Matters to such an Issue, seemed frighted to the last Extreme at what had been done; but Sazney endeavour'd to give her Ease, by telling her, that he would work himself out of the Scrape immediately, and so saying, hoisted the Body on his Shoulders, and went out at a Back-door which led directly to Hamilton's House, which easily opening, as a profound Sleep in the Family, and the Darkeness of the Night favoured him, he carried the Lawyer to the Vault, and placed him upright on the Seat, to the end that the first who found him there might conclude he had died in that Place and Posture.

Now it seems Mr. Hamilton the Day before had acquainted a particular Friend who lived in his House, with his Success, and how he was to have a Meeting with Mrs. Cunningham that Night. This Friend had had the Gripes upon him for three or four Days, which made him have a very violent Looseness, and being obliged to untruss a Point about Mid-night, rises in his Night-Gown, and steps down to the Vault, where opening the Door, he spies Mr. Hamilton sitting, as he supposed, and taking it that he was come there on the very same Errand as himself, stays without a while to let him have quiet Play; but finding he made no Motion to stir, after having waited a considerable Time, to his own Uneasiness, he opens the Door again, and taking him by the Sleeve of his Coat, was surprized to find him fall down. He stoops to take him up, but finds him dead; at which being in a thousand Perplexities, and fearing to be thought the Murderer, he brings to mind his acquainting him with the Assignment between him and Mrs. Cunningham; upon which he concludes his Friend had found no fair Play there, knowing the Husband to be none of the easiest of Men. What should this Lodger do in this Case? Why he takes up the Body, throws it upon his Shoulders, and carries it to Sazney's House Door, where he sets it down. Madam, a little after Midnight, having Occa-

sion to discharge, gets out of Bed, and opening the Door, lets the Body of her late Lover tumble into the House, which putting her into a Fright, she runs up Stairs into the Chamber, and tells *Sawney* how that the Lawyer was come back: *Ay, ay*, says he, (just waking out of his Sleep) *I'll warrant he shall come back no more, I'll secure him presently*; and so saying, gets immediately out of Bed, puts on his Cloaths, and hoists the dead Lawyer once more on his Shoulders, with a Design to carry him to the River and throw him in, but seeing some Persons at some Distance coming towards him, he steps up to the Side of the Street, till they were got by, fearing his Design might be discovered, and Consequences were dangerous. But what should these Persons be but Half a Dozen Thieves, who were returning from a Plunder they had made, of two large Flitches of Bacon, out of a Cheesemonger's Shop: And as they came along were talking of a Vintner hard by, who sold a Bottle of extraordinary Wine? *Sawney* was somewhat reliev'd from his Fears (for Fears he could not miss from having) at hearing this Conversation. He had not been in his Post long, before he had the Satisfaction of seeing this Company put their Bacon, which was in a Sack, into an empty Cellar, and knock the Master of the Tavern up to let them in. The Coast being now clear, *Sawney* conveys the dead Lawyer into the Cellar, and taking out the purloined Goods, put his uneasy Cargo in the Room, and then march'd home. Mean while the Thieves were carousing, little dreaming what a Change they should presently find in their Sack. Little or no Money was found amongst them, and the Flitches were to answer the full Reckoning, so that they continued drinking till they thought the Bacon was become an equivalent for the Wine they had drank. One of them, who pretended to be Spokesman, addressing the Landlord, told him, *That he must excuse him and his Comrades for bringing no Money in their Pockets to defray what they had expended, especially at such an unseasonable Time of Night, when he had been called out of his Bed to let them in; but Landlord, in saying this, we have no Design of doing you any Wrong, or drinking your Wine for nothing. For if we cannot answer the Shot with the ready Cole, we will make it up by an Exchange of Goods. Now we have got two Flitches of Bacon in a Cellar hard by, which will more than answer our Expences, and if you care to have them, they are at your Service, otherwise we must be obliged to leave Word with you where we live, or you lay under a Necessity of trusting us till the Morning, when, on sending any Body along with us, you may depend on receiving the Money, Gentlemen*, says the Vintner, *you are all meer Strangers to me, for to my Eyes and Knowledge, I cannot say I ever saw one of you before; but we will avoid making any Uneasiness about my Reckoning: I do not care to purchase a Commodity I never saw, or, as the saying is, to buy a Pig in a Poke: If the Flitches of Bacon, you say you have, are good, I'll take them off your Hands, and quit Scores with you, so they but answer my Demands*. Immediately one of them, who had drunk plentifully than the rest, said he would go and fetch them, and accordingly coming into the Cellar, strove to hoist the Sack up; *Zounds*, says he, *why I think the Bacon's multiplied, or I am damnably deceived. What a Pox of a Load is here to gaul a Man's Shoulder's? Tom might well complain they were heavy, and by Gad, heavy and large ones they are, and the Vintner will have a rare Bargain of them; much good go along with them, and so saying, he hugs the Corpse on his Shoulders to the Tavern*. On coming to open the Mouth of the Sack, Lord; what a Surprise were all in to see a Man's Head peep out. *Mr. Dash* presently knew the Lineaments of the deceased's Face, and cried out, *You eternal Dogs, did you think to impose a dead Corpse on me for two Flitches of Bacon? Why, you Rascals, this is the Body of Mr. Hamilton the Lawyer, and you have murder'd him, have you, you Miscreants; but your Merits shall soon be soundly rewarded, I'll warrant you*. At this all the six were in the saddest Plight that could

be imagined, nothing but Horror and Dismay sat on their Looks, and they really appeared as the guilty Persons. But the Vintner, observing them bustling to get away, made such a thundering Noise of Murthers, Murthers, Murthers, that immediately all the Family were out of their Beds, and the Watch at the House Door to know the Reason of such an Alarm. The Thieves were instantly convey'd to a Place of Detention for that Night, and in the Morning were sent to the main Prison, when after a little Time, they took their Trials, were found guilty (though innocent) of *Mr. Hamilton's* Death, and executed accordingly.

Sawney came off very wonderfully from this Matter, though neither his Wife's Admonitions, nor his own frequent Affirmations to her to leave off his irregular Course of Life, were of any Force to make him abandon it; the Bent of doing ill, and living extravagantly, was too deeply rooted within him, ever to suppose now that any Amendment would come; nay, he began to shew himself a Monster in Iniquity, and committed every Wickedness that could exaggerate the Character of a most prophane Wretch. For 'tis impossible to enumerate, much more to describe, the Quantity and Qualities of his Villanies, they being a Series of such horrid and incredible Actions, that the very inserting them here would only make the Reader think an Imposition were put upon him, in transmitting Accounts so shocking, and glaring. The Money he had obtained of *Mr. Hamilton* was a dear Purchase; it was soon play'd away with and consumed, which made him throw himself on other Shifts to support his Pockets; to which End he visited the Highway, and put those to Death who offered to oppose him. His Character was too well known in the *West of Scotland*, to want any further Information about him, which obliged him to retract towards *Edinburgh*, where meeting with a Gang of his Profession, who knew him to be most accomplish'd in their Way, he was constituted Generalissimo of their Body, and each Man had his particular Lodging in the City. But *Sawney*, who ever chose to act the principal Part in all Encounters, industriously took Lodgings at a House noted for entertaining Strangers, where he was not long in insinuating himself into their Acquaintance, by making them believe, that he was a Stranger as well as they, and was come to *Edinburgh* on no other Account than purely to see the City, and make his Observations upon its publick Buildings, and other Curiosities; and that his Ambition had been always to procure honest and genteel Acquaintance. *Sawney*, indeed had a most artful Method to conceal the real Sentiments of his Mind, and hide his Actions, which in a little Time so gained upon the Belief of these Strangers, that they could not help taking him for one of the sincerest Men breathing: For it was his Custom sometimes to take them along with him two or three Miles out of the City to partake of some handsome Dinner or Supper, when he was sure never to let them be at a Farthing Expence, but generously discharge the Reckoning himself: The Design of all this was to make his Advantage of them, and force them to pay an extravagant Interest for the Money he had been out of Pocket in treating them: For constantly were Persons planted in one Place or other of the Road by his immediate Direction, who fell upon them as they returned to the City, and robbed them of what they had: But the Cream of all was, that to avoid Suspicion they always made *Sawney* their first Prize, and rifled him, who was sure in the Morning to obtain his own Loss back again, and a considerable Share of the other Booty into the Bargain.

Some time after this, our Adventurer, with two of his Companions, meeting on the Road with three Citizens of *Edinburgh*, affronted them in a very audacious Manner, and threw such Language at them as plainly discovered that either Death or Bloodshed was near at Hand. He had the Impudence to tell the Person who seemed the gentlest and best dress'd of the three, that the Horse he rode on was his, and had been lately stolen from him, and that he must return it him; or else the Sword he wore should do him right. *Sawney's* Companions began with the others after

after the same Manner, and would needs force them to believe that the Horses they rid upon were theirs; The Citizens, astonish'd at this gross Piece of Impudence, endeavour'd to convince them the Horses they rode on were their own, and they had paid for them, and wondered how they durst pretend to dispute an Affair which was so essentially wrong; but these Words were far from having any Effect on *Cunningham*, and the Citizens, in the Conclusion were forced to dismount and give them their Horses and Money into the Bargain, being somewhat satisfied they had suffered no worse Consequences, for *Sawney*, by this Time was drenched in all Manner of Villany, and Bloodshed was now accounted a Trifle, so little Value did he set on the Lives of any Persons.

Sawney having run a merry Course of Roguery and Villany in and about *Edinburgh* for some Time, where he made a considerable Advantage to himself, so that Fortune seem'd to have requited him for all the Poverty and Want he had before endured, determin'd now to go home to his Wife, and spend the Remainder of his Days agreeably with her, on the Acquisitions and Plunder he had made on his Countrymen. Accordingly he came to *Glasgow*, where, among a few Acquaintance he convers'd with, for he did not care to make himself too publick, he gave Signs of Amendment, which struck those that knew him with such Astonishment, that at first they could hardly be brought to believe it. One Night being in Bed with his Wife, they had a close Discourse together on all their foregoing Life, and the good Woman express'd an extraordinary Emotion of Joy at the seeming Alteration and Change in her Husband; she could not imagine what Reason to impute it to; for she had been so much terrified from Time to Time with his Barbarities, that she had no Room to think his Conversion was real; neither, on reflecting on the many Robberies and Murders he had committed, could she persuade herself, that he could so soon abandon his licentious and wicked Courses; for she supposed, if his alter'd Conduct (as she thought) was real, it was miraculous, and an original Piece of Goodness hardly to be met with. The Sequel will prove that this Woman had better Notions of her Husband, than the rest of his Acquaintance, and those that knew him, and that she built all her Fears on a solid and good Foundation. The Proverb says, *What is bred in the Bone will never be out of the Flesh*; and this will be remarkably verified in *Cunningham*, as we shall endeavour to shew in its proper Place. For all the Signs he gave of an alter'd Conduct, and all the plausible Hints to rectify his former mistaken Steps, were no other than only to amuse the World into a good Opinion of him, that so he might make his Advantage, through this pretended Conversion, with the greater Freedom and Impunity. And he was not out in his Aim; for it seems, whenever he committed any thing finister, or to the Disadvantage of any of his Countrymen, and he was pitch'd on as the Transgressor, the Town would say, *It could not be, for Mr. Cunningham was too much reclaim'd from his former Courses ever to give into them again*. I shall insert a very notable Adventure *Sawney* had with a Conjuror, or Fortune-teller; To which End I shall trace it up from the Fountain-Head, and give my Readers the first Cause that induc'd him to it. When *Sawney* was an Infant, he was put out to Nurse to a poor Countrywoman in a little Village a Mile or two out of *Glasgow*; the Woman, as the Boy grew up, could not help increasing in her Love for him, and he being an exceeding Inottry Child, would often say to her Neighbours, *Oh! I shall see this Lad a rich Man one Day*. This Saying coming to the Ears of his Parents, they would frequently make themselves merry with it, and thought no more of it, than as a pure Result of the Nurse's fondling. *Sawney* having enrich'd himself with the Spoils about *Edinburgh*, actually thought his old Nurse's Words were verified, and sent for her to give her a Gratification for her Prediction. She came, but *Sawney* had chang'd his Cloaths, so that the poor Woman did not know him at first. He told her that he was an Acquaintance of Mr. *Cunningham's*, who, on her coming, had order'd

him to carry her to Mr. *Peterfon* the Astrologer's, where she would be sure to see and speak to him; for he was gone there to get some Information about an Affair that nearly concern'd him. The Nurse and her pretended Conductor go to the Fortune-teller's, where desiring Admittance, *Peterfon* thought they were Persons that wanted his Assistance, and bad them sit down, when *Sawney* taking a Freedom with the Reverend old Gentleman, as he was known to use with all Mankind, began to give an Harangue about Astrology, and the laudable Practice of it. *I and this old Woman*, said he, *are two of the most accomplish'd Astrologers or Fortune-Tellers in Scotland; but I would not, Reverend Sir, by so saying, seem to depreciate from your Knowledge and Understanding in so venerable a Science: I came to communicate a small Affair to you, to the End, that not relying on my Judgment and this Woman's, I might partake of yours. You are to know, Sir, that from six Years of Age I have led a very untoward Life, and been guilty of many egregious Sins, too numerous to tell you at present, and what your Stars would not care to hear; for my Employment has been to lay with other Mens Wives, make a Sharer of other People's Money, bilk my Lodging, and ruin the Winners; for a Whore and a Bottle I have sold the twelve Signs in the Zodiack, and all the Houses in a Horoscope; neither Sextile, Quartile, or Trine ever had Power over me to keep my Hands out of my Neighbours Pockets; and if I had not a profound Respect for the Persons of my venerable Order and Profession, I should call Mercury the Ascendant in the fourth House at this Minute, to lug half a score Pieces of yours. By my exceeding deep Knowledge in Astrology, I can perfectly acquaint all manner of Persons, except myself, with every Occurrence of their Lives, and were it not to frighten yourself, I would conclude from the Appearance and Conjunction of Saturn and Vulcan, that your Worship would be hanged for your Profession. But Sir, tho' Destiny hangs this unfortunate Decree over your Head, it is at some Distance from it, and may be some Years before it strikes you. Is it not surprising that a Man shall be able to read the Fates of Mankind, and not have any Pre-knowledge of his own? and is it not extremely afflicting to think, that one who has done so much Good in his Generation, and assisted so many Thousands to the Recovery of Things, that would have been inevitably lost, without his Advice, should come at last to meet with an ignominious Halter, as a fit Recompence for his Services? Good Heavens! where is the Equity of all this? Certainly, Sir, if we are to measure the Justice of Things, by the Laws of Reason, we must naturally conclude that laudable and good Actions deserve a laudable and good Recompence; but can hanging be said to be this good Recompence? No, but the Stars will have it so, and how can Mankind say to the contrary? *Cunningham* paused here a while, and the Astrologer and old Nurse wonder'd who in the Devil's Name they had got in Company with. Mr. *Peterfon* could not help staring, and well he might, at the Physiognomy of our Adventurer, and, in spite of himself, began to be in a Pannick at his Words, which so terribly frighten'd him. The Nurse was in Expectation of seeing *Sawney* come in every Minute, little dreaming the Person she was so near was the Man she wanted. *Cunningham's* Harangue was a Medley of Inconsistencies and downright Banter: 'Tis true the Man had received tolerable Education in his Youth, and consequently might obtain a Jingle in several Sciences, as is evinc'd from the foregoing. Well, venerable Sir, says he, do not be terrified at my Words; for what cannot be avoided must be submitted to. To put you out of your Pain, I'll tell you a Story: A Gentleman had a Son who was his Darling, and consequently trained up in all the virtuous Ways that either Money could purchase, or good Examples teach. The Youth, it seems, took to a kind and laudable Course of Life, and gave promising Signs of making a fine Man; nor indeed were their Expectations deceiv'd; for he led a very exemplary Life of Prudence, excellent Conduct, and good Manners, which pleas'd the Parents so much, that they thought every thing they could do for him too little. But the Mo-*

they

ther, out of an inexpressible Fondness for him, must needs go to an Astrologer, and enquire how the remaining Part of his Life must succeed. Accordingly the Horoscope is drawn, but a dismal Appearance results from it; it acquaints the Mother that her Son shall remain virtuous for two and thirty Years, and then be hanged. Monstrous and incredible, says he, but I'll take care to secure him in the right Way; or all my Care will be to no Purpose. Well, the Family are all soon acquainted with this threatening Warning. The Person determined to be the Sacrifice, is already nine and twenty Years old, and surely they suppose they can easily get the other three Years, when all shall go well with their Kinsman. But what avails all the Precaution of Mankind; this same Son obtains a Commission of a Ship, goes to Sea, and, acting quite contrary to his Orders, turns Pirate, and, in an Encounter happens to kill a Man, for which, on his Return to his native Country, he is try'd, condemn'd and hang'd. What think you of this, venerable Brother? Is not he a sad Instance of an over-ruling Influence of the Stars? But not to prolong too much Time on a Discourse of this Nature, let us come to the Purpose. You are now, as I cannot do it myself, to tell me my Fortune, and this old Woman is to confront you if you tell me a Lie: There is no Excuse to be made in the Matter; for by Heavens, on your Refusal, I'll ease this Room of your damnable Trumpery, and send you packing to the Devil after them. These Words were enough to frighten any Man out of his Senses, nor could Peter-son well discover the Intention or Drift of his talkative and uneasy Visitant. What would you be at, says the Astrologer? Why, do not you see, what a Terror you have put that good Woman into, who trembles like an Aspen Leaf? I am not used, Friend, to have Persons come into my House, and tell me to my Face, that I am to be hanged, and then to confirm it, as you pretend, tell me an old Woman's Story of a Cock and a Bull, of a young Man that went to Sea, and was hanged for robbing, for which he certainly deserved the Punishment he met with: As for telling your Fortune, I'll be so plainly with you, that you'll swing in a Helter as sure as your Name is Sawney Cunningham --- Sawney Cunningham, quoth the Mawke, who straitway throwing her Arms about his Neck, began to kiss him very eagerly, and then looking earnestly in his Face, cry'd aloud, O Laird! And art thou Sawney Cunningham! Why, I thought thou came to be a great Man, thou wast such a Scot-ty Lad? Do you see now, says Sawney, what a damnable Lie you have told me, in impudently acquainting me that I shall be hanged, when my good Prophetess here tells me, I am a great Man, for great Men never can be hanged. I do not care for what she says nor you neither, for hanged you'll be, and that in a Month's Time, or else there never was a Dog hanged in Scotland. Pray, Brother, how came you to know this without consulting my Horoscope? --- Know it, why your very Condition tells me you have deserved hanging this dozen Years, but the Larves have been too favourable to you, else Mr. Hamilton's Death had been revenged before this Time of Day. Now to convince you of my superior Knowledge in Astrology, I mean, in telling how far their Influence extends over any Man's Actions, I will point to you the very Action and Persons that will bring you to the Gallows. This very Day Month you shall go (in spite of all your Foresight and Endeavours to the contrary) to pay a Visit to Mr. William Bean, your Uncle by the Mother's Side, who is a Man of an unblameable Character and Conversation. Him shall you kill, and assuredly be hang'd. Was there ever such a prophetick or divining Tongue, especially in these modern Days, heard of? For the Sequel will presently discover how every Circumstance of this prediction fell out accordingly. Sawney, having observed the Air of Gravity wherewith Mr. Peter-son delivered his Words, could not help falling into a serious Reflection about them, and thinking the Place he was in not convenient enough to indulge the Thoughts he found rising within him, abruptly left

the Fortune-teller, and giving his old Nurse five Shillings, returned home.

But what does he determine on now? After having seriously weighed on the several Particulars of Peter-son's Words, he could not for his Heart but think, that the old Man, in order to be even with him for telling him of being hanged, had only served him in his own Coin; so that after a few Hours every Syllable was vanished out of his Mind, and he resolved to keep up to his usual Course of Life.

King James I. sitting on the Throne of Scotland at this Time, and keeping his Court at *Edinburgh*, the greatest Part of the *Scottish* Nobility resided there, when our Adventurer used frequently to go to make the best Hand he could of what Spoil he found there. The Earl of *Inchequin*, having a considerable Post under the King, and several valuable Matters being under his Care, had a Centinel assigned, who constantly kept Guard at this Lord's Lodgings Door. Guards were not much in Fashion at this Time, and about two or three hundred in the same Livery were kept only on the Establishment. *Cunningham* having a Desire of breaking into this Minister's Lodgings, and having no Way so likely to succeed by, as to put on a Soldier's Livery, went in that Dress to the Centinel, and after some little Talk together, they dropt accidentally into some military Duty and Exercise, which *Cunningham* so well display'd, that the Centinel, seeming to like his Brother's Notions, and smile extraordinarily, it made *Cunningham* stay a considerable Time, till in the End he ask'd the Centinel to partake of two Mugs of Ale, and put Six-pence into his Hand to fetch them from an Alehouse, at some Distance from his Post, giving some Reason for it, that it was the best Drink in the City, and none else could please his Palate half so well as that. Hereupon the Centinel acquainted him, that he could not but know the Consequences that attended leaving his Post, and that he had rather enjoy his Company without the Ale, than run any Risk by fetching it. Oh! says our Adventurer, I am not a Stranger to the Penalties we incur on such an Action, but there can no harm come of it, if I stand in your Place while you are gone. And with that the Centinel gives *Cunningham* his Musket, and goes to the Place directed for the Drink; but, on returning, he must needs fetch a Pennyworth of Tobacco from the same Place, during which, some of our Adventurer's Companions were broke into the Lord's Apartments, and had rifled the same of Three Hundred Pounds Value. *Cunningham* was, however, so generous as to leave the Centinel his Musket. The poor Soldier returns in expectation of drinking with his Friend, and enjoying his Company some Time longer; but alas! the Bird is fled, and he is taken up to answer for his forth coming, and committed to the Talbooth Prison, where he was kept nine Months in very heavy Irons, and had only Bread and Water all the while allowed him to subsist on. At length he is tried, condemned and hanged. Thus did several innocent Persons suffer Death for that which ought to have been the Portion of our Adventurer. We draw on to his last Scene now, which shall be dispatch'd with all the Brevity we are Masters of. *Sawney* having thus escaped so many Dangers, and run through so many Villanies with Impunity, must needs go to his Uncle *Bean's* House, who was a very good Christian, and a reputable Man, as we have before observed, to pay him a Visit, with no other Design than to boast to him of his late Successes, and how Fortune had repaired the Injuries his former Misconduct and Remissness had done him. He went, and his Uncle with his moral Frankness, bade him sit down, and call for any Thing his House could afford him. Nephew, says he, I have desired a long Time to see an Alteration in your Conduct, that I might say I had a Nephew worthy of my Acquaintance, and one to whom I might leave my Estate, as deserving of it; but I am acquainted from all Hands, that you go on worse and worse, and rather than produce an Amendment, abandon yourself to the worst of Crimes. I am always willing to put the best Interpretation I can upon People's Conduct; but when so many fresh Reports come every Day



W. Jett delin.

J. Basire sculp.

S. CUNNINGHAM'S Adventure with his Old Nurse and ASTROLOGER.

Day to alarm my Ears of your Extravagances and profuse Living, I cannot help concluding but that the greatest Part of them are true. I will not go about to enumerate what I have heard, the Discovery of Mistakes only serving to increase one's Uneasiness and Concern. But methinks if a good Education, and handsome Fortune, and a beautiful and loving Wife could have done any Service with respect to the reclaiming you, I should have seen it before now. Your Wife has been an indulgent and faithful Friend to you in all your Misfortunes, and the lowest Employment in Life, could you but have confin'd yourself, would have proved more beneficial, and secured your Character, and the Esteem of your Family and Friend, better than the Ways you now tread in. I am sensible my Advice is insignificant, and Men of my declining Years are little valued or thought of by the younger Sort, who, in this degenerate Age think none wiser than themselves, and are above Correction or Reproof. Come, Nephew, Providence may allot you a great many Years more to run, but let them not be such as those already past, if Heaven should grant you the Indulgence. If I could build any Hopes on a good Foundation, that you would yet repent, methinks I could wish to have Vigour and Strength to live to see it; for what my Satisfaction would be then, none are able to declare, but such only as are in the like Case with myself. Our Family has maintain'd an unspotted Character in this City for some hundreds of Years, and should you be the first to cast a stain upon it, what will Mankind or the World say. You may depend that the Load of Infamy will be thrown on your Back, for all who know, or have heard the least of us, will clear us of the Dishonour, as knowing how well you were educated, how handsomely fitted out for the World, and how well you might have done. If Fame says true, you are to be charged with Mr. Hamilton's Death; but I cannot bring myself to think, you would ever be guilty of so monstrous an Impiety. It seems he had been your Benefactor, and several considerable Sums of Money he had given you, in order to retrieve your lost Circumstances; but was to give him his Death the Way to recompence him for his Kindness? Fie on't. Not Pagans or the worst of Infidels would repay their Benefactors with such Usage; and shall we Christians, who boast so much above them, dare to do that which they abhor from their Souls? It cannot be, Nephew, but all Thoughts of Humanity and Goodness are vanish'd from your Mind, otherwise some Tincture would still have remained of Christian Principles, that would have told you, you were highly indebted to that good and eminent Lawyer's Bounty. I am more diffusive on this Head, because it requires a particular Disquisition; neither mistake me in this Matter, for I am not determin'd to reap up Things to the World, in order to blacken your Character more than 'tis already, nor to bring you under Condemnation; only repent and lead a soberer Life for the time to come, and all the Wishes and Expectations of your Friends and Family are then fully answered. First endeavour to reconcile your Passions to the Standard of Reason, and let that divine Emanation conduct you in every Action of your future Life, so will you retrieve the Time you have lost, patch up your broken Reputation, be a Comfort to your Family, and a Joy to all who know you. Ill Actions seem pleasing in their Commission, because the Persons that pursue them have some Aim of Advantage in doing them; but let me tell you there is nothing in the World like avirtuous Pursuit, tho' the Road is beset with Thorns and Briars, but there are inexpressible Delights and Pleasures in that Wilderness which not all the Vices in the World can balance. This Exhortation probably may be the last that may come from my Lips; but indeed you have need of Advice every Moment, and want the Leading-strings of a Child, yet neither want you Sense or Understanding: How comes it then you make such bad

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Use of them? Are not all the miserable Catastrophes of profuse and wicked Livers, sufficient to deter you from your licentious Course of Life? If Gibbets and Gallows could have any Influence on a Mind, unless lost to all Sense of Goodness, certainly the melancholy Ends so many monthly make here, should be a Means of opening your Eyes and reclaiming you. But, alas! the Wound I fear is too deep, and no Medicines can now prevail; your Enormities are of such an egregious Dye, that no Water can wash it out. Well, if neither the cruel Consequences of an iniquitous and mispent Life, nor all the Advice which either your Friends and Relations can give you; if good Examples, Terrors or Death cannot awaken you from your profound Lethargy and Inactivity of Mind, I may well say your Case is exceedingly deplorable, and what for my Part I would not be involved in for ten thousand Worlds. You cannot surely but know what you have to depend on now your Friends and Relations abandon you, for you are stiled a Murderer; and a Man that has once dyt his Hands in Blood, can never expect Enjoyment of any Felicity either in this or the next World; for there is an internal Sensation called Conscience, which brings an everlasting Sting along with it, when the Deeds of the Body are heinous and black. Indeed some may pretend to stife their Iniquities for a considerable Time, but the Pause is but short; Conscience breaks thro' all the Barriers, and presents before the Eyes of the guilty Person his Wickedness in frightful Colours. What would not some give to be relieved of their racking Nights and painful Moments? when freed from the Amusements of the Day, they lie down to Rest, but cannot. 'Tis then that Providence thinks fit to give them a Foretaste of those Severities even in this Life, which will be Millions of times increased in the next. Here the good old Man issued a Flood of Tears, which Pity and Compassion had forced from his Eyes, nor could Sarceny forbear shedding a Tear or two at hearing; but it was all Pretence, and an Imitation of the Crocodile; for he was determin'd to take this reverend old Gentleman out of the World to get Possession of his Estate, which, for want of Male Issue, was unavoidably to devolve upon him after his Death. With this View, after he had made an End of his Exhortation, he steps up, and without once speaking, thrusts a Dagger to his Heart, and so ended his Life. Thus fell a venerable old Uncle for pronouncing a little seasonable Advice to a Monster of a Nephew, who finding the Servant-Maid come into the Room at the Noise of her Master's falling on the Floor, cut her Throat from Ear to Ear, and then to avoid a Discovery being made, sets fire to the House, after he had rifled it of all the valuable Things in it; but the Divine Vengeance was resolved not to let this barbarous Act go unpunish'd: for the Neighbourhood observing a more than ordinary Smoke issuing out of the House, concluded it was on fire, and accordingly un-animously joined to extinguish it; which they effectually did, and then going into the House, found Mr. Bean and his Maid inhumanly murther'd. Our Adventurer was got out of the way, and no one could be found to fix these Cruelties upon; but it was not long before Justice overtook Cunningham, who, being impeach'd by a Gang of Thieves that had been apprehended, and were privy to several of his Villainies, he was taken up and committed a close Prisoner to the Talbooth, where so many Witnesses appeared against him, that he was condemn'd and hang'd for his Tricks at Leith, in Company with the same Robbers that had sworn against him.

This was the Catastrophe of this Man, who deserved the Fate he suffered long before it happened. We have not given our Readers a great many Adventures of his, because they were commonly attended with Bloodshed, an Account of which only presents several melancholy Ideas to the Reader: But we have this to say, that we have far exceeded

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Capt.

Capt. *Smith's* Narrative of him. When he went to the Place of Execution, he betray'd no Signs of Fear, nor seem'd any way daunted at his approaching Fate: As he lived, so he died, valiantly and

obstinately to the last, unwilling to have it said, that he, whose Hand had been the Instrument of so many Murthers, proved pusillanimous at the last.

The LIFE of WALTER TRACEY.

THIS Person was the younger Son of a Gentleman, worth Nine Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, in the County of *Norfolk*. He was sent to the University to qualify him for Divinity, and had a Hundred and Twenty Pounds left him by his Father when he died: But his Studies not having a Relish pleasing enough to his Mind, and his Estate being too little to support his Extravagancies, he, to uphold himself in his profuse Expences, would now and then appear well accoutred on the Highway, and make his Collections. But happening once to rob some Persons who knew him, he was obliged to leave the College, and directly went down into *Cheshire*, where he put himself into the Service of a wealthy Grasier in the Country. *Tracey*, having an excellently well-shaped Body, and a Face that had Power to draw a thousand Admirers after it, soon found the Country a pleasanter Scene of Life, than the wrangling and dull College. He had a genteel Air and Mien, and a hundred Liberties were given him by his Master, which the other Servants in the Family were not allowed to take: The old Farmer and his Wife, with their Daughters (for Sons they had none) would divert themselves, after the Labour of the Day, with hearing our rustic Gentleman play on the Violin, which he did with admirable Skill and Sweetness. His fine Person and Face soon gain'd him Followers, and *Tracey* was not insensible to Love, for if ever Man had Opportunity of indulging his Passion that way, certainly he had; for whenever he took his musical Instrument into the Meadows or Pastures, he was sure to be surrounded with a Crowd of buxom Lasses, among whom some had Beauty enough to make his Wishes rise. There was a sprightly brown Girl, who was his constant Hearer, that seem'd to touch his Heart more than the rest; she would walk by his Side from Field to Field, nay, accompany him into Caves and Solitudes, where she would listen with Admiration of his Musick. *Tracey* employ'd these Moments to promote his Suit; for the Lass was none of the fairest, yet had a charming Body, and a Delicacy in the plain Delivery of her Words that was irresistible. *Tracey* durst not make an open Discovery of the real Intention of his Mind, for fear of spoiling all the Adventure; he was convinced she admired his Musick, and nothing but the Notion of Musick, he thought, would gain upon her. So he tells her he has another Instrument that would afford the sweetest Melody upon Earth, and that his Violin was no more to stand in Competition with it, than a *Jew's* Harp with the Organ of their Church. The Girl is ravish'd till she hears it, and begs him a thousand Times to bring it to-morrow to the Cave they were in, which *Tracey* complies with, and so they part for that Night. The Female Lover, you may be sure, had little Rest till the Time appointed came; nothing but Harmony, and Melody, and Enchantment fill'd her Thoughts; she longs to see *Tracey* and his new Instrument, which shall not be long before she has her Satisfaction accomplish'd. Both meet in the Cave, and both have different Views; the one is at Loss still how to behave in so critical a Minute, and the other importunes him to produce the Instrument and play upon it. I've brought the Instrument, my Dear, along

with me, which for its silent Melody exceeds every thing you ever saw or heard of: But I must acquaint you, before I shew it, that it is no Composition either of Wood or Horn, but that its Harmony proceeds from the Members of my Body. The unpractis'd Girl was so simple as to imagine, that from Gestures and Movements of the Bones of his Body, some agreeable Harmony would proceed, or that his Hand by striking on the other Parts of his Body will raise a transporting Sound. Come, my dear Girl, says he, the Harmony that proceeds from my new Instrument, cannot be raised without your Assistance, and therefore if you have a Desire of receiving Pleasure, you must necessarily be at some Pains yourself; for 'tis a Task beyond my single Reach to perform, and I beg you'll give me Aid in it—If it is so, reply'd she, let us see what it is, and instruct me in the Manner I am to act. Upon this, *Tracey* clasped her in his Arms, and with great Eagerness embraced her, and then offered to accomplish the rest. Oh fie, says she, you are going to wrong me, let me alone, I cannot suffer such Usage; you press my Breast too close; fie upon it, then, what's this you mean?—Do not be fearful, my Girl, there's no harm, I'll assure you in the Case;—For the Harmony and Melody is so conceiv'd; and the ending will be much more pleasing than the beginning—She feels the tingling Pleasure, and swoons away, but soon recovering her raptur'd Senses, and seeing *Tracey* rising up, she asked him, what? have you done already? you have but just this Minute begun; fie, you baulk a Body of the Pleasure I expected—Indeed, says *Tracey*, I imagined the Thing would do you no Damage, but that you would have such a longing Appetite, once you had found the Melody out, as to wish for it again—Ay, truly, said she, 'tis the best Musick in the World, and I'll come hither any Night to enjoy it from you, but 'tis so short, and though I could not hear it, yet I felt an unaccountable Sweetness that warm'd all my Blood; pry'thee, what cannot you begin it again—I can do that, answered he, but I had a Mind to give you a Taste before-hand, to see how you liked it; such extraordinary Things as this are rare, very rare, my Dear, and too much Repetition but cloy us: And, besides, sweet Meat is not always so laid on the Stomach; you are sensible, my Dear, that the Musick and Harmony of our own two Bodies moving together, are inexpressible, and that during the Raptures which they afforded, all our Senses were lost—That's very true, says she, but methinks I've a longing Desire to taste once more of this divine Pleasure—and saying, they fell to it again, which *Tracey* performed with more Vigour than at first.

The young Woman having had a Foretaste of this new Instrument of our Adventurer's, returned home exceedingly well pleased, and could not help the next Night she got among some of her Female Acquaintance, to take one of them aside, and acquaint her with the Satisfaction Mr. *Blundel* the Grasier's Man had given her, by his pleasing Words, but more pleasing Harmony, which flowed from a new Instrument different to his Violin. Upon this, both seem'd earnest together, and the Acquaintance ask'd her, if she might not be allowed to enjoy the same Liberty as herself, which the other said she might do, and

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accordingly both determined to meet our Adventurer at the Cave, who was previously acquainted with their Design. *Tracey* was pleased to think his Humour should be so variously gratified, and rather than not keep touch with his Inamorates, would have sacrific'd all he had in the World. Every one met at the Cave at the appointed Time, but, Heavens! What a Difference appeared between the two Country Girls. The new Acquaintance had nothing to set her off, which might stand in Competition with the Brown Maid, and *Tracey* was so far from admiring, that he entertained at first View, an utter Aversion not only to her Person, but the Enjoyment of her Body. But how to be rid of this Inconvenience was the Question; and absolutely to reject one or the other might endanger his Happiness with the Brown Maid. Betwixt these he was in some Perplexity, but to extricate himself out of the Snare, he acquainted them he was sorry he could not gratify them according to their Expectations, but really he was indispos'd, and the Parts of his Body to compose the Harmony wisht for, were so much out of Order with the Fatigues of the Day, that he was obliged to desire them they would forbear making any more Importunities about it then, and he would certainly crown their Satisfaction the next Night; the Girls could not forbear murmuring, and seem'd extraordinary uneasy; but at last, striving to combat their Disorder at his seeming Refusal, returned home, and left *Tracey* to go another Way. As the Girls returned, the Acquaintance began to importune her, what, in the Name of the Stars, this Harmony was she had brought her to hear, that *Tracey* was so fond of, not to let her hear it. Upon this the Brown Girl, out of her native Simplicity, acquainted her as well as she could, with the Manner of our Adventurer's playing; concluding, that in all her Life, she had never experienced such a pleasing and enchanting Piece of Diversion. The Acquaintance, from the Language and Discovery of her Companion, drawing a right Judgment how Matters had gone, told her, that she was sorry to think she had betrayed so much Ignorance and Folly; for what *Tracey* had done was no more than any other Man could, and it was too much to extol him for it, because she herself, about four Years before, had received as much, or more Pleasure in the same Way, from her Father's Man *Arthur*, and therefore she need not think she had obliged her in bringing her to *Tracey's* Cave, since he had no better Capacity that way than their Man *Arthur*; for had she known the Errand had been only about that, she would have got *Arthur* to perform his Musick with her, in order to see the Difference, who, she assured her, would have gratified her without making Scruples, or pretending Indisposition. And the next Time you see him, let me advise you to tell him, that he has wronged your Virginity, and, unless he will make some Reparation for it, convince him by Threats and Menaces, that your Father shall know his villainous Designs, and that you can tell how to revenge an Injury. For if you do not follow my Direction herein, I myself will do his Business, and shew him that a neglected Woman, when rous'd up to Resentment, can execute uncommon Things. What, added she, my Person was not so lovely as yours, nor had my Face an Equality of Charms, but I'll make him quit Scores with me, or I'll know why. You, my Dear, may please yourself with as extraordinary Notions as you please, but, for my part, I cannot help entertaining such an Aversion to his Baseness and Ingratitude, that, of all Men living, he least sets in my Thoughts. He's handsome, you'll probably say, and has a delicate Face, what's this to the Purpose? There are more such in the World, and, observe, he's a great deal inferior to you. But why should I name Inferiority, when I myself have been guilty of the same Indulgence, at a far younger Age than you. Such was

the Discourse as these two went home together, and a thorough Resentment seem'd to be working up for what *Tracey* had done, who was out of the Way of hearing; or else he had reconciled the uneasy Parties by proffering to them the utmost Submission. Lord, says the Brown Girl, what a Work you make? If *Tracey* had no Desire of making his pleasing Harmony with you, and that I obtained the Preference, can you blame the Man, let every Person exercise his Faculties as he thinks proper, for I take it, where the Humour or Inclination is obstructed, there can be no Enjoyment of Happiness, and it would be a Pity to make a Man of *Tracey's* good Nature do a Thing which is against his Appetite. You may defend him as you please, but observe by the Way, that e're ten Months are past, you may probably have an Harmonist of your own to play with, and then say how will it stand with you——Why, answer'd the other, exceeding well, for were it to be done over again, I'd rather be thus pleasingly deceived again by *Tracey*, than all other Men in the World. For it can be no Scandal to bear a Child by an handsome Fellow, and all the Country Lasses about us will agree with me in this, and supposing People should censure, I'll never disturb myself, or break my Repose about it, but rather impute it to Envy, because the same good Fortune has not happened to them. As to your objecting to me an Harmonist before ten Months are past, I hope I shall see myself another long before that Time, which will not only be extreme Satisfaction to myself, but to my Parents also, and rather than be deprived of *Tracey's* pleasing Company, I'll promote a better Understanding between him and me, with my antient Father, whom I'll bring over to a Consent of giving me in Marriage to him; when all the Expectations I have a long Time entertained in my Breast will be amply rewarded, and then the Brown Lass will be accounted the happiest Woman and Wife in the whole Parish. For *Tracey*, I am told for certain, is a Gentleman, though at present only in the Capacity of a menial Servant to my Father. The Discourse ending here, they both went home, and on the Brown Girl's returning to her Father's, she found *Tracey* sitting under an Arbour with her Father and Mother, and diverting them with several comick Tales and Stories. This made her make one of the Company, but soon she discovered an extraordinary Pleasure in her Countenance, which the Parents attributed to the Influence of *Tracey's* Discourse, in which they were no bad Prophets. All that Night the Girl could take no Sleep, but her Head ran on the great Pleasure *Tracey* had given her. As soon as it was Morning she took him aside, and blamed him heavily for refusing to yield the same Harmony to her Acquaintance as he had done to her; which he endeavoured to excuse, by telling her how impossible it was to give to another the same Satisfaction as he had done her, considering the vast Inequality of Persons betwixt them; that the Charms of her Face were as superior to those of her Acquaintance, as the Radiance of a Star excelled the Flame of a Candle; that he had too long been in Love with her Person, to let another Share his Affection; and how could the other expect, who was so much uglier than her, to be gratified in the same Manner? Let me advise you, says he, for the future, to confine yourself to me; who will constantly use you in the same extraordinary Manner as I have already done. And though the secret Place of our meeting has been discovered by your Means, yet, never fear, I'll find another more suitable for our Turn, where we may heighten this Harmony a great deal more. These Words revived the Brown Girl extremely, who could not but admire the winning Words of our Adventurer, and fix her Love upon him.

It was necessary to think now that the Acquaintance must be discarded, who saw it, and consequent-

ly was violently enraged. At first she began to spread Reports no way to our Adventurer's Advantage, and got it divulged in his Master's Family that his Designs were dishonourable, and only calculated to ruin the Reputation and Chastity of her Daughter. But this was the worst Way in the World to proceed with *Rusticus*, who was too much a Lover of our Adventurer, to form in his Breast a sudden Aversion to him; neither had he any Reason to raise a Misunderstanding between them; for *Tracey* had managed his Cards with great Dexterity, and always took care so to contrive his Matters, that no bad Consequences might be gather'd from them. The old Man was entirely devoted to him on account of his gay and humorous Disposition, which served to ease his Mind and Body after the Fatigues of the Day were over; nor was the Grasier's Wife (who was a considerable Number of Years younger than her Husband, being his second Wife) less taken with the handsome Mien and winning Conversation of our Adventurer: We shall have occasion to mention a very comic Adventure between *Tracey* and this Woman presently.

Tracey finding the Inclination of the Grasier his Master so much attach'd to his Advantage, that all the Reports spread to ruin his Credit with him, were not able to prevail, and that his Mistress join'd in the same Friendship for him, was extremely pleased, and thought one Opportunity or other would soon be thrown into his Hands, to make a further Benefit of his Journey to *Cheshire*, than the obtaining the Good-will of a Score of Country Girls. But he soon found himself involved in a very troublesome Affair, which sensibly touch'd him, and out of which he had a great deal of Work to extricate himself.

The second Wife of the Grasier, on weighing in her Mind the Difference there was between the old fumbling Husband and our Adventurer, who was young and sprightly, could not, after she had receiv'd a Foretaste of Pleasure from him, be reconciled to leave him, but fondly betrayed an excessive Desire for him. Her conjugal Affection began by degrees to turn off from the old Grasier, who was too good-natur'd a Man to impute any Dishonesty to his Wife, for fear of creating Jealousies and Alarms in his Family, which he naturally abhor'd, being a Man who loved Peace, and had liv'd quietly till then. *Tracey* had still Generosity enough left not to violate the Bed of his Master any longer, for what he had already done, was at the earnest Importunities of the Wife, who was always teasing him to a Compliance. But the Mistress had too little Beauty to inspire a Man of our Adventurer's Gaiety and Temper with Love; and, besides, her frequent Intreaties and fulsome Dalliances with him, when her Husband was out of the Way, made him quite averse and nauseate her. However, though it was plain by his Conduct, that he had not that Affection for her which she wanted, yet she would not desist, but seemed rather the more enclined to win him over. One *Saturday* her Husband being gone to Market, she finding all the Family at their Employments, except *Tracey*, she took him to talk, and ask'd the Reason of his seeming Coldness. *What*, says she, *do you despise my Person, who can be of so much Advantage to you? What think you? Supposing the old Man should die, of which there is some Probability, would not this Farm and the Stock upon it, and my Person into the Bargain, be an equal Recompence for your Love. I'm sorry, Tracey, to think I should humble myself thus far to make Declarations of Love to one so much beneath me; but 'tis the Misfortune of some Women, and they cannot help it. You have given me a Foretaste of Enjoyment, and now decline gratifying me any further, which makes me long the more. Had I never seen your Person, or been so much acquainted with your Conversation, I had never been the Fool I now make myself; but the Remedy is past Cure unless you apply the Medicine, for 'tis you alone that can heal me, and re-*

cover all my lost Hopes. *Tracey* was confounded at this Speech, and knew not what to answer. Here were Circumstances that both pointed at his Advancement, and yet threaten'd him with Consequences prejudicial to his Repose. The Farm and the Stock upon it were worth a considerable Sum of Money, which laid out prudently, might answer all the Purposes of his Life; but then his Mistress cool'd his Pursuit; he could see nothing in her that was either amiable or pleasing, for besides her Temper, which was none of the best, she had several Defects in her Body, which together made him utterly hate her: Yet that the Correspondence between them might not be broke, he endeavour'd to insinuate a seeming Kindness, though in Reality. he had much ado to comply with himself to perform it. He told her, *That he should from that Time, owe her infinite Thanks, for making a Declaration of Love to him, which his Ambition could never have flattered him with: That he had nothing to object against satisfying their mutual Desires, but her Husband, who, while alive, would be an eternal Impediment to their Wishes: That he look'd on violating his Bed as the grossest Abuse in the World, and could not, considering the Respect he bore him, be brought to consent to so notorious an Injury, that he hoped she would think on his Conduct in this Respect as Praise-worthy, and not to be blamed, since, after his Decease, he was ready to join Hands with her, and be her Partner in her Pleasures and Pains: That, to confess his Mind, her Daughter-in-Law would make a more suitable Match, not that he, by so saying, endeavour'd to depreciate from her, but their Tears were more conformable, and it was more natural, that like and like should by link'd together. However, rather than disoblige her by an absolute Refusal, he would consent to embrace her once more, and would be ready to receive her that Night in his Chamber.*" If any Thing in the World ever gave Woman Pleasure, these Words certainly did the Grasier's Wife, who was so much transported with *Tracey's* pleasing Offer, that she had great Difficulty to contain herself till the Time of Assignment came, till when every Moment seem'd an Hour. But Madam will dearly pay for this Appointment; for *Tracey*, acquainting in the mean Time, the Goatherd and Swineherd, how that every Night a Spirit tormented him, desired them to watch that Night in his Room to bear him Company: The Fellows were terrified at the Relation, and by no Means could be brought to consent, till *Tracey* telling them they should come to no harm, and ordering each to bring a Bundle of Rods to whip the Ghost, they gave their Consent, and said they would come; the Fellows concluded from *Tracey's* Words about the Rods, that there was some Sport on Foot that would give them Entertainment enough, which made them ready to embrace going. *Tracey* told them, that as soon as the Spirit appeared, they were to fall to exercising their Rods, which would make it retire, and probably never haunt his Chamber more. All Things were now in a right Preparation, *Tracey* in Bed, and the other two Servants posted behind it: It was not long before the Mistress came in, in her Smock, having double lock'd the Door of her Husband's Chamber, who was fast asleep, to prevent his sudden surprizing them together, provided he wak'd and found her missing. As soon as she was entred, the two Men rush'd out with the Rods in their Hands from their Post, and scourged the poor Woman unmercifully; who durst not make any Noise lest her Husband should over-hear, and alarm the House; but when she found them so far from desisting from their Stripes, that they laid on the heavier, she could not restrain her Tongue any longer, but calling out Murder, so alarmed the Family, that the old Man immediately waking out of his Sleep, wondered what was the Matter: He put on

his Cloaths to go and see what it was that made such a Noise; but Fortune at first directed him into the Yard; still he listened, and still he heard the Noise, and at last found that it came from *Tracey's* Chamber. Up Stairs he goes directly, but his Wife, in the interim, got to Bed. On coming into the Chamber the Fellows hid themselves as before, and he asking our Adventurer what was the Meaning of all that Noise, was answer'd, that he might take his House to himself; for he would not be hamper'd and beat about by Spirits as he had been, for the best Place in *England*. Spirits, says the old Man! Ah, dear Master, Spirits, and so saying, the Fellows came suddenly upon him, and pulling down his Breeches, gave him the same Lecture as they had done his Wife. But the Grasier was not contented with this Usage, but lifting up his Hands, he poured such heavy Blows about the Shoulders of the Fellows, that they no more imagin'd them the Cuffs of a mortal Man, but of an Hobgoblin, and so, being terrified, ran again underneath the Bed. At this the old Man in a violent Rage call'd out to *Tracey*, and ask'd him where he was, who told him in Bed. Ah, my dear Master, says he, *these are the Spirits that continually tease me; I've suffered such Usage as this a long Time, but being unwilling to put your House into any Fears on my Account, have submitted to it with a great Deal of Patience. For God's Sake go to Bed, for I'd rather endure their Blows, than you should endure any Harm.* The Wife, all this Time, notwithstanding the severe Smart she felt, was extremely rejoiced to think that her Husband had shared with her in the same Punishment, and when he came to Bed, seem'd to condole him in a very piteous Manner. What o' Pox, says he, are you in Bed, where was you just now? What! are you a Ghost too? Egad I have a handsome House on't, indeed; and with that he got to Bed, and rested pretty well the Remainder of the Night. In the Morning the Grasier could not help bringing to his Thoughts what had happened to *Tracey*; he was very fond of the Man, and wanted to know the Particulars that had befallen him. *Tracey*, having a ready and copious Invention, made a thousand Things more of the Story than it really contain'd; and, by exaggerating it with Abundance of Falsities, so terrified the old Man, that he could not forbear compassionating him, and shewing a great Deal of Concern. But, all the while, the Wife took the Notion of Spirits for a meer Whim, and concluded within herself that it had been all *Tracey's* doing; for she observed a more than ordinary Coolness in his Behaviour, and, if at any Time she but spoke to him at Dinner or otherwise, was answered with a plain Negligence and Disrespect, which so exasperated her, that she was resolved to be even with him for his Inconcern and Indolence. She had a thousand Thoughts what Expedient to make use of, in order to accomplish her Design in the surest Manner, and, on long Deliberation, found the only Way to ruin him, was to discharge him before her Husband, with a Design upon her Honour, which she was not long before she put in Execution. *Tracey* was not a Stranger to her ill Temper, but was determined to see the Upshot of the whole Affair; so one Evening seeing the old Man walking in his Orchard alone, he goes to him, and, after some Chat on indifferent Matters, begins to lay open his Birth, Parentage and Education, by acquainting him, that he had been Master of a small Estate of Sixscore Pounds *per Annum*, but, living too profusely, had run it thro', which he was sorry for, because, had he known the same Frugality then as now, he had still been Master of it, or more; that his Father had sent him to the University to qualify him for the Ministry, but he had frustrated the Expectations of his Parents, who reposed all their Hopes in him: That his former Extravagancies had obliged him to commit Actions he was now sorry for, and, to keep up

his usual Way of Life, he was forced to support himself by indirect Means; but, that his coming to his House had entirely wiped out of his Mind the Desire of committing the like Follies, and thought that Heaven had favour'd him, in giving him the Grace, after having been brought up so well, and lived so liberally, to take to such an honest, painful, and laborious Life: That he esteemed the Happiness of the Country much above that of the City, the Extravagancies of which he had seen, and the Ways the Men there pursued to support themselves; that the hard Bed he laid upon, was more soft to him than all the Down ones at his Father's House, and that to rise by Peep of Day, and go to his daily Employment, was more healthful and satisfactory, than to sleep snoring till Noon, and have no other Business than poring over a Parcel of wrangling Books;— I beg, continued he, that you would mind my Discourse, because I have something to say that may be to your Advantage— Now, Sir, you are to know, that after I had spent my Estate, I came into this Country with no other Mind than to do Penance for my former Miscarriages, by hiring myself to be a menial Servant to any Gentleman that wanted one. Fortune has favour'd me in throwing me into your Family, among whom I take it, I have behaved with some Degree of Modesty, Honesty, and Diligence; my Conversation, Sir, has already drawn several Persons to covet my Acquaintance, and, if I may be indulged the Expression, the Lasses round about are ready to run mad for me; and I am sorry to have the Obligation to say, that your Wife, is not the least among them that solicits my Favour— Hold that, not a Word more— My Wife run mad after thee! Blood and Wounds— I'll cure her of her itching, *Wat*— Why, Sir, that would do exceeding well, but give me leave to make a Conclusion of my Discourse, and then say and object what you please. Your Wife, indeed, Sir, has more than once desired the Favour of my Bed, and to convince you that what I speak is true, she was the Person who raised the Spirit the Night you came into my Room; 'twas she her own self who walk'd, which may be verified by your Goatherd and Swincherd, who saw her in her Smock. For my part, I have hitherto refrained violating your Bed, for Reasons which all Mankind ought to allow the justest in the World. But if you don't restrain her, Flesh may be frail, though I had rather quit your Service a thousand Times over than commit so much Ingratitude against my Master and Benefactor. But what is the real Occasion of all these Words of mine, is, that my Mistress is determined at Supper-Time to charge me with several high Crimes against her Chastity, which are entirely groundless, and which I hope you'll give no Credit to. And there is but one Thing more, which is, that as I was born a Gentleman to an Estate, and trained up at the University, and through my own Default, am now descended to the low Condition you see me in, you would bless me with an Alliance with your Daughter, who is a deserving young Woman, and one whom I have tenderly loved, ever since my first coming here. There will be no Scandal in this Match, for, was I not convinced of her sincere Affection for me, I would never presume on what I have said; and with her, to be a Servant, to be a Slave, nay, to be the worst of Mankind, I mean, in the lowest Degree, will be the greatest Joy, Happiness, and Contentment. What could be more surprizing than these Words to the old Grasier, who was so far from imputing any kind of Impudence to our Adventurer, that he seem'd vastly rejoic'd at the Tidings he had given him, and told him, that he thank'd him a thousand times for the Discovery he had made both of his Wife's Villainy and himself; adding thus, *Wat, I have a long Time consider'd you in a very promising Light, and been determin'd to put the Question to you several Times, to know if you entertain'd any Thoughts of Marriage; judging that a Wife with a little Money*

would be no unacceptable Thing in your present Condition, which I have frequently wish'd for the better; but now, Wat, for the timely Service you have done me, perhaps it may be in my Power shortly to recompence you handsomely, and repay your extraordinary Care and Industry, suitably for your consulting my Repose, and for your surprizing Modesty and Self-denial, in resisting such Temptations as might have ensnared others; but my Wife's Conduct is no more than usual long before you came into my Service; and whenever I am told of it, the Consideration gauls me in the most sensible manner, as a Man in the like Case would, you know, fret and fume: but, lack-a-day, Wat, my Wife is not the only Thing that disturbs my Quiet, and molests my Slumbers; I have other Causes of Disturbance, which Time and another Opportunity, if you and I hit in joining Horses together, may make you acquainted with. Never mind all she can either say or invent against you; I am Master of my Family, I believe, and who, tell me, dare pretend a Superiority in it, besides myself? Zounds, Wat, I heartily love you; and had you been so free with me a Quarter of a Year ago, you had been a better Man behalf than you are now: But, however, I'll endeavour to requite you as you deserve, and my Daughter, with three hundred Pounds, shall be yours, Man, in spite of all the second Wives in Christendom—If I say it, who's the other to controul me? Here's my Hand, that she's yours before eleven o'Clock to-morrow Morning: But, methinks, good Wat, I have a Mind to restore you in some Degree to what you have lost. I do not question but your former Extravagancies have set all your Relations and Friends you have entirely against you; to reconcile whom, and make up the Breach between them and you, I take the best Expedient to be, to send to the most considerable amongst them a very submissive Letter, worded dextrously, but above all, containing your hearty Repentance for the Omissions you have formerly been guilty of, and acquainting them, that having from a Gentleman's Life descended to the low Condition of a Peasant, you have forced yourself to a very hard and laborious Penance for your Misdeeds, which you now suppose you have justly perform'd; and that Fortune smiling upon your Endeavours, has, to reward your extraordinary Humility, made your Master to think well of you, nay, to offer you his Daughter in Marriage, provided they will answer three hundred Pounds he designs to give you in Portion with her: This, Wat, I take for a tolerable good Beginning to succeed; and if you hear of no Answer soon, you and I will then take Horse, go and negotiate the whole Affair with them ourselves. Let me tell you, six hundred Pounds will purchase a pretty Farm for you two, and answer all Necessaries so long as your Wife remains without Children; but when those come on, and I find you diligent, 'tis very likely I may add to your Estate, and gratify you with a Present of thirty or forty Acres more, which will effectually do your Business. Oh! methinks, I congratulate you now on the Felicity you'll enjoy; so you mind yourself, prove an endearing Husband, and a laborious Father. Here the old Grasier ended greatly to the Satisfaction of our Adventurer, who began to entertain a great many different Thoughts in his Head, how he should contrive to make the most Advantage to himself, and still keep a steady Harmony in the Family: He had frequent Thoughts how to accomplish his Ends; sometimes he was determin'd to throw for ever away his Desire of making Plunder on his Countrymen, and to embrace the generous Offer which his Master the Grasier had made him; thinking if he did so, his Life would be made easy, provided he could but conform himself to the Rules of Wedlock, and preserve the same good Thoughts he had all along entertain'd during his Abode in Cheshire. Vast was his Desire to be reconcil'd to his Mistress, whom he look'd on now as his implacable Enemy; but he had so much Faith in his Master, that he could not,

without doing him an Injustice, think he would act against his Interest. Supper-time now comes, and nothing but Anger and Resentment glare in the Countenance of the Grasier's Wife, who seem'd resolv'd to do as she had determin'd, tho' to her own Disadvantage, and even Ruin. Tracey endeavour'd by all the external Signs he was Master of, to convince her that he had still left a dutiful Respect for her, and that she might expect to win him, provided the old Man was out of the Way. But Resentment rooted in the Breast of a Woman whose Love has been rejected, admits of no Bounds, nor had our Adventurer any room to hope for Success: He drank to her, but she return'd the Compliment with a Disregard that plainly discover'd he was distasteful to her. No, said she, if my Husband is the Fool to humour you, it shall never be seen that I will; you are an ungrateful Man, nay, a Villain, Tracey, (now I am forc'd to open my Mind) after all the Civilities you have receiv'd in this Family, to use me, who ought to have some Sway in my own House, in the manner you have done. Was not the receiving you poor, mean, and admitting you to such Privileges as few Servants can boast of, a Kindness deserving of some Acknowledgement? Was not preferring you to be the first of our Servants, when another, who had serv'd under us several Years, and better deserv'd it, a Favour which any one but you would have requited? But it seems our Kindness and Generosity turn'd your Brain, and made you giddy-headed, so that forgetting the Obligations you were under to us, you have had the Presumption not only of keeping up a close Communication with our Daughter, but also to address me with your fulsome Speeches, which my Virtue hath constantly guarded against; thinking that the Fame you so much boast of, could find no Refusal, and that I, as I fear my Daughter-in-law has already, should fall a Sacrifice to your inordinate Desires. Had not my Husband's Peace and Tranquility been struck; had not my Honour and Chastity been openly attack'd by you, and an Infamy endeavour'd to be laid on our Family, I would have scorn'd to have made this Discovery; but as I am tied by the solemn Rites of Religion to obey another Man, I was forc'd, even tho' against myself, to publish the Injustice that has a long time been design'd him: For 'tis not once or twice that is enough to exaggerate your Crime so as to deprive you of the Favours you enjoy at present; but, Tracey, you know how often have been the Times of this insulting and dishonourable Way of yours; had a thousand other Miscarriages proclaim'd your Conduct disrespectful to me, I should have put up with every one of them; but an open Attack against my Honour, my Modesty and Fame, has no Excuses, nor ever shall with me. Tracey, who heard this all the while with an attentive Ear, was surpriz'd at the Woman's Presumption and Boldness; he could not help staring upon her with an Eye full of Resentment, equal to that which she had in her own Breast: He could have crush'd all she had avanc'd in a Minute or two, had he been so minded; but he was in Expectation to hear his Master speak first, who, he depended on, was to vindicate him: Nor, indeed, was he long before he did; for putting the Tankard he was drinking out, out of his Hands, he began to question his Wife about her Insincerity and Baseness in taxing Tracey, whom he look'd upon as one of the best Friends he had, with a Crime he was no way guilty of, and which properly was her own Fault, but he need not be any way surpriz'd about it, since he had for some Years past receiv'd so many Complaints, which he had been unwilling to give Ear to, purely because he loved his Ease and Quiet: But now there was no longer room to distrust her Perfidy, since Tracey, who was so bashful a Man, had brought all Things to light: That for the future he would make himself very contented, and only desir'd her to return back to her Friends, for stay with him she should not, and all the Money she brought him was at her Service,

to carry and dispose of just as she pleas'd.—Here the old Grasier stopp'd, and then *Tracey* took his Turn to speak; saying, The calling the Goatherd and Swineherd would soon put an End to the Dispute; who would swear they saw her come into my Bed-chamber in her Shift, with a Design of procuring me to do that which you ought to perform; but far be it from me to create any Misunderstanding in a Family unjustly, to which I lay under so many Obligations.—Misunderstanding, reply'd the old Grasier, none at all, for you shall be my Son, and I your Father; and having so said, the Dispute broke up; and in a little time the Family retired to Bed.

All this Time the Grasier's Daughter, who was the brown Lass above-mention'd; was full of Joy and Gladness at the good Fortune of *Tracey*, whom she look'd upon now as her real Husband: She found herself with Child by him, and was glad her Father was so considerate to join them together, in order to wipe off her Disgrace; but the old Man little thought of the Intercourse that had been betwixt his Daughter and his Man; else 'tis very probably all his intended Kindness had vanish'd to Air. In short, the Morning came, and the old Man, to make sure of a Son-in-law, rode to the next Rural Dean, and got a Marriage-Licence; when about 11 o'Clock they were join'd together. The remaining Part of the Day was dedicated to Mirth and Jollity, the Neighbourhood being invited to partake of the Mirth.

Tracey was now in the Possession of a Bride already with Child by him; and what made more to his Happiness, was, the old Father's putting him immediately into part of his own Estate; out of which he reserv'd, a small annual Rent as an Acknowledgment: A Stock sufficient to live upon it was bought, and every Thing manag'd according to *Tracey*'s Wish, who finding himself at Liberty to do and act just as he thought fit, had several serious Reflections within himself, how to make the best Advantage of all under his Care, and make the Father believe him a laborious and pains-taking Man: After he and his Wife had liv'd about two Months together, he often intimated to her, that 'twas true, the Country was a very pleasant Place, and a Life spent there vastly agreeable; but nevertheless, Society, to which he had always been us'd, was wanting, which made it not so recreating; that a Walk into the Meadows, or by the Side of some River, was a delightful Way to wipe off the Mind its gloomy and melancholy Ideas; and that murmuring Streams, rising Hills, and shady Woods, were the Recreation of Philosophic and contemplative Minds; but that they two, who were very young, had brisker Notions, and lov'd Gaiety and an humorous Way of living; and that the Plough, Rake, and Sickle were too vulgar Things for such as they, and that the Means of obtaining what both earnestly desired, was to see *London*, where all the Pleasure which the World afforded, was to be found: That in Order to this, they were to get their Father to a Consent of selling their Farm, and with the Purchase-Money buy some Place or other of Profit, able to maintain them in a genteeler Way than at present, which he knew he would soon comply with, as he himself advis'd him to write to his Friends to obtain an Equivalent for the three hundred Pounds he had given him with her. That his Relations liv'd in *Norfolk*, and would comply with any reasonable Request, and would be so glad to see him, after so many Years Absence, that they would not know how to do too much for him: That he mention'd this with no manner of View, to leave his Father-in-law desolate, after he had, on his Account, sent his second Wife back to his Relations; but that he might see his Desire was no other than to honour his Family, by being preferr'd to a Post of Life more agreeable and profitable than the maintaining of a Farm.—The Wife having all her Life-time been us'd to a rural Life, had little Thoughts of the Pleasures of a City so numerous and populous as *London* was, so that she

was at a Loss how to answer her Husband. However, *Tracey*'s Importunities, and the thousand Charms he told her was in a City Life, soon won her over, in-somuch that nothing but *London* ran in her Mind; nothing now but Gaiety and Pleasure; nothing but Dress and Acquaintance; nothing but Tea-tables and Plays; nothing but Gallantry and Appointments; and nothing but Madam and Madam could now please her. Hence arose an Aversion to the Country; no more the Pastures and Meadows; no more the Woods and Hills; no more the Rivers and Fountains; no more the Shades and Haycocks; no more Wakes and rural Dances; and no more the Inhabitants in *Cheshire* delighted her. She is determin'd, the first Opportunity, to lay open her and her Husband's Mind with regard to their seeing *London*, and solicit him to take a Journey into *Norfolk* to see his Relations. *Tracey* approves well of his Wife's Conduct, and strives to heighten it; and it was not long e're she found a favourable Conjunction one *Saturday* Evening, when the old Man retired from Market somewhat fuller with Liquor than ordinary: she laid open the whole Affair with a great deal of Persuasion and Address; the Father readily granted all, and a Day was appointed for their Journey. Mean time, *Tracey* made all the Advantage secretly he could of his Effects, and the old Grasier in about a fortnight's Time got a Purchaser for *Tracey*'s Farm, who gave Bills in the room of Money. Every thing was now got ready, and our Adventurer, Wife, and Father-in-law on the Road. When they came to *Trenton* in *Staffordshire*, they put up at an Inn there, in order to stay two or three Days to refresh the old Man, who was already weary with his Journey. During their Abode they happened to have a good deal of Company, among whom *Tracey* always found Admittance; for having a smooth Tongue, and a tolerable Voice for singing, every one were glad to get into his Company. 'Twas here that *Tracey* was determin'd to put a finishing Stroke to his long Adventure with the Grasier; he was resolv'd not only to leave him his Daughter with Child by him to keep, but also to make himself Master of the Bills e're the Morning; and to that End, getting his Father to carouze that Night a little freer than ordinary (his Wife being already gone to Bed) he dextrously conveyed the old Man's Pocket-Book, wherein the Bills were; out of his Pocket, and then to colour over his Villainy with some Pretence, wrote the following Letter, and left it in the room of the Pocket-Book.

Dear Sir,

I Make no Wonder of your being surpris'd at finding the Inclos'd; but I have innumerable Reasons for my doing thus, which I shall waive at this Time; and acquaint you with at my Return. When my Wife and you read this in the Morning, be sure to think that I have done both of you the best Action in the World, which I could prove, were it not that I was in too much Haste when I wrote this: For finding you fatigued with your Journey before we had got half Way, I thought I could not do a better Deed than leave you where you were, with your Money in your Pocket, and in the midst of Plenty and good Company. As for the Bills, I take them to be properly mine, as they stand in the room of the Purchase-Money for the Estate which came to me by right of Marriage, and I humbly conceive I can make as right a Use of them as any Man living. As for going into *Norfolk*, I apprehend the Journey is useless, till I have made myself certain of a Place in *London*, when probably they may do something for me; till which Time adieu.

W. TRACEY.

Mean time the old Man and his Daughter were fast asleep in separate Beds, and our Adventurer, to make sure of what he had, got up early in the Morning; and, under a Pretence of riding out half a dozen Miles till Breakfast-time, got his Horse saddled, mounted,

mounted, and rode off. About Seven o' Clock the Father and Daughter rise, and missing *Tracey*, enquire of the People in the Inn if they had seen him, who are told by the Hostler that he went on Horseback at Three, and would return by Breakfast-time. But no *Tracey* appears at that Time, nor all that Day. This astonishes the old Man; but more the Daughter, who began to lament his Absence. They have different Thoughts about him, but all are in vain. Sometimes they are afraid that some Misfortune has befallen him; at other times, that having a Mind to view the Country, he had rode out for that Day; but at length, the old Man finding no Signs of his returning, goes and sees how Things stand about him. The first that presents itself is the Letter, which being perused, put the old Man into a violent Fit of Trembling, which ended in a kind of convulsive Pangs. Drops are applied, which soon recovering the old Gentleman, every one are desirous to know the Cause of his Uneasiness. They are acquainted from the Beginning to the End, and all seemed concerned at his Sorrow. What should the old Man do in this Case? Why, he is determin'd this Minute to travel after him, the next to return home; but before he does that, he gets it proclaimed round about, that such a Man and such a Horse was missing, and if any one could inform him where they were, he, she or they making such Information, should receive from him the Sum of five Pounds. This was a tolerable good Way of Proceeding; for the Money induced several to make Enquiry; but in short all was to no Purpose, for our Adventurer was by this Time got to *Coventry*; and the old Man and his Daughter, after a Week's Stay at *Trentum*, thought best to return home to *Cheshire*, to save more Expences, and wait there the Return of their hopeful Son-in-law.

Tracey, in the mean time, was got to *Coventry*, where he put up at the *Rose and Crown*, one of the best Inns in that City. On his going into the Inn, he observed a more than usual Stillness, which he could not tell well what to attribute to. He placed his Horse in the Stable, and then going into the House, he heard a Dispute carrying on in the Room over his Head, which raising his Curiosity to know what all meant, he went directly up Stairs into the Chamber. On his entering, the People within were somewhat astonish'd: He look'd about him, and saw in the Bed a Man with only a Sheet over him, and near the Fire-side a Woman, the Mistress of the Inn, and a young Man. *Tracey* ask'd them what made them take so little Care about the House; for had he been an ill-disposed Person, he might have run away with half the Things in the Kitchen. Upon this the Man in the Bed, whom he took for dead, (being laid out as dead Men are) started up on his Backside, and address'd him in the following Manner: *Sir, I'm heartily glad you are come in, since, you being an impartial Man, I may venture to lay open my Case without Offence. You are to know then that the Woman sitting there is my Wife, which Word I wish I had never known; for from the Time the matrimonial Knot was tied between us, I may safely say I have not had a Day's Rest, put all together, and now we have lived together seven Years wanting but a single Month. I believe I may alledge, without any Injustice, that during that Time I have been one of the most affectionate Husbands to her; for I have never debarr'd her from any thing, nor has she had the least Pretence for Complaint, occasion'd by me; whenever she wanted, I readily gave her more than she ask'd for: Whenever she was willing to go abroad, a Servant and a Chaise was at her Command, nay, whenever any new costly Fashion came up, I was the first to promote it, I mean in shewing it upon her; and yet all these Favours and Considerations would not do. My Life upon this became uneasy; and I had a thousand restless Moments about it. I communicated my Uneasiness to a particular Friend, who told me that she did not love me,*

and the only Way to discover it was to feign myself dead. Accordingly I pretended myself dead, and presently this Wretch brought that old Woman, who together with her laid me out, as you saw me at your first coming in. During my dead Penance, I had an Opportunity of hearing how the Case went, and soon found that Love, or rather Lust, was the real Cause of all my late Miseries. The young Rascal there is her Gallant, who I am sure has handled above five hundred Pounds of my Substance, which from Time to Time I have found missing. This is a miserable Case, Sir, and deserves Compassion. But this not all, she has already given Orders for my Funeral, for making of mourning Cloaths and Rings.— *Tracey* all this while stood gazing with due Attention, and could not but reflect on the Inconstancy, Profusion, and Artifice of some Women. He told the Person in Bed he was extremely sorry for his Misfortune in being wedded to such a She-Devil, who was a thousand Times worse to him than all his Money; but he would give him a seasonable Relief by-and-by. The Husband hereupon thank'd him, and express'd his Gladness for his coming into his Chamber so opportunely. But Sir, says he, this Wretch held a pretty long Consultation with the other two how she should behave in so nice a Circumstance; for, said she, I cannot weep, and the Town will admire at my not shedding a Tear over his Grave, who, they know was so tender and loving a Husband. Oh! added she, I'll put Onions into my Handkerchief, and by that Means I shall deceive the World with a forc'd Lamentation. Ay, ay, replied *Tracey*, this is worse than all; but I'll spoil her of her Artifices presently; and so saying, he pulls a loaded Pistol out of his Breast, and commanded, on pain of Death, every one of them, not excepting the Man in Bed, to deliver what Money they had; for, said he, 'tis Money that has made this Confusion, and I'm resolv'd to ease you of it, in order to make you live together more quiet for the future. — Upon this going up to the Wife, he received from her fifty Guineas, from the Gallant thirty, and from the old Woman five.— an handsome Spoil i'faith, says he, and pray, Landlord, what can you afford me? Nothing in the World, reply'd he, for I humbly conceive I have given you eighty five Guineas already, which is a tolerable good Fee for your Advice, Sir.— Say you so, Mr. *Butler*—Well, I shall call this Day Se'n-night again to see how Affairs go, and if I do not find your Wife reconciled by the Loss of this Money, I'll then remove double the Sum, and so every Week in Proportion, till I have made a thorough Cure, and with that he bad them farewell.

Tracey, after this Adventure, made his Way to *Ware*, where taking up his Lodgings for that Night, he got into the Company of a young *Oxonian*, who had brought a large Pormanteau behind him. The Student seemed very well pleased at his Friend's Conversation, as he thought, and, to encrease a better Understanding betwixt them, they supped together, and drank a Couple of Bottles of Wine afterwards. They lay together in the same Bed, and, an Hour or two before they went to sleep, had a great Deal of Conversation about the Ways of Mankind, which terminated at last about the University, which *Tracey* pretended to be an entire Stranger to. In the Morning both drank Sack Posset, mounted and pursued their Journey together. *Tracey* endeavour'd to amuse his Fellow Traveller with a Series of Foreign Adventures, which he had never perform'd; the Scholar, on his Part, laid open the wicked Practices of the Colleges, so that both seem'd to be fit and choice Companions for each other. *Tracey* would now and then take hold of the Student's Pormanteau, and tell him 'twas very heavy, and wonder'd he did not bring a Servant along with him, so much undervaluing his Profession, by being Master and Man himself. The Student constantly answered, that the Times were exceeding hard, and he travelled by himself to save Charges.

Charges. How, replies the other, Charges! Why, the Charges of a Servant are vastly insignificant in Comparison of the Loss you may probably sustain on the Road for Want of one: I hope, Sir, you have not got any great Charge of Money within your Portmanteau, for I think you act a very unwise Part, if you carry much about you, without having some one or other in Company with you: The Student told him, he had no less than Threescore Pounds within it, which he was carrying to the University to defray the customary Fees for taking up his Degree of Master of Arts. Ah, says Tracey, that's a round Sum, o' my Word, and 'tis a thousand Pities so much should be given away to Persons that no way deserve a Farthing of it. If I had known of your having Threescore Pounds about you, when we were at the Inn, I could have procured you a Chap that would have sold you a Place for it much more beneficial than any Thing you hope for, by being a Master of Arts, but as we are too far a Distance off from *Ware* to return in Time, you shall be eas'd of your Money and Portmanteau presently; for I have an Occasion at this very Conjunction for such a Quantity of Money, and there's no better Person than myself you can lend it to; after which Words Tracey unlooses the Straps, takes the Portmanteau, and puts it on his own Horse—The Student observing this, immediately cried aloud, *Oh dear Sir, I hope your Design is not to rob me; I shall lose a pretty good Personage that is offered me in Essex, if you take away my Money from me. Pray, Sir, consider the Crime you are going to act, for the Loss of my Threescore Pounds will not only deprive me of a competent Means of Livelihood, but also the Almighty will lose a Minister of his Word. And for the Sake of Heaven, I beseech you to be compassionate, and not so severe on a poor Man that was oblig'd to borrow this Money of several Persons, who would not have lent it, but through a View of being soon repaid. Sir, you commit a Thing against the Laws of your Country, and the Precepts of Humanity, to wrest thus by Force what belongs to another Man, and I dare say you are not so much a Stranger to the Injustice of it, but you know 'tis an Horror, and a great one. The Sin too is vastly enlarg'd, when a specious Pretence of Friendship is made use of for such a dishonourable Deed; for how will any Man know he is safe in travelling, if every one he meets with on the Road, converges with him in the sincere Manner (I mean outwardly) as you have pretended to me. But, Sir, not to enlarge further, let me intreat you over and over again, not to take my All from me, for if so, I am inevitably ruin'd, and am an undone Man for ever.* Tracey seem'd to mind the Student's Desire of having his Portmanteau again with a grave Attention, but the Thought of having obtain'd such a considerable Booty, made him banish every compassionate Sentiment out of his Breast, till no longer able to bear with the tedious Importunities of the Scholar, he pulled out of his Breeches Pockets a Leathern Purse with Four Pounds odd Money in it, and gave it the Collegian, saying, *Friend, I am not yet so much lost to the Sense of Compassion, but I can extend my Charity and Generosity; 'tis not customary for a Gentleman of my Fortune to give Money, but your Intercession has won me over to it. Here are Four Pounds odd Money to bear your Expences to the University, so that you will not be all the Loser, and when you come to the College, acquaint all those whom it may concern, that you have paid your Master of Arts Fees already to a Collector on the Road, who had a thousand Times more Occasion for the Money than a Parcel of old Mollies, that live by whoring, and stealing out of other Authors Works.* And so saying, he bad the poor Collegian farewell, leaving him to pursue his Journey, and obtain his Degree as well as he could, while himself made the near-

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est Way to the next Village, where opening the Portmanteau, he found nothing but two old Shirts, half a Dozen dirty Bands, a thread-bare Student's torn Gown, a Pair of Stockings without Feet, a Pair of Shoes, but with one Heel to them, some other old Trumpery, and a great Ham of Bacon, but not one Farthing of Money; which set him a swearing and cursing like a Devil, to think he should be such a preposterous Ass, to give Four Pounds and more for that which was not worth Forty Shillings.

We have but two Adventures more of Tracey which we find on Record; the first relating to a Robbery he committed on the famous Poet *Ben Johnson*; the other to another on the Duke of *Buckingham*, who was slain by *Felton*, as he was going to embark at *Portsmouth*; for which he was hanged, both which we shall be very brief in.

Ben Johnson had been down in *Buckinghamshire* to transact some Business, but in returning to *London* happened to meet with Tracey, who knowing the Poet, bad him stand and deliver his Money. But *Ben* putting on a courageous Look, spoke to him thus:

*Fly Villain hence, or by thy Coat of Steel,
I'll make thy Heart my leaden Bullet feel,
And send that thrice as ravenous Soul of thine
To Hell, to wear the Devil's Valentine.*

Upon which Tracey made this Answer:

*Art thou, great Ben? or the revived Ghost
Of famous Shakespear? or some drunken Host?
Who being tipsy with thy muddy Beer,
Dost think thy Rhimes will daunt my Soul with
Fear;
Nay, know, base Slave, that I am one of those,
Can take a Purse, as well in Verse, as Prose,
And when thou art dead, write this upon thy
Hersè,
Here lies a Poet who was robb'd in Verse.*

These Words alarmed *Johnson*, who found he had met with a resolute Fellow; he endeavour'd to save his Money, but to no Purpose, and was oblig'd to give our Adventurer ten Jacobus's. But the Loss of these was not the only Misfortune he met with in this Journey; for coming within two or three Miles of *London*, it was his ill Chance to fall into the Hands of worse Rogues, who knock'd him off his Horse, stript him, and tied him Neck and Heels in a Field, wherein some other Passengers were enduring the same hard Fate, having been also robbed. One of them crying out, that he, his Wife and Children were all undone, while another, who was bound, over-hearing, said, pray, if you are all of you undone, come and undo me. This made *Ben*, though under his Misfortunes, burst out into a loud Laugh, who being delivered in the Morning from his Bands by some Reapers, made the following Verses:

*Both robb'd and bound, as I one Night did ride,
With two Men more, their Arms behind them ty'd,
The one lamenting what did them befall,
Cry'd, I'm undone, my Wife, and Children all;
The other hearing it, aloud did cry,
Undo me then, let me no longer lie;
But to be plain, those Men laid on the Ground,
Were both undone, indeed, but both fast bound.*

The last Robbery he committed was on the Duke of *Buckingham* above-mention'd; but some say, he only endeavour'd to commit one. Now as we have neither the Place, nor in what Manner this Attempt was made, nor how much he took from his Grace, nor any other Circumstances to help us to a Discovery of this Adventure, we are oblig'd to be silent, and only say that he suffered for it at *Winchester*.

M

Tracey

Tracey might have made a good Man, had he turned those Talents Providence had given him to better Uses than he made of them. For he had a fine Way of Delivery, a Volubility of Speech, extensive Memory, and was well versed in the Books of the Antients. We may very well say, that his irregular Life was owing to the first immoderate Courses he learnt at the College, where so many young Gentlemen, by running beyond their Salaries, are forc'd on dishonourable Artifices to support themselves. And *Tracey* happened to be one of these. While he remain'd in *Cheshire*, he gave Signs of being a frugal and provident young Man, and to descend so low as to hire himself, who had been born a Gentleman, to drudge in the Fields and Meadows, was what ten thousand, except himself, would have scorn'd to have done; but this heightens his Character, as it argues a real Sign of Humility, which, had our Adventurer continued in the Country with his Father, had made him one of the happiest of Men.

Tracey had amassed together in Money and Goods sufficient to support him handsomely during Life, and determining with himself to take up betimes, and live peaceably on what he had got, he placed his Money in a Friend's Hand, who made off with it, and left our Adventurer to pursue his old Trade towards obtaining more. He was heard to speak the following Words on this Occasion, 'Tis true that at this Time we are almost grown a Nation of Cheats; but that which is worst of all is, that Men will not cheat upon the Square; one engrosses more Knavery than the other, for if it went round equally, there would be nothing lost.

I shall conclude what I have to say concerning this Person, with a short, but merry Adventure, which, according to Method, ought to have been inserted a good while ago.

Our Adventurer, while in *Cheshire*, was thought to be conversant with familiar Spirits; for naturally being a Lover of Solitude, he would repeat Verses frequently under Shades and in Caves, which the Peasants would sometimes chance to overhear; but *Tracey* uttering some Poetick Phrases, which were above the Countrymens Apprehensions, they concluded the Devil must be his School-master.

They imagined he had the Gift of Prophecy, and could divine. It happened, that he went one Day to *Chester*, where, getting amongst some Citizens Daughters, he told them he'd lay a Wager, that he acquainted them which among them was not a Maid. This Speech raising a loud Laughter amongst the Girls, one of them said immediately, *Why, Friend, your Knowledge will be employed in vain, for you may well say there is not one in all this Company that has lost her Honour.* These Words did not hinder *Tracey* from pursuing his Design, but least he might give Offence, he said he would not make all the World privy to it, and would only disclose to one of her Acquaintance then present, who amongst them it was that had lost her Maidenhead. In Consequence of this he took the Acquaintance aside, and spoke thus in her Ear, My Art informs me, that she, amongst all these Maids, who has committed the Act of Fornication, is the very Person who spoke last to me. This Discovery was kept a Secret from the rest for the Space of eight Days, when the abovesaid Girl, and a Gardiner, an Inhabitant in the Village, where *Tracey* then dwelt, were married together. As she was in Bed, it was not long before she was seized with Child-bearing Pains, and at length delivered of a fine Boy——The Maid who had receiv'd the Secret from *Tracey*, published it as a Miracle the same Hour; upon which our Adventurer's Reputation was vastly increas'd and nois'd about. Every one were extremely fond to see him after this Prediction, as admiring his profound Knowledge and Experience. But what made the Case not quite so bad as it would have been, was, that the Husband swore, *That the Child was his own, and that his Wife would not take a Husband, without having first made Trial of him, for having seen a Pattern of the Cloth, she might try whether it were good or not, and if it did not please her, she might leave it to other Customers.* This made Abundance of People speak pleasantly, that the Bridegroom was an able Workman, to have a Child the first Week; but they who were more serious, were amazed how his Wife could carry her great Belly so well, so as not to be found out; but 'tis beyond Question she used some Artifice to hide it.

The LIFE of THOMAS WITHERINGTON.

THIS Person was the Son of a very worthy Gentleman of *Carlisle* in the County of *Cumberland*, who possessed a plentiful Estate, and brought up his Children handsomely, and suitably to his Condition. *Thomas*, of whom we are going to speak, had extraordinary Education given him, and was designed for a Gentleman, to live at his Ease, free from the Toil and Hazard of Business. The good old Gentleman dying, *Thomas* came into Possession of a considerable Estate, which soon procured him a rich Wife, but she proving loose, and violating his Bed, push'd him on, in Revenge, to Extravagancies, which otherwise he had no Inclination to; her Falshood to his Bed was a Mortification to his Thoughts he could never reconcile to his Mind, and being resolved to requite her Perfidy and Treachery, he abandoned himself to the Company of all Manner of Women. These by Degrees perverted all the good Qualities he possessed; nor was his Estate less subject to Ruin and Decay, for the Mortgages he made of it, in order to support his Profusion and Luxury, soon reduced his Circumstances to a low Ebb, and made him miserably poor. What should a Gentleman of Mr. *Witherington's* late affluent Fortune, do in this wretched Case? He was

above the mean Submission of stooping to either Relations or Friends for a Dependence; and to ask Charity or crave the Benevolence of his Brother-Men, was a Circumstance his Soul abhor'd. One way he must do to live; to starve presented nothing but frightful and melancholy Ideas to the Mind. The collecting Money on the Road was judged the best, though not the surest Expedient, of raising his Fortune. And with this View he committed Robberies in most Parts of *England* for six or seven Years with admirable Success. As none, or but very few Books of Robberies have given any Account of *Witherington's* Transactions, we shall insert a few here, with a View to humour our Readers, that they may not say they have the Life of a Man without any Adventure in it.

Witherington, having left his Wife, on Account of her Falshood to his Bed, and being resolved to maintain himself by the Work of his own Hands, borrowed the Sum of Forty Pounds of a Neighbour Gentleman his Acquaintance, pretending such a Sum of Money would do him an infinite Service, as it would set him up in some little honest Way, to support him at present. The Gentleman, glad to find his Friend's Temper somewhat altered from its vast Prodigality, and being willing to redeem a vicious Inclination

Inclination at so small a Purchase, readily lent him the Money, and pronounced several Blessings along with it. But *Witherington* frustrated the Expectations of his Friend, and with the Money bought him a Horse, and other Necessaries fit for his future Enterprizes! He happened to lie one Night at the *Queen's-Head* Inn in *Kestwick* in *Cumberland*, where *Dr. Flemming*, Dean of *Carlisle*, was also. Our Adventurer, being no Way inferior to the Doctor, either in Learning, or Point of Conversation or good Manners, scraped Acquaintance presently with the Clergyman, who was glad to have any one to converse with, as he was alone. Supper being set before them, *Witherington*, to amuse the Doctor, told him he was but arrived a Fortnight in *England*, having been absent a Matter of seven Years in the *East-Indies*, where, thank God, he had got, by his Industry and good Fortune together, a competent Estate, able to maintain him like a Gentleman all his Life, and that now he was going to see his Friends at *Carlisle*, from whom he had been absent so long. — The Doctor hearing him mention *Carlisle*, was desirous to know who those Friends were, acquainting him that he himself belonged to that City, and he should be glad of his good Company thither in the Morning. Upon this our Adventurer mention'd the Family of the *Witheringtons*, and told the Doctor, that having heard his Uncle was dead, and had left a considerable Estate behind him, he had hasten'd his Return to *England*, and was come to see what he had left him. He had a Son, said he, named *Thomas*, a very hopeful young Man, when last I left him; but the Letter which inform'd me of my Uncle's Death, told me likewise that this only Son was at the Point of Death; and I know the Estate can devolve (if everyone has his Right) on no other but me, who am next Heir at Law. The Doctor being perfectly acquainted with Mr. *Witherington's* Circumstances, as having made his Will, was surpris'd to think he had got into the Company of so near a Relation of that Gentleman, and began to open his Mind to him with greater Freedom. Sir, says he, I have been acquainted several times with a Relation of Mr. *Witherington's*, being in the *East-Indies*; but the Family, I can assure you, had frequent Letters (from whom I cannot tell) of his dying at Fort St. George: and what Prejudice this may have done your Affairs at *Carlisle*, to Morrow will be the best Witness. As for *Thomas*, the only Son of Mr. *Witherington*, I can assure you, that he is alive, and has run through the Estate his Father left him very profusely: Indeed, at his coming into Possession, he gave the World great Hopes of making an excellent Husband, which soon procur'd him a Wife with a considerable Fortune; but the Lady, I am told, not proving so virtuous as she ought, forced him into a quite contrary Course of Life; for instead of living frugally and temperately, as usual, he abandon'd himself to the Embraces of lewd Women, kept high Company, prosecuted Gaming, and a thousand other wicked Courses, which soon ruin'd his Estate, and brought him to Want: And if I am not misinform'd, to support his usual Extravagancies, he frequents the Road, and takes Purfes. Our Adventurer pretended all the while to listen with a world of Attention; and when the Doctor acquainted him with his Cousin's Extravagancies, seem'd in the deepest Melancholy imaginable: Reverend Sir, says *Witherington*, I have infinite Obligations to you for the Discovery you have made about my Uncle *Witherington* and his Son; and possibly you may be of extreme Service to my Affairs. I cannot impute our meeting together to any other thing than an Act of Providence, which is willing to indulge me; and, I pray, Sir, let me beg to be a Bottle of Wine for more Acquaintance. The Doctor, who was a true *Bacchanalian*, readily accepted the Proffer, and *Witherington* and he made it up four Flasks before they went to Bed, where they repos'd very soundly till eight the next Morning. They got up

together, eat their Breakfast, mounted, and took their Journey; when the Doctor, to make their Travelling as pleasing as possible, ran over a great many diverting Stories; and *Witherington*, to make his Part good, was not backward in producing Tales to answer his. All seem'd in a good Harmony; the Doctor pleas'd with his Friend, as he suppos'd, and our Adventurer with his Traveller: But we shall soon see the Clergyman's Tone chang'd; for *Witherington* being arriv'd, with his Companion, at the Corner of a Wood, rode up to the Doctor, and whisper'd in his Ear: Sir, tho' the Place we are at is very private, yet willing what I do should be more private, I take the Liberty to acquaint you, that you have something about you that will do me an infinite Piece of Service. — What's that, reply'd the Doctor? You shall have it with all my Heart, if 'twill do you so much Service as you say. I thank you, Sir, for your Civility, says *Witherington*; well then, to be plain with you, 'tis the Money in your Breeches-pocket that will be infinitely serviceable to me. — Money, reply'd the Doctor; Why, Sir, you cannot want Money, your Garb and Person both tell me you are in no Want. — Ay, but I am, for the Ship I came over in happen'd to be wreck'd, so that I have lost all I brought; and I would not enter *Carlisle* for the whole World without Money in my Pocket. — Friend, I may urge the same Plea, and say, I would not go into that City for the World without Money in my Pocket; but, what then? If you are Mr. *Witherington's* Nephew, as you pretend to be, you would not thus peremptorily demand Money of me; for *Carlisle* being at so small a Distance from us, it cannot be much that is wanting to defray your Expences thither, where, on representing your Case, you'll find Friends enough to support you; and I declare, if you have nothing, I'll disburse for you so far. *Witherington* made Answer, Sir, the Question is not, whether I have any or no Money, but what you carry in your Pockets, for you say my Cousin is oblig'd to take Purfes on the Road to support himself, and so am I; so that if I take your's, you may ride to *Carlisle*, and tell the Inhabitants, that Mr. *Witherington* met you, and demand'd your Charity. — The Doctor plainly understanding by this the Drift of his Companion's Intentions, told him, He was amaz'd to think, that a Person who had pretended so much Honesty should deceive him in that manner, by requiring his Money, to which he had no Right. — Right, reply'd the other, why, I tell you, Sir, that whether I have Right or no Right to it, 'tis my Custom to lay hold of it, if so be that I can but get it. As he was speaking these Words, a Country Higgler, sitting between two Panniers full of Poultry, rode up to them; upon which, says *Witherington*, You honest Fellow, I have a Cause of Conscience to put to you, whom I take to be the fittest Person to decide it: Here is a Clergyman, and a fat one let me tell you, who has four Livings, which bring him in an annual Rent of a thousand Pounds; yet for all this, he has not the Sincerity or Heart to give a Farthing of his Money to the Poor, tho' he has now above fifty Guineas in his Pockets. What say you, Countryman? Doth not Christianity tell the Rich that they are to give to the Poor, or else their Way to Heaven is as difficult, as for a Camel to go through the Eye of a Needle. — The Countryman seeming confounded at the Sight of *Witherington's* Pistols, which he now began to shew, was in a Dilemma what Answer to make, till our Adventurer forcing him to speak; he spoke thus, Why, Sir, I'll tell you my Mind, 'tis said, indeed, that the Rich should give to the Needy; but who knows what Occasions the rich Man may have for his Money: If there be an Object of Pity that really has nothing, there I take it, that the rich Man ought to give to the Poor. — Then, my Friend, I tell thee, I am that Object of Charity, for the Devil a Farthing have I about me, and it cost me ten Shillings last Night to treat this fire-nose Son of a Whore of a Parson.

Parson.—Come, my Lad, determine quickly, for I must proceed on in my Business.—Then I pronounce, reply'd the Countryman, That the Rich ought to give to the Poor.—Whereupon, *Witherington* drawing up to the Doctor, the Reverend Clergyman, deliver'd him his Green Purse, with fifty Guineas in it. *Witherington* was rejoic'd at the Sight, and taking thence a Guinea, gave it the Countryman for the Equity of his Award, and then rode off, leaving the Doctor to pursue his Journey to *Carlisle*, and there tell his Misfortune.

Witherington another time being at *Newcastle*, took up his Quarters at the Sign of the *George Inn*, which was then in a Street call'd the *Broad-Chair*. It happen'd, that abundance of young Clergymen, and other Scholars were come to solicit for a School-master's Place in the adjoining Country, worth about a hundred and fifty Pounds *per Annum*. It seems, the Gift went by Election, and he that could give the best Proofs of his Capacity and Learning, was to have it. Several Gentlemen were present to gain Votes for their respective Candidates, and no more than five and twenty Freeholders had Votes to dispose of this Benefice. Our Adventurer finding how Matters were likely to go, procur'd the Landord to lend him a coarser Suit of Cloathes than what he had on, saying, he was sure to obtain the School, provided Merit was to take Place. The Cloathes were instantly procur'd, and *Witherington* appear'd in the Kitchen, where he sat down with his Mug of Ale by him, and smok'd his Pipe. One of the Freeholders, who was also a Trustee for this School, observing something in our Adventurer's Countenance that insensibly pleas'd him, plac'd himself down in the next Chair to him, and began to tell him every Circumstance about chusing a new School-master. Ay! says *Witherington*, I hope that Merit will take Place; but I am afraid some one or other of these fine Sparks will carry the Day, by the mere Interest of the Friends they have brought. Nay, nay, replies the Freeholder, as long as I have a Vote, Justice shall be done. What, did thou come hither, to put up? Ay, says the other, but I'll return Home, for I believe my Journey's lost.—Not at all yet, Man; never fear, for egad, I say, Merit shall take Place, and if thou be'st the best Scholar, thou shalt certainly have it: And to convince thee, that I have some Respect for thy Person, tho' thou art a Stranger to me, I here promise thee my Vote before my Landlord, and will not only do that for thee, but gain thee some others to thy Interest. *Witherington* thank'd him heartily for his Civility; and the old Man was as good as his Word, for, till the Time of the Election's coming on, the good and frank Freeholder took several of his Neighbours aside, and procur'd their Votes, in Opposition to the rest. The Election now is begun, and each by turns are examin'd. A fierce Contest arose between two of the last, (for our Adventurer was concealed all the while) who seem'd to have equal Abilities for the Employment, and the Examiners and Freeholders were going to determine in Favour of one of them, when our above-mention'd Trustee, speaking to the Gentlemen assembled on the Occasion, told them he begged they would defer giving Judgment for a quarter of an Hour, till they had heard a Friend of his, a poor Man, examin'd, who had nothing but his Abilities to recommend him, and who was so modest, that he had declin'd appearing among such a gaudy Company. All upon this were importunate to see him. He was brought, and several abstruse Questions was put to him, in order to puzzle his Understanding; but he answer'd all with a surprizing Facility and Judgment, so that the Company could not help staring upon one another. Come, said he, you are my Antagonists, let us decide this Controversy by Dint and Force of Argument: for 'tis not a Parcel of Greek and Latin Sentences call'd out of ancient Authors, that ought to purchase a hundred and fifty Pounds a Year; let's see if you thoroughly under-

stand what you read; or if you are Artist enough to distinguish betwixt good and bad Writing. The Books which he desired were immediately produced, but within half an Hour he made both the Examiners, Freeholders and other Gentlemen assembled on this Occasion, see clearly, that all the Candidates, who had been some Years at the University, except himself, were so far from having any real Knowledge in the Books, out of which they had made their Citations, that they had only gone thither to spend their respective Parents sixty or seventy Pounds a Year. This unexpected Success of our Adventurer made the rest of the Company stare on one another; the several Gentlemen who came to solicit for their Friends were confounded, and obliged to return *re infecta*; and what was most surprizing, *Witherington*, who appear'd at this Election purely to gratify a roving Inclination he had, obtain'd the School with little or no Difficulty, while the others, who had been at considerable Expences in tampering with the Freeholders for their Votes, found themselves and their Hopes intirely frustated. In short, *Witherington* was invested in the Jurisdiction of the School with the usual Formalities; and happening to behave in his Place with a great deal of Moderation and Humility, the Churchwardens of the Parish taking a greater Fancy for him, put their Books of Account in his Hands, and made him Overseer and Tax-gatherer of their Parish; nay, so fond were all, and so believing in his Justice, that the Rector committed to his Care the collecting his Rents and Tythes. *Witherington* finding himself in a tolerable Way of Subsistence, was very well pleas'd with his Condition, which afforded him Opportunities enough to make his Advantage. The Trustees of the Parish, and the Parson himself were, if we may use the Expression, over credulous, and *Witherington*'s Words and Advice were sure to pass current when all the rest failed: So that never Man had better Opportunities (I mean one who had advantageous Views in prospect) of enriching him. *Witherington* saw how the good Humour towards him diffus'd itself through the Body of the Parishioners, and was resolv'd to make a fine Handle of it. To this End he insinuated what Honour it would be to the Memory of the present Heads of the Parish to have a new School erected in the room of the old, which was in a very ruinous Condition; telling them at the same time, that, to promote so laudable an Undertaking he would sink a Year's Salary himself. This generous Proposition was received with Chearfulness, and it was unanimously agreed to have a new School erected. *Witherington* seeing his Proposal lik'd, got the Affair to be carry'd on with a great deal of Briskness. Contributions came in pretty thick from the neighbouring Gentlemen, and a Sum of above seven hundred Pounds was immediately rais'd. This enliven'd *Witherington*'s Hopes, who, finding he was discover'd by two Gentlemen who happen'd to come from *Carlisle* to see a Friend of theirs in this Place, he made off the following Night with the Money that had been given for rebuilding the School, and went directly into *Buckinghamshire*, where he committed several Robberies; the principal of which we shall set down in the Sequel.

Being one time at the Town of *Buckingham*, he fell into the Company of some Country Farmers, who were come to pay their Rents, having all one Landlord: The Rustics were in a hot Debate about the Price of Corn, and unanimously said, that if their Goods brought them no more Money, 'twas impossible to maintain their Farms any longer, much less to pay their Landlord his Rent. *Witherington*, willing to have some Discourse with them, sat down in an Elbow-chair by the Fire-side, and call'd for a Pint of Wine: the Rustics imagining by the Dress of our Adventurer, that he was some Gentleman who was travelling farther, ask'd him how forward the Corn was in those Countries he had travell'd through. This was what our Adventurer desir'd. God betbank'd, said

said he, *there has not been three Weeks finer Weather than the last these six Years, as I know of, and if it continues much longer, 'tis to be hop'd the Fields will be quite clear'd.*—Ay, said the Countrymen, *but the same fair Weather has not bless'd Buckinghamshire, for we have had large intermissive Rains round about us for these six Weeks past, which has done our Corn considerable Damage, and I fear will do more, if the same uncertain Weather continues; yet our Landlord expects his Rent a Fortnight after Quarter-day, notwithstanding all the Misfortunes that attend us at present.*—Pray what Rent may you pay, replies *Witherington*? For having all the same Landlord, as you say, the Sum must be pretty considerable.—Considerable indeed, answer'd they, for not to tell a Word of a Lye, we commonly bring him hither once every Quarter a matter of three hundred Pounds.—That is a round Sum upon my Faith, reply'd *Witherington*: and, pray, does he make no Allowances in Cases of bad Weather or otherwise?—Not a Souce, Sir; for he's one of the most miserly Fellows this Day in the whole Land; he has upward of twelve hundred a Year, and yet grudges to allow himself Necessaries.—Ay, he's a covetous Wretch, indeed, and 'tis a thousand Pities he should be Master of so much Money: Is there no Way to reclaim him, d'ye think?—What do you mean, Sir?—I mean, is there no Way to make him a better Man than he is?—We apprehend there is vast Difficulty in that.—Well, Friends, if you'll leave the Affair to me, I'll manage the Payment of your Rents so well for you, that you shall only pay half of the three hundred Pounds for this Quarter; 'tis true, I'm a Stranger to you, but you may depend on my Sincerity in serving you:—The Countrymen hearing this unexpected Speech from their new Acquaintance, seem'd extraordinarily glad at the News, but wonder'd, as they knew their Landlord's avaricious Temper, how he would pretend to serve them so beneficially: Pray, Sir, said they, *acquaint us how you intend to do us this particular Piece of Service, for we shall all be ready to embrace it.*—Why, I tell you, as soon as your Landlord comes, if he makes any Hesitation at seeing me in your Company, you shall tell him, that being a Relation to one of you, and bred up in the Law, I had a Mind to come and solicit a Favour from him in your Behalf. This was immediately agreed to; and the Landlord appear'd in a Quarter of an Hour, who sat down among his Tennants, without seeming to take Notice of our Adventurer. *Witherington* observing this, spoke to the Farmers,—Gentlemen, I presume this is your Landlord; and now he's come, your Business may be dispatch'd presently.—Accordingly the Master of the Inn was call'd to shew them to a very private Room, because they had Business of the last Importance to transact together. Mr. *Bufler* (so was the Person's Name) order'd one of his Men to conduct them into the Star-chamber, which was over the Brewhouse, and at some Distance from the overhearing of the rest of the House. Hither they were convey'd, and all sat down round a large Table. The Landlord was order'd to produce his last Receipts for Rents, which *Witherington*, as a pretended Lawyer, seem'd to read over with a world of Care.—Well, Mr. Landlord, says he, I find by the Receipts which these Gentlemen, my Acquaintances have from time to time had from you, that they have been extraordinarily exact in paying their Rent every Fortnight after the Quarters became due; and I think you may bless your good Fortune that you have so many honest and good Tenants, who, were they other Men than they are, would have left their Farms a considerable time ago. I shall be very short in what I have to say, for abundance of Words are but unnecessary. You must know, Sir, then, that these six good Men about you, have, as I am inform'd, been Tenants to you a considerable number of Years, which, I take it, makes for them. It seems that none of them owe the Money they have

acquired, to the Produce they have made of your Land, but to other Contingencies, which Fortune has thought fit to throw in their Way. Whence comes it, then, that they preserve such an inviolable Esteem for you and your Farms, in paying your Rent so punctually, that no others will please them? They tell me, they are come this Day to pay you three hundred Pounds for a single Quarter's Rent: Pray, what would it be, Sir, to throw them back this Money, as a small Gratuity for the Losses they are likely to sustain this Year, through the Rains that continue to fall in this Country: Tenants, of all other People, ought to have peculiar Indulgencies, since, by their Labour and Industry so many miserable Wretches like yourself are supported. And if Providence thinks fit to visit one particular County in a Kingdom with an almost continued Tempest, so that the Possessors of the Ground become Losers thereby, 'tis my humble Opinion, that the Head Landlord ought to abate of his Rent in Proportion to the Losses of his Tenants.—The avaricious Landlord look'd on his Tenants with a grim Aspect, testifying thereby the ill Opinion he had of the Stranger; and after some Pause broke out into the following Exclamation; Friend, you are an entire Stranger to me, and I cannot see what Business you have to intermeddle in the Affairs between me and my Tenants, who are all of them honest Men, and pay me my Rent without grumbling. Have you a Mind to create a Variance betwixt us, and break that good Understanding that has subsisted among us for so many Years; if so, declare your Mind, that I may know what I have to do. As for Losses they are likely to sustain; is it in my Power to correct the Weather, or lay Commands on Providence, to make the Season wet or dry just as I or they please? When a Compact is made between Landlord and Tenant for a Farm, the latter covenants to pay a stated annual Rent, without any Diminution for occasional or accidental Rains, for by the same Way of arguing, you may as well say, that provided a Farmer's entire Crop happens to be blighted with Lightning, the Landlord, in such Case, ought to abate of his Tenant's Rent in Proportion to the Loss he sustain'd. Was ever such a Thing heard of? Supposing now, that the Houses my Tenants dwell in should be blown down by the high Winds that whistle about them at this present, pray who is to erect them again? Why, myself; might not I have just Reason to say, that my Loss and Damage was considerable, and therefore according to Equity, my Tenants ought to augment their Rents in Proportion to my Sufferings. This, Sir, is fair Reasoning; and how you can controvert it, I cannot see, produce all the Laws of England on your Side, if you will.—I have nothing farther to say on this Point, but insist, in behalf of my Friends here, that you remit them a hundred and fifty Pounds of this Quarter's Rent, for I am told you have more than enough to support yourself and Family.—Not one Souce, reply'd the Landlord.—We'll try that presently.—But pray Sir, take your Pen, Ink and Paper in the mean time, and write them their Receipts, and the Money shall be forthcoming immediately.—Not a Letter till the Money is within my Hands.—It must be so then, answer'd *Witherington*; you will force a good-natur'd Man to use Extremes with you: and so saying, he laid a Brace of loaded Pistols on the Table. Immediately the Landlord was on his Knees before *Witherington*.—O dear Sir, sweet Sir, kind Sir, loving Sir, for God of Heaven Sake, Sir; be merciful, Sir, and don't take away the Life of an innocent Man, Sir, who never intended you or any Person else any Harm in the whole Course of his Life.—Why, what Harm do I intend you, Friend? Cannot I lay the Pistols I travel with on the Table, but you must throw yourself into this unnecessary Fear? Pray proceed to the Receipts, and write them in full of all Accounts and Demands from the Beginning of the World to this Time, or else—or else—Dear God, Sir, you have an Intention.—Pray dear Sir, have no Intention

against my Life.—To the Receipts then—or by *Ju—pi—ter Am—mon*, I'll— With this the old Landlord wrote full Receipts; and deliver'd them to the respective Farmers— Come, says *Witherington*, this is honest, and to see that you have met with Persons as honest as yourself, you shall have a Hundred and Fifty Pounds, which is a Hundred and Fifty Times more than you deserve; and, I promise you, if Things succeed well with these six good Men, you shall have the other Half made up the next Quarter. And having thus said, he ordered the Countrymen to give him their Money, and he would pay him, which was accordingly done, and he paid him a Hundred and Fifty Pounds. Whereupon all the Company rose up and came down Stairs, the old Landlord seeming extremely cloudy at his Disappointment, but not daring to utter a Word about his Loss, nor the Countrymen venturing to speak a Syllable about what had befallen him, lest worse Consequences might attend this odd Proceeding. The other People in the House plainly discovered an unusual Sadness diffused over the Countenance of the rich Landlord, but could not tell what to impute it to. Our Adventurer having made an End of this singular Transaction, ordered his Horse to be saddled immediately, and, walking into the Stable to see how the Hostler performed his Duty, ask'd him several Questions about the rich Landlord, as how much Land he possessed, and where he lived, and having got a succinct Account from him, he mounted and rode off, with an Expectation of seeing his Twelve Hundred Pounds a Year Landlord in a little Time. He had not rode above a Mile out of Town, when wanting to ease Nature a little, he espied the old Gentleman coming towards him on a gentle Trot, being followed by a Servant with a Portmanteau behind him. On their seeing one another, the old Gentleman seemed very willing to turn back, but *Witherington* taking hold of his Horse's Bridle, desired him not to refuse him his Company, since he had an Affair of great Importance to communicate to him. The old Gentleman, without making any Answer, set Spurs to his Horse, and seemed determin'd to wrest himself by main Force out of the Hands of one he had Reason to hate the worst in the World. Our Adventurer seeing him a little resolute, told him, that since it was so, he was obliged to use some Violence, which he was sorry for, upon his Person, and therefore, as he tendred the Safety of his own Life, bad him give him the Hundred and Fifty Pounds, which remained of the Rent he had lately receiv'd; for, said he, I have infinitely more pressing Occasions for such a Sum of Money than you, who, out of Twelve Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, cannot find the Conscience to allow yourself Necessaries. What, d'ye think that Money was designed for no other Use than to hoard up for a whoring Son, or some distant debauch'd Relation, who, after your Death, will curse your Memory a thousand Times a Day, and triumph over your Grave. No, Money is a Blessing sent us by Heaven, in order that by its Circulation it may afford Nourishment to the Body politick, for if such Rascals as you, by laying up your Thousands in your Coffers to no Advantage, cause a Stagnation, there are Thousands in the World that feel the Consequences, and I am to acquaint you of them; so that a better Deed cannot be done, than to bestow what you have about you to me, for to be plain with you, I am not to be refused, and so saying, he rode up with his Pistol in his Hand to the Footman, whose Portmanteau he having untied, and put on his own Horse, he then went up to the old Gentleman, who, extremely afraid of his Life, delivered him his green Purse with the Hundred and Fifty Guineas, and some old Medals. *Witherington* having received the Spoil, told him, that Charity extorted in that Manner was of no Signification, for if the Heart was not enclined naturally of itself to give, all the Money he had in the World was but a Plague

to him, and then turning his Horse about, he march'd off, leaving this Admonition behind him, to be affable and generous to his Tenants, for they were the Persons that supported him; for had he Eyes to observe with what Difficulty they obtain'd their Money, he would open his Heart a little more, and said, if he heard them speaking against him any more, as he had done in *Buckingham*, he might depend on seeing him at his House, and partake there of such Liberality as his Apartments would afford him, and then he left him.

But *Witherington* after this Adventure found the Country too hot for him to stay any longer in it: For the old Gentleman sent a Hue and Cry after him, and the Description of his Horse, Dress and Person was so truly given, that he was obliged to ride round about the Country for a Matter of two Days and a Night. The first House he put up at was at *Nantwich* in *Cheshire*, at the *George and Vulture* there, where coming in all of a muck Sweat, and his Horse in a weary Condition, the Gentlewoman of the House, who was a Widow Woman, thinking he was come off a large Journey (as indeed he was) took more than ordinary Care about him, for fear he should catch Cold, and order'd him something warm to drink. This Landlady was remark'd all round the Country for her extraordinary Civilities to Strangers, which drew Abundance of Travellers to her House. She was not quite past the fix'd Time of her Mourning, having lost a very good Husband about eight Months before; she had Youth on her Side, and a tolerable good Face to set her off, but what was the principal of all the rest, was, that her Husband having had a rolling Trade while he liv'd, she was left in very good Circumstances. *Witherington*, though very much fatigu'd with his Journey, could not but turn his Eyes upon her, and thank her a thousand Times for the Care she shew'd over him. She answer'd him always with such a lively Briskness, that he was not Master of himself to go to Bed, but, in spite of all the Fatigue of his long Journey, would make a Party among some Gentlemen that came to sup there that Night. These (who were four) it seems, made Pretensions to the Dame, though in a private Way. *Witherington* had too good Eyes not to observe it; and he would now and then smartly point in his Discourse to the Landlady, that she might think herself vastly happy and great, in making a Conquest over so many Hearts. All was carried on with a wonderful deal of Mirth, but still the Widow, as she spoke, drew the Attention of the whole Company. After Supper was over, the Widow addressing herself to our Adventurer, begged him to give the Company a Song, for she was sure he could sing, having so clear and fine a Voice. *Witherington* wanting no further Importunity from a Person he had already fix'd his Affections on, began thus:

*While rosy Charms, and gay Delight
Sit in thy blooming Looks conest,
I tremble; yet admire the Sight,
And feel the Rapture in my Breast;
Oh! sooth my Flame
Thou killing Dame,
And lull my Soul to balmy Rest.
Can gazing, am'rous Man, behold
Those beauteous Eyes, divinely gay,
Or view thy Tresses all of Gold,
And not Love's mighty Hand obey?
Come, and inspire,
Or quench my Fire,
For soon my Soul will melt away.
Come fair Venus, Queen of Pleasure,
And fair Widow, endless Treasure,
Fold within my Arms,
For in Love there is no Measure,
When encirc'd with thy Charms.*

These

These Verses, and the Air our Adventurer delivered them with, were enough to warm an Imagination like that of the Widow's; she was too penetrating not to understand who the Person was they were addrest to; she was at a Loss how to admire the Singer of them too much; and was even going to persuade herself some good Fortune was drawing near her, by having so charming a Gallant under her Roof: She considered the rest of the Company singly for a while within her Breast, but found, on a close Examination, that our Adventurer had the Ascendant over them by a great deal. But to make Trial of the Abilities of the Rest, she desired them to favour her with each a Song, which was complied with, but how distasteful and faint! how distant from the fine and genteel Manner, wherewith *Witherington* pronounced his Words. *I cannot but think*, says she, *that as you have favour'd me with a friendly Song, you can also gratify me with some Adventure of your's, for your Person and Mien plainly discover there is something extraordinary in you, more than a thousand other Men can pretend to.* *Witherington* thank'd her for the Honour she did him, but desired no further Commendation, as he very well knew there was nothing in him but what almost every Man might claim as well as he. To please you, Madam, and if it be no Offence to the Gentlemen in Company here, I shall beg Leave to give a Recital of my coming hither, which may afford some Circumstances of an Adventure not unworthy to be related. All the Company hearing this, were by so much the more solicitous to make him proceed, as they conjectured they should hear some Hints which had been a Mystery to them. *Witherington* finding this, began thus: *I was born, Gentlemen and Lady, on the Confines of Scotland, of Parents not to be despised; for in my Family have been Persons of Dignity and Repute, some of whom have sacrific'd their Lives in the Bed of Honour, in Defence of their Country and Religion; while others, trained up in the different Branches of a liberal and fine Education, have been advanced to considerable Posts in the Kingdom, which they constantly maintained with Integrity and Uprightness of Mind. At five Years of Age I was put under the Tuition of an Uncle of mine, who, having a large Estate and no Children, took a particular liking to me, insomuch that I became his Favourite, and wheresoever he went, I was sure of being carried with him. As my Age advanced, I was put under the Care of Schoolmasters, eminent for their Learning, and before I was full eleven Years old, I could make a Theme, or a Dozen Latin Hexameter and Pentameter Verses tolerably well. But coming into my Fourteenth Year, my Notions of Things began to extend themselves farther; and I thought the School a meer Confinement. Love then began to actuate within me, and, in spite of myself and School, found the Power of Cupid too much superior to all my Endeavours to suppress it. It happened that a neighbouring young Lady frequently made Visits at my Uncle's House, in Company with her Mother; who, as the Neighbourhood reported it, was designed for him. They had a thousand Interviews together, but to what End no Body could ever yet discover. Various were the Discourses about them. And amidst the different Sentiments of the Parishioners, the old Gentlewoman died; upon which the fair and young Daughter was removed to my Uncle's House. I had now an Opportunity of distinguishing more Charms than I had ever done before; I had an intimate Acquaintance with her, and though a Scholar, had the Art to gain her Affections. We loved one another with a Passion that is too difficult to describe: For neither of us could ever endure to be a Moment absent from each other's Conversation. We kiss'd one another, and toy'd out those half Days, when we had play, in little but sincere Dalliances. I made her Verses, and sung her Songs. We*

used to walk together in the Fields, and sit two or three Hours at a Time under the Shade of some Tree, while I diverted her with reading Tales of Love, or Romances. But alas! when we thought our Happiness the most secure, we were unhappily separated; for being at an Age capable of prosecuting nobler and genteeler Studies, my Uncle sent me to the University, to the greatest Regret I ever found in the World. My Uncle was not ignorant of the Love that was between us; he gave us rather Liberty to indulge it, than any Way hinder us in the carrying on of our Amour. The Lady had a considerable Fortune left her by her Mother, who before she died, made her Will, and declared therein my own Uncle her sole Executor, with a Power of disposing of her Daughter to whom he pleased. I had behaved myself hitherto with great Circumspection, so far as my tender Age would permit me; and nothing I thought in the World could hinder me from coming into the Arms of a beautiful Bride with an extensive Portion, and enjoying my Uncle's Estate after his Decease; but Experience tells Mankind, there is no Certainty to be found: For during my being at the College, where I had already studied six Years, my Uncle, though seventy Years of Age, takes her, who was mine by all the sacred Ties of Truth and Love, and no more than seventeen Years old yet, to be his Wife. The first News of this Revolution came inclosed in a Letter a Correspondent of mine in the Country sent me. I was confounded and bewildered, wholly unable to reconcile myself to a Belief of it for several Days: But when I found the Thing too true, what Tongue can express the Anguish of my Soul. I wrote to my Uncle, and signified to him the Injustice he had done me in depriving me of the only Blessing I had in the World, and suggested the monstrous Inequality there was between his and her Age, but my Letter was perused indeed, and afterwards torn to pieces. This I was told of. I was now determined to leave the College, and leaving all the Satisfaction I had received in Books, vindicate myself before my Uncle, and try, since he had done me so much Dishonour, if he had any Inclinations to serve me otherwise. Accordingly, I provided myself with a Horse, and went down into the Country, where he received me with all the outward Marks of extreme Civility. But I could not get a Sight of his Wife for a Fortnight or more, and what were the Reasons of this Conduct I could not find out. One Day I took my Uncle aside into his Clojet, and warmly expostulated the Matter with him. How could you, Sir, offer to deprive me of the greatest Jewel in the Universe? had not Love of a long standing cemented our tender Hearts together, you might then pretend some Plea for what you have done. Your great Age ought at least to have convinced you, that a Match between you and her was preposterous, and what all the World would esteem a downright Compulsion on the Lady's Thoughts: For how could it be otherwise? Is it to be suppos'd that a Virgin, in the Bloom of her Youth, can receive any Satisfaction from the Embraces of a Body wither'd like your's? If Persons are but left to chuse for themselves, they'll match together a thousand Times more equally than either Parents or Guardians will do for them. Your marrying her has depriv'd her of all the Happiness her Thoughts suggested to her; and to take Advantage of my Absence, was doing me and her the greatest Injury that can be imagined; but what can Women guard against, when the Temptations of Money and Riches are constantly set before them? And so saying, I left him to ruminate on my Words.

After this, I strove to divert myself in the most agreeable manner I could, sometimes by perusing the choicest Books in my Uncle's Library, and sometimes by walking in his Gardens, which were vastly fine and beautiful. One Evening, as the Sun was going to set, I happen'd to take a solitary Turn in his

this Wilderness; and a Thrush singing very melodiously, I sat down in an Arbour to enjoy the Musick the Bird made. I had not been here long before I heard something tread softly among the Trees; which at first putting me into some Confusion, I started from my Solitude, and casting my Eyes around, what should I espy but my once dear Love: I ran to her with an Emotion of Mind not to be express'd, and throwing my Arms about her Waste, conducted her to a more secret Place in the Wilderness; where sitting down, we at first gaz'd on one another with all the Joy imaginable, and then bursting out into Tears, our Tongues by degrees found Vent. I began to express my Concern that I had been depriv'd from seeing her ever since my Arrival, and could not well tell what to impute it to. At this she paus'd a while, and then began thus: *Oh! says she, were I to begin at the Original of my Troubles and anxious Hours since your first going to Cambridge, I should swell the Narration to a Day's Length, which the Shortness of the Time will not permit me to relate; but take a Part: You are sensible, my dear Witherington, how pleasingly we liv'd and lov'd together for some Years, till your Absence broke the Alliance between us, and reduc'd me to the miserable Condition I am now in. No sooner was your Back turn'd, but I became too sensible under what a Master I was got; for wanting to write to you, I was deny'd the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper, and confin'd to the Limits of your Uncle's House and Gardens, with a Woman Servant, one of his own procuring, to attend me. If I spoke at any time of the Respect I had for you, I was answer'd, that my Respect was unseasonable, and I was now under the Care of one who had the absolute Disposal of my Person. At this I would pour out a thousand Tears, and seem'd drown'd with my crying, till sooth'd with some flattering Promises he made me, I was made easy for a short Time: But, alas! my dear Witherington, the Remembrance of you still was uppermost in my Thoughts, and while that possess'd me, all the Pleasures he allow'd me were tasteless and insipid. Finding this, he bought me rich Cloaths, as if he design'd to win me over by this, but his Aim was fruitless: At length, after a thousand Applications to no purpose, in order to wear your Idea out of my Mind, he propos'd Marriage, but without naming the Man. I told him I had entertain'd Thoughts of that honourable State a long Time, but none except his Nephew could make me happy.—My Nephew, reply'd he, why, my Dear, he has nothing but what I support him with, and that's but very little; 'tis true, I have a large Estate, and some tell me he is Heir at Law to it, nay, I have promised to leave him it; but 'tis all on a Provision that he acts in Obedience to my Commands, which in courting you he does not.*

I found now how Things were likely to go, and therefore to make my unhappy Condition as pleasing to me as I could, I fancy'd a thousand romantick Dreams in my Head, purely to divert my Melancholy. Sometimes I flatter'd myself I should still see you, and compleat my Happiness, but I found I was only amusing myself with Impossibilities. One Evening your Uncle taking me in his Chaise, put the Question about Marriage to me; I seem'd astonish'd at the Relation, and told him, I wondred at his making such an Offer to me, when he knew the Engagements between you and me. He seem'd offended at my Presumption in acquainting him so, and told me, he had a Right to my Person and Fortune above all other Men in the World. I generously reply'd to this, that if it was so, he must never expect to have either my Love or Duty. This home Speech seemingly made no Impression upon me; we return'd Home, and supp'd together. In the Morning the Parson of the Parish came to Breakfast with us, and during the Time, he attack'd me with all the Force of Reason in order to induce me to comply with my Guardian's Gommands; he represented to

me the Advantages of such a Match, and the Superiority such an Alliance would give me over the low Circumstances of a poor Collegian, who was forc'd to acknowledge all he had to the Benevolence of his Uncle. I return'd such an Answer as I was capable of giving; for what could I do, who was only myself, and unassisted by any body. In short, I found I must be marry'd to the Person I hated the worst in the World; and marry'd I was within a Week after this Interview between the Parson, my Uncle, and me.

Here she wept abundantly, and both of us, for some Time, were lost in Pity in one another's Arms. I strove to divert her with all the Power of Language I was Master of, but was not able to recover her from her Uneasiness for a considerable Time; she hung upon me, and kiss'd me; I return'd the Salutes with the same Warmth, till fired with uncommon Desire, we acted that together which nothing but the greatest Dishonour in the World could have prompted me to, had I been in my Senses: But alas! 'twas too late to repent, and the dear Creature began to love me the more. We continued in the Bower together till 'twas almost dark, tho' the rising Moon gave us still an Opportunity of seeing and gazing upon one another. Ill Fortune attended this amorous Interview, for her Maid having miss'd her, had been searching all over the Garden for a long Time for her, but to no Purpose: At last, Curiosity leading her into the Wilderness, she came near the Place where we were sitting together, and overhearing two Persons talk, she silently drew nigher, and discover'd us together. What were the Consequences d'ye think? Why, the old Man was acquainted with the whole Affair, and to make the Accusation heavier against me, the Maid confronted us in every Particular. My Uncle rav'd and storm'd, and appear'd like a mad Man; he reprimanded me very severely. I strove to vindicate the Lady's Honour, and justify myself; but he was above Conviction, and plainly told me, that I must never expect one Farthing from him; and for his Wife, he would take Care to secure her Conduct for the future; adding, that the World was wide enough for me, so I was at Liberty to see what my Learning could gain me: And having thus said, he flung out of the Room and left me.

Here was a sad Mortification to gaul a Man's Spirits; I found I was inevitably rejected by my Uncle, and that there was no Recourse left me in the World but to put myself into the Arms of it. Accordingly I made ready in the Morning to depart; when, taking Leave of my dear Creature, she convey'd into my Bosom a Purse of fifty Guineas, and bad me think of her. Thus I left the Family, with a Resolve to seek my Fortune some where or other; and Chance has thrown me into this hospitable House, where I cannot but own, I have found as much Beauty as I have been sadly depriv'd of.

Our Adventurer here put an End to his fictitious and artful Tale, which so wrought on the Minds of the Company, especially the fair Widow, that he plainly saw he was no unwelcome Guest. He drew his Chair close to her, and caress'd her in a very moving manner, which put one of the other Gentlemen into some Confusion. *Witherington* found he had a Rival to deal with, and should he stay and prosecute his Suit with Warmth, he would see clearer into the Affair. This Consideration determin'd him to remain a Month at *Nantwich*. All now withdrew, the Gentlemen to their Homes, and the Widow and her Family to Bed.

Next Morning our Adventurer being with the Widow, they had a close Discourse together about the Losses and Profits of Inn-keeping. *Witherington* seem'd to hint, as if the Care that attended so large a Family, was too much for a Woman to bear, and judg'd that a Man was the fittest Person to bear so large a Burthen on his Back. The Widow return'd him Answer, that what he said was very true, and she

she should think herself happy in finding a Man proper for it. Why, says *Witherington*, I cannot think but there are Men enough to be found.—Methinks I observ'd one in the Company last Night discover how well he loved you. To this she reply'd, That she was too sensible of it, but could not return his Affection suitably; that she had had since her Husband's Decease abundance of Suitors, but that not one amongst them all could please; that she had a delicate Palate with respect to Man, for which the World ought not to censure her, since she had sufficient to make the Person she took for her Husband exceeding happy, provided he was frugal and temperate.

This Discourse mightily pleased our Adventurer, who finding he had room enough to speak for himself, ask'd if there was any thing in his Person that could win her. The Widow, confounded at the Advances she had made, knew not how to retreat, but putting on a smiling Countenance, told him, *That as he was so generous in speaking for himself, he might go on, and doubtless Prosperity and Success would attend him; that to be frank, she could set her Affection on him as soon or sooner than any Man in England, but Decency and the Censure of the World made her stop her Desires, which otherwise she should think no Injury ingratifying.* *Witherington* praised the Choice and Preference she seem'd to make, but told her, *That he could not impute the Declaration she had made to any thing else but a Motive of Female Gallantry.*—You may impute it to what you will, Sir, reply'd she, *but I can assure you, if ever Man had an Ascendant over my Heart, you may pretend to some Part of the Conquest; your Narration last Night too warmly engross'd my Thoughts, to let it or the Idea of your Person die so soon in my Memory. What I now speak is from the Reality of my Heart, and tho' you may pretend to an easy Conquest over me, yet, let me warn you to improve it moderately and with Discretion, for, tho' a Woman, I can tell how to revenge an Injury, or requite a Kindness.*

What an *Ecclairecissement* was here? Sure *Witherington* wish'd a thousand Blessings on his propitious Stars, who had thus befriended him in the Opinion and Sentiments of the Widow. All now was Rapture and Emotion; if the Widow lov'd the Person of *Witherington*, no less was he taken with her Money. Since this licentious Course of Life, he had abandon'd a great many of his good Qualities, for Money was the only Thing he had any View to.

We shall find in the Sequel a very barbarous Murder close the End of this Courtship, which was attended with so promising a Beginning. By this Time the Gentleman, who, the Night before seem'd concern'd at the sudden Familiarity between our Adventurer and the Widow, was acquainted how Things were going; he was confounded at the News, but knew that it was no more than he expected; he vow'd Revenge not on the Person of *Witherington*, but the beautiful Widow; his Intentions squar'd in every Article with those of our Adventurer; for 'twas her Money that made him offer Love: He had been inform'd by several of his Acquaintance, who knew her Designs better than himself, that to wed her, was the sure and ready Way to his Destruction: That she had been tax'd with sending her late Husband out of the World by Poison, and it might be his or any other Person's ill Fortune, who should chance to marry her, to meet with the same inhuman Fate: As the Gentleman had courted her for some Time, and her bewitching Carriage had influenc'd him to a great Degree, it was not easy for him to wipe away so soon the Impression he had receiv'd; he began to think within himself what he was going to do, and seriously consider'd all the Consequences that might attend him, was she really as represented: He had had but too flagrant an Instance of her fluctuating Temper and Inclination from what he had seen pass the Night before between him and our Adventurer; therefore he was determin'd to reward her

Nº. VII.

Inconstancy by a just Punishment, and do a Piece of Service to the Stranger-Gentleman, (as he term'd our Adventurer) by opening his Eyes against her.

With this View he sent a written Note by his Servant, directed to the Person that came in the Night before to the Inn. *Witherington* received it, and at first, seem'd confused, not knowing what the Design was. He perus'd it over three times before he gave any Answer, and then told the Man that he would wait on his Master presently. They met together at the Gentleman's own House, and the Widow was amus'd with this Tale, that Mr. ——— having took a Fancy to the Traveller's Company and Conversation, must needs have him to dine with him that Day. This was a fine Artifice to make her easy. When they were sat down together, the Gentleman excus'd himself for sending for him in that manner, by acquainting him that he had an Affair of the last Importance to communicate with him, and that it was purely to do him a Piece of signal Service, that made him send for him. *You must know, Sir, that the Widow of the Inn where you lodge now has bury'd her Husband about eight Months ago: The Man was an excellent Person in his Way, and a great Oeconomist, so that by his Frugality and candid Behaviour to his Customers at all Times, he acquir'd a competent Estate; and leaving no Children behind him, he bequeath'd every Penny of it by his Will to his Wife.* I am sorry to think I have just Occasion to speak what I am going to acquaint you with concerning this Woman. I am told by abundance of Persons, whose Veracity may be depended on, that she poisoned the poor Man to make way to his Effects, tho' he had before secured them to her by his Testament. 'Tis true, I courted the Woman, and have done so almost since her Husband's Decease, thinking her Money sufficient to make me happy in my Circumstances; which, without hiding them from you, are a little involved at present; but having a Mind to prefer my Ease before any other Consideration, I have thought fit, at my Friends Importunities and Sollicitations, to wipe her Memory out of my Mind, and be no longer a Slave either to the Love of her Person or her Money. Now the End of my sending for you is this: I had frequent Opportunities of discovering her wavering Inclination last Night, while you was reciting your Adventure; not, Sir, that I harbour'd the least Jealousy in the World about it, for I scorn so ignominious a Passion; but I am sorry to think I have made my Addresses to a Woman so abominable, if Report be true: Besides, I am acquainted she is making all the Haste she can to draw you into Marriage, which, how consequential, the Lord above can only tell; but I am afraid of the worst, and would warn you as a Friend, to avoid her Insinuations and artful Ways. I cannot help thinking, but that both our Desires are alike; I mean, that we want Money, and I think, I could put us into a Way how to squeeze every Farthing from this Woman, who values herself upon her Effects. *Witherington* for some Time could not tell what to reply; however, he return'd the Gentleman a great many Thanks for his timely forewarning him in such an important Case; and told him, if he would leave the Affair to him for two or three Day longer, and not come to Extremes so soon, he'd warrant to find out all the Baseness that lurk'd within her Breast, and then, if they had a Mind, they might make what Use of her they thought proper. The Gentleman seem'd satisfy'd with this, and so they parted for this Time.

Our Adventurer returning to the Inn, called the Widow aside, and then acquainted her with the whole Proceeding between him and the Gentleman. She seem'd in a Rage, and protested the World was very censorious, and declared she would have her Revenge on him, cost what it would. *Whitberington* foreseeing a Rupture was going to break out, thought it high Time to make his Advantage of the credulous Woman, who was ready to believe

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any thing he said: So that Night taking her aside, he told her, that the best Way to revenge herself on him, would be, if she had any Inclinations of marrying him, to give him some Mark of her Favour that might distinguish him above his Rival. Glad of this Opportunity, she conveys him into a Closet, where shewing him all her Money and Plate, she acquainted him, that all those were at his Service, provided he did her so much Service as to deliver her from the Importunities of the Gentleman. *Witherington* said she might depend upon him, and so they withdrew for that Night, which was indeed the last of their seeing one another—He retired into his Chamber, and there taking Pen, Ink and Paper, he wrote the following Letter.

My Dear,

EVER mindful of what a Woman says, especially one who has been pleas'd to set her Affections on me, I have wrote this Letter purely to acquaint you, that being obliged to go to London, and the Journey being pretty long, I could not do better than make Use of the Money in the Closet, which you was so good as to say was at my Service. I was in exceeding Haste when I began to write this, so that I cannot spare more Time, than to tell you to be sure of thinking upon me till my Return,

Witherington.

After he had wrote this he went privately into the Closet, and secured all the Widow's real Money, which amounted to above Three Hundred Pounds, and returning into his Chamber, got all his Things ready, and going down Stairs into the Yard, got into the Stable, saddled his Horse, mounted and rode out at a back Door, leaving the Family fast asleep, and the Widow and her Gentleman Lover to prosecute their Amours as they thought fit.

Witherington having obtained this large Booty of Money, pursued his Journey within twenty Miles of London, when between *Acton* and *Uxbridge*, not being satisfied with his late Acquisitions, he committed a Robbery on the Highway, for which he was sent to *Newgate*, where he lived a very profligate Life to the very Day of his Execution.

At the same Time flourish'd one *Jonathan Woodward* and *James Philpot*, two most notorious House-breakers, who, in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, the Suburbs thereof, *Southwark*, and most Towns and Villages in the Counties of *Middlesex* and *Surrey*, had committed daily Robberies for some Years, for which they were sent to the *Marsalsea*, and condemned to be hang'd upon *St. Margaret's-Hill*, in the Borough of *Southwark*; but King *James I.* happening that Year to come to the Throne of *England*, they were both pardoned upon an Act then put out for all Criminals, excepting for High-Treason and wilful Murther. However, these Villains not making good Use of this Mercy, still pursued their old wicked Courses, committing frequent Burglaries and Robberies, till at last being apprehended again, and sent to *Newgate*, they were try'd with the above-mentioned *Thomas Witherington*, at the *Sessions-House* in the *Old-Baily*, and with eight other Malefactors were condemned, but these three being most notorious Offenders, were only appointed for Death. And while they continued in the Condemned-Hold, they led abominable Lives, abandoning themselves to all Manner of cursing and swearing, notwithstanding the extraordinary Pains and Care of the Ordinary to reclaim them.

At the same Time there was living one *Mrs. Elizabeth Elliot*, who having a Son, that about two or three Years before, was condemned to be hanged for the like Practices, but received Mercy, and became a good Man, in Compassion for other Criminals, and in Acknowledgment of the King's Royal Favour, on her Death Bed willed Two Hundred and

Fifty Pounds to the Parish of *St. Sepulchre's* in *London*, to find a Man who should for ever, betwixt the Hours of Eleven and Twelve of the Clock of the Night before any Prisoners were to die, go under *Newgate*, and giving them Notice of his being come by a solemn Ringing of a Hand-Bell, should then put them in Mind of their approaching End, by repeating several godly Expressions, tending to instruct them for a true Preparation for Death: After which he says to the Prisoners appointed for Death—*Gentlemen, Are you awake?* who from the Condemned-Hold, answering—*Yes*—he then proceeds thus:

Gentlemen, I am the unwelcome Messenger who brings you the fatal News that you must to-morrow die. Your Time is but short, the Hours slide away apace, the Glass runs fast, and the last Sand being upon dropping, when you must launch out into boundless Eternity, give not yourselves to sleep, but watch and pray to gain eternal Life. Repent sooner than St. Peter, and weep before the Cock crows, for now Repentance is the only Road to Salvation; be fervent in this great Duty, and without Doubt to-morrow you may be with the penitent Thief on the Cross in Paradise. Pray without ceasing. Quench not the Spirit. Abstain from all Appearance of Evil. As your own Wickedness has caused all this Evil to fall upon you, and brought the Day of Tribulation near at Hand, so let Goodness be your sole Comfort, that your Souls may find perpetual Rest with your blessed Saviour, who died for the Sins of the World; he will wipe all Tears from your Eyes, remove your Sorrows, and assuage your Grief, so that your Sin-sick Souls shall be healed for evermore. I exhort you earnestly not to be negligent of the Work of your Salvation, which depends upon your sincere Devotion betwixt this and to-morrow, when the Sword of Justice shall send you out of the Land of the Living. Fight the good Fight of Faith; and lay hold of eternal Life whilst you may, for there is no Repentance in the Grave; ye have pierced yourselves through with many Sorrows; but a few Hours will bring you to a Place where you will know nothing but Joy and Gladness. Love Righteousness, and hate Iniquity, then God, even your God, will anoint you with the Oil of Gladness, above your Fellowes. Go now boldly to the Throne of Grace, that ye may obtain Mercy, and find Grace to help in Time of Need. The God of Peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole Spirits, and Souls, and Bodies, may be preserved blameless unto the meeting of your Blessed Redeemer: The Lord have Mercy upon you; Christ have Mercy upon you! Sweet Jesus receive your Souls; and to-morrow may you sup with him in Paradise. To all which the Spectators cry, Amen.

Next Day on which they are to die, the Bell in the Steeple is to toll for them, and under *St. Sepulchre's* Church-yard Wall, the Cart or Carts stopping, the aforesaid Man, after ringing his Hand-Bell again from over the Wall, repeats again some religious Exhortations to the Prisoners, which are as follow:

Said by the Bell-man over *St. Sepulchre's* Church-Wall.

Gentlemen, consider now you are going out of this World into another, where you will live in Happiness or Woe for evermore. Make your Peace with God Almighty, and let your whole Thoughts be entirely bent upon your latter End. Cursed is he that hangeth on a Tree; but 'tis hop'd the fatal Tie will bring your precious Souls to an Union with the great Creator of Heaven and Earth, to whom I recommend your Souls, in this your final Hour of Distress. Lord have Mercy upon you; Christ look down upon you, and comfort

comfort you. Sweet Jesus receive your Souls this Day into eternal Life. Amen.

I thought inserting these Particulars would not be unacceptable to the candid Reader, since the three

Persons above-mention'd were the first to whom these Exhortations and Warnings were given. And thus ended the Life of our Adventurer *Thomas Witherington*.

The LIFE of THOMAS RUMBOLD.

THIS *Thomas Rumbold* was descended from honest and creditable Parents at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*. In his Youth he was put Apprentice to a Bricklayer, but evil Inclinations having an Ascendant over his Mind, he went from his Master before he had well served two Thirds of his Time. This Elopement obliged him to pursue some Irregularities to support himself: He absconded from his Father's House, and having a Desire of seeing *London*, he came up to Town, where getting into the Company of a notorious Gang of Robbers, he went on the Highway, and frequently took a Purse. This Course he continued some Time, in Conjunction with Confederates; but having a Mind to make Prizes by himself, he ventured by himself, committing several Depredations on his Countrymen; the following whereof have come to our Hands.

The Archbishop of *Canterbury* being to go from *Lambeth* to *Canterbury*, *Rumbold* was determin'd to Way-lay him; and accordingly getting Sight of him between *Rockester* and *Sittingborn* in *Kent*, he gets into a Field, and spreading a large Tablecloth on the Grass, on which he had placed several Handfuls of Gold, he then takes a Box and Dice out of his Pocket, and falls a playing at Hazard by himself. His Grace riding by that Place, and espying a Man shaking his Elbows by himself, sent one of his Footmen to know the Meaning of it. The Man was no sooner come up to *Rumbold*, who was still playing very eagerly, swearing and staring like a Fury at his Losses, but he returns to the Reverend Prelate, and telling him what he had seen, his Grace stept out of his Coach to him, and seeing none but him, ask'd him who he was at play with? Damn it, said *Rumbold*, there's five hundred Pounds gone: Pray, Sir, be silent. His Grace going to speak again, Ay, said *Rumbold*, there's a hundred Pounds more lost. Prithce, said the Archbishop, who art thou at play with? *Rumbold* reply'd with—; And how will you send the Money to him? — By, said *Rumbold*, his Ambassadors; and therefore looking upon your Grace to be one of them extraordinary, I shall beg the Favour of you to carry it him: According, giving his Grace about six hundred Pounds in Gold and Silver, he put it into the Seat of his Coach, and away he rid to *Sittingborn* to bait. *Rumbold* rid thither also to bait in another Inn; and riding some short while before his Grace, as soon as he had Sight of him again, he had planted himself in another Field in the same playing Posture as he had before; which his Grace seeing as riding by, went again to see this strange Gamester, whom he then took to be really a Madman. No sooner was his Grace approaching *Rumbold*, who then had little or no Money upon his Cloth, but he cry'd out—Six hundred Pounds—What, said the Archbishop, lost again. No, reply'd *Rumbold*, won, by Gad; I'll play this Hand out, and then leave off. So, Eight hundred Pounds more, Sir, won; I'll leave off while I'm well. And who have you won of, said his Grace? Of the same Person, reply'd *Rumbold* that I left the Six hundred Pounds with you for before you went to Dinner. And how, said his Grace, will you get your Winnings? Says *Rumbold*, of his Ambassador too: So riding up with Sword and Pistol in Hand to his Grace's Coach, he took Fourteen hundred Pounds

out of the Seat thereof over and above his own Money, which he had entrusted in his Hands to give to—and rid off.

When *Rumbold* had got this large Booty by playing, whose Happiness it was never to see, without becoming a very great Convert indeed, he bought him a Place, but did not leave off robbing on the Road; and in order for his better Advantages, he kept in Fee with most of the Hostlers and Chamberlains of the chiefest Inns in the Country for forty Miles about *London*: So that having one Day a Blow set him at *Colebrook*, that is to say, being inform'd that a Couple of Travellers lay at a certain Inn in the abovesaid Town, he rose early the next Morning, and way-laid them in their Journey to *Reading*, so went before them to surprize them at *Muddenhead-Thicket*; but the Travellers being cunning, they had given out in Publick the wrong Road they were to go; for instead of riding to *Reading*, they went to *Windor*, so that *Rumbold* missing of his Prey, rode back again very melancholy; when meeting with the Earl of *Oxford*, who was attended only with one Groom and a Footman, he clapt his Hair into his Mouth to disguise himself for his intended Design, and attack'd his Lordship with the terrifying Words, *Stand and Deliver*, withal swearing, that if he made any Resistance he was a dead Man. The Expostulations the Earl us'd to save what he had, were as much in vain, as to pretend to wash a Blackamore white; however he swore too, that since he must lose what he had, *Rumbold* should search his Pockets himself, for he would not be at that Trouble. Upon this our Adventurer commanding his Lordship's Servants to keep at above a hundred Foot Distance upon pain of Death, he took the Pains of searching the Earl; when finding nothing but Boxes and Dice in the Pockets of his Coat and Waistcoat, he began to rend the Skies with many First-Rate Oaths, swearing also, that he believ'd he was the Groom-Porter, else some gaming Sharper going to bite the poor Country People at their Fairs and Markets, till searching his Breeches, he found within a good gold Watch and six Guineas; he changed his angry Countenance into smiling Features, and giving his Lordship eighteen Pence, bad him be of good Cheer, go up to his Regiment then at *London* as fast as he could, and do his Duty as he ought, and when he next met with him, he would give him better Encouragement.

Rumbold and an Acquaintance of his being one Day at *Canterbury*, in the Dress of a Country Fellow, they went to a Tavern to drink a Quart of Wine. It seems the Master of the House was a complete Sharper, who, taking his two Guests for ignorant Fellows, was determined to put the Chouse upon them, as he call'd it; accordingly he brought them a Wine Quart Pot, but it was little more than half full: He intended they should have it raw, but it being a cold Morning, they bad him roast it, that is, put it to the Fire and burn it: The Vintner was at a Loss in filling out the first Glass, but not knowing how to help it, he set it down before the Fire, and, as was suppos'd, intended to fill it up afterwards; but he forgetting that, and our Adventurer and his Acquaintance being busy in Discourse, forgot to look after the Pot; when on a sudden they look'd, and the Pot was melted above half way down, which was as far as there was no Wine in it; The Maid observing the

the Pot melted, call'd out to them, What? honest Men, do you melt your Pot? Not we, said they, it was the Fire: But you are like to pay for it, reply'd the Wench. That is when we do, said they. Upon this, the Master of the Tavern appears, to whom the Maid tells how the two Fools had been telling their *Canterbury Tales* together till the Pot was melted.—Then they must pay for it, answers the Vintner, for it was given into their Charge and Custody, and that therefore they ought to look after it, and since it was damag'd to pay for it. They reply'd, they took no Charge of it, neither did they touch it, but only order'd him to burn the Wine well. The Vintner insisted to be paid for his Pot. They told him, they would not. Upon this he threaten'd them with a Justice of Peace's Warrant. This Menace somewhat troubling them, and unwilling to have any Dispute in the Affair, they told the Vintner they were content to pay for the Wine, and allow Sixpence more for mending the Pot. The Vintner told them that would not do, for it could not be mended, and he must have a new one. Our Adventurer and his Companion seeing the Vintner so unreasonable, were content to have the Justice determine the Controversy, wherefore before his Worship they went, and the Vintner made his Complaint, how that those two Men had melted his Quart-pot, and refused to pay for it. The Justice perceiving how the Matter lay, and that he told his Tale wrong, desired the Men to speak, who, in plain Terms, told him they took no Charge of the Pot, but only desir'd the Drawer to cause the Wine to burnt; that he had accordingly set it down by the Fire, and that without their handling or touching it, the Pot was melted. So, said the Justice, and did neither of you drink of the Wine? No, not one Drop, reply'd our Adventurer, and yet we offer'd to pay for the Wine, and give Six-pence towards mending the Pot. This is more than you shall need to do, answer'd the Justice, and then he thus proceeded with the Vintner.

Friend, with what Confidence can you demand any Money of these Men, who had nothing of you? Since you will not do them Justice, I will. I do hereby acquit them from paying any thing for Wine, because they never had any, and for the melting the Pot, how did they do it? It was not they, but your Servant who drew Wine, who, had he fill'd the Pot full of Wine, the Fire could not have melted it; for I very well understand that the Pot was melted no farther than it was empty; and farther, continu'd the Justice, this shall not serve your Turn, for I shall fine you for not filling your Pot: Your Crime is very apparent and evident, and so shall your Punishment be; and I order you, as a Fine, to pay down twenty Shillings for your Misdemeanour, or else I shall make your Mittimus, and send you to Prison. Thus was the Case alter'd, and the Tale now was of another Hog, for the Vintner, who expected Satisfaction, was forc'd to give it, and that immediately, or else go to Prison. This went against the Hair, but Necessity has no Law, and therefore down he paid the Money, and came Home heartily vexed, not so much for the Money he had paid, as for the Disgrace he receiv'd, for he was now become the Town-talk.

As *Rumbold* was riding along the Road he met with a young Girl with a Milk-pail on her Head, but was amaz'd to see so much Perfection in her Face; he rode up pretty close to her, purposely to entertain some Discourse with her, introductory to a new Acquaintance: The first Questions he put to her were frivolous and indifferent, which she seem'd to answer with abundance of Modesty. *Rumbold* seeing her open a Gate to milk a Cow, followed her, and tying his Horse to a Hedge, desir'd her Pardon for his Rudeness, and begg'd her to entertain a favourable Opinion of his Actions, for he would not offer the least Injury or Prejudice to her Chastity. Being over persuaded with his Protestations and Vows to that Purpose, she admitted him to sit down and discourse with her, whilst she perform'd the Office of a Milk-maid.

Rumbold had much ado to contain his Hands within Bounds when he viewed her stroking the Cow's Dugs, which so heighten'd his amorous Passion, that the Vows and Protestations he had so lately made soon vanish'd out of his Memory. In short, after some Dalliances, Intreaties and Love-persuasions, and using corporal Strength, he obtain'd his Desires. After this they grew more familiar together, but the Burthen of the Song was, that *Rumbold* had undone her; but let the Reader judge the Truth of this. It was concluded that she should go home to her Father's House, and that towards Night our Adventurer would come thither likewise according to the Time appointed, as if he had never seen her before, and that he accidentally rode that Way in order to be inform'd what Course he was to take to pursue his Journey right.

The Maid went cunningly in, and acquainted her Father and Mother, that there was a Gentleman without, who appear'd such by his Countenance, Garb and Dress, that fearing to travel farther, being Night, and not knowing the Way, he desir'd to rest himself until the Morning. The Parents of the young Woman had more Respect for our Adventurer than to let him travel farther, whereby he might be expos'd to Difficulties, civilly admitted him into their House. *Rumbold* being handsomely entertain'd, was resolv'd to dedicate that Night to the Charms of his fair and young Mistress; but Heaven cross'd his amorous Design, and all the Stars were against him.

Next Morning our Adventurer feign'd himself very ill, purely to have a Pretence of staying, which he acquainted the Daughter with. The old People were vastly loving and courteous, so that as soon as they heard of it, they came to see *Rumbold* in his Chamber, and express'd extraordinary Compassion and Pity for him. They provided every Thing they thought necessary for him. Our Adventurer offer'd them Money for their Services, but they absolutely refused it; and to make them entertain the better Opinion of him, he shew'd a great Quantity of Gold.

Rumbold lay at the Farmer's House at least a Fortnight in this pretended ill State of Health; several Doctors had been with him, but not one of them all had Knowledge enough to dive into his Distemper. During this Time he had the charming Daughter every Night, who, contrary to the Custom of most Women, did not seem coy and nice in gratifying that Passion which was the Centre of her Hopes. *Rumbold* fearing too long an Illness might give the old People some Uneasiness, or cause 'em to suspect him, left off counterfeiting any longer Indispositions, and shew'd them some Recovery of his Strength. When the old People at any time came into his Chamber, the main Subject of our Adventurer's Discourse commonly turn'd on the many signal Favours he had receiv'd, and that if he liv'd he would gratefully repay them. Being restor'd to his usual Strength, he told them that he could never well enough recompence the Care and Love they had had over him, unless it were by marrying their Daughter, who had already won his Heart. The Parents made many Excuses upon this Article: The first Objection was, that she was but a poor Country Girl, and the like. However, *Rumbold* was not so backward to himself but he made several Enquiries in a neighbouring Town about the Circumstances of the Farmer, whom he found by the Report of every Body to be a very wealthy Person; and that Time had not been more careful in furnishing his Head with Silver Hairs, than he industrious to maintain them by the Procuration of a plentiful Estate. The Girl he pretended to love was the only Darling of the good old People; for the Father furrow'd the Surface of the Earth, and chose rather to sell than to eat his better Sort of Provision, in order to augment and increase her Portion. The old Farmer thought he had bestow'd his Labour to a good Purpose, since he had met with a blest Opportunity, wherein

wherein he should add Gentility to his Daughter's Riches. O! the Slaughter of Pigs, Geese and Capons, which, as to some Idol, were sacrificed daily to procure our Adventurer's Favour. As he was not sparing of his Food, so was he liberal enough in sending for Wine, which he did at the Quantity of six Bottles at a time; so that the old Man was brought to this Pass, that he car'd not whether he spent his Estate on *Rumbold* or gave it him; and the Daughter was so pleas'd with the Person and Embraces of our Adventurer, that above all other Satisfactions in the World she lov'd his Company the best. The Endearments *Rumbold* and the Daughter had together are inexpressible, and the old Parents were never more pleas'd than when they saw them together, which gave our Adventurer more Opportunities of being with his Mistress than he could reasonably hope for or expect. *Rumbold's* main Design was to sift the young Woman in relation to the Quantity of Money her Father had, and where it lay. She told him that he had not above five Pounds in the House, having two or three Days past laid out all his ready Money in a Purchase. This was no small Mortification to our Gentleman, who thought it Labour lost to stay any longer, when he could not glean the Father's Harvest, tho' he had crop't the Mother's Labour, and so resolv'd to be going, but not without one solemn Night's taking Leave of her. The Night being come, she purposely staid up till all the rest were gone to Bed. But Fortune now had a Mind to play our Adventurer an ill Turn; for he and his Mistress being too imprudently hasty in the Kitchen, both of them stumbled against two Barrels piled one on the other, and fell, and both were so entangled that they could not disengage themselves so soon, but that her Father came out crying—In the Name of Goodness what is the Matter? And groping about, caught *Rumbold* by the naked Breech. Seeing there was no Remedy, he desir'd him to be silent, and not spread his Daughter's Disgrace; if so, he would shortly make her a Recompence. The old Man was very much perplex'd, and could not forbear telling his Wife of what had pass'd. They both cry'd out, that their Daughter was undone; and the Daughter was in the same Tone unless *Rumbold* would marry her.

Rumbold, to colour the Matter, stay'd about three or four Days longer, and at last march'd off incognito, sending her twenty Pieces of Gold, and a Copy of Verses, which, as too plain and pertinent to the sweet Treatment that had pass'd between them, we shall at present here omit.

Rumbold taking his Leave thus abruptly of the Farmer and his loving Daughter, rode a long Time, but met with no Body worthy of his Notice: Being weary, he struck into an Inn, and by the Time he had thoroughly refresh'd himself, the Evening began to approach. Upon this he mounted, and so put on. Passing by a small Coppice in a Bottom between two Hills, a Gentleman (as our Adventurer suppos'd him) well armed, and handsomely accoutred, started out upon him, and bad him deliver instantly. *Rumbold* hearing him say so, told him, if he would but have Patience he would, and with that drew out a Pocket-pistol, and fir'd at him without doing any Execution. If you are for a little Sport, reply'd the Gentleman, I'll shew you some instantly; whereupon drawing a Pistol he shot our Adventurer into the Leg; having so done, with his Sword, that hung ready at his Wrist, he neatly cut at one Blow the Reins of *Rumbold's* Bridle, so that he was not able to manage his Horse; but he being good at Command, and us'd to the Charge, he gave him to understand with the winding of his Body what he was to do.—Come, Sir, said the Adversary, have you enough yet? In Faith, Sir, answer'd our Adventurer, I'll exchange but one Pistol more, and if that proves unsuccessful, I'll then submit to your Mercy. Upon this he shot but miss'd his Mark, however he kill'd his Horse, which instantly fell. The Gentleman,

notwithstanding this Loss, was so nimble, that, before *Rumbold* could think what to do, he had sheathed his Sword in his Horse's Belly, which made our Adventurer come tumbling down too. Once more, said my Antagonist, we are upon equal Terms, and since the Obscurity of the Place gives us Freedom, let us try our Courage, one must fall: And upon that with his Sword, which was made for Cut and Thrust, he made a full Pass at his Body, but he putting it by, clos'd in with him, and upon the Hug threw him with much Facility. Our Adventurer was surpriz'd at first, which he needed not have done, since his Nature (as he understood afterwards) was so prone to it. Having him down, Sir, said he, I shall teach you for the future to be careful on whom you set; wherefore now yield, Sir, or I shall compel you. With much Reluctance he did, and ty'd his Hands and Feet with Cords he had for that Purpose, and so fell to rifling him. Unbuttoning his Coat to find if there was no Gold quilted therein, he wonder'd to see a Pair of Breasts so unexpectedly greater and whiter than any Man's; but being intent upon his Business, his Amazement soon vanish'd out of his Thoughts. Coming, after this, to his Breeches, which he laid open, his curious Search omitted not any Place, in which he might suspect the Concealment of Money; at last, offering to remove his Shirt from between his Legs, he suddenly cry'd out, and strove to lay his Hand there, but could not.—I beseech you, Sir, to be civil, said he. *Rumbold* imagined that some notable Treasure lay conceal'd there, and therefore he pull'd away his Shirt, (*alias* Smock) and found himself not much mistaken.

This unexpected Sight so surpriz'd him, that he look'd as if he had been converted into a Statue by the Head of some Gorgon; but after a little Pause he hastily unbound her, and taking her into his Arms, said, *Pardon me most courageous Amazon, for thus rudely dealing with you; it was nothing but Ignorance that caused this Error, for could my dim-sighted Soul have distinguish'd what you were, the great Love and Respect I bear your Sex would have deterr'd me from contending with you, but I esteem this Ignorance of mine as the greatest Happiness, since Knowledge in this Case would have depriv'd me of the Benefit of knowing there could be so much Valour in a Woman. For your Sake I shall for ever retain a very good Esteem for the worst of Females.* Here our Adventurer paused, upon which she begg'd him not to be too tedious in his Expressions, nor pump for eloquent Phrases, alledging where they were, was no proper Place to make Orations in: But if you will declare yourself, said she, let us go into a Place not far distant from this, better known but to few besides myself. *Rumbold* approv'd well of her Advice, and returning what he had taken from her, follow'd her through several obscure Passages, till they came to a Wood, where in a Place the Sun had not seen since the Deluge, stood an House. At our first Approach the Servants were all in a Hurry who should obey Mrs. *Virago's* Commands, for they all knew her, being no Strangers to her Disguise, but wonder'd to see St. George and his trusty Esquire on Foot, neither durst they shew themselves inquisitive presently.

After some short Time they were conducted into a very fine Apartment, where embracing one another, they nit an indissoluable Tie of Friendship. Having refresh'd themselves with what the House afforded, they began to discourse together with the same Familiarity as if they had been born together. *Rumbold* observing her Frankness, press'd her to tell him what she was, and what manner of Life she led. Sir, said she, *I cannot deny your Request, wherefore to satisfy you, know that I was the Daughter of a Sword-cutter: in my younger Days my Mother would have taught me to handle a Needle, but my martial Spirit gain'd all Persuasions to that Purpose; I could never endure to be amoug Utensils of the Kitchen, but spent most of my Time in my Father's Shop, taking wonderful Delight in handling the War-*
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like Instruments he made : To take a Sword in my Hand well mounted and brandish it, was reckon'd by me among the chief of my Recreations. Being about a dozen Years of Age, I studied by all Ways imaginable how I might make myself acquainted with a Fencing-Master. Time brought my Desires to their Compliment ; for such a one as I wish'd for accidentally came into my Father's Shop to have his Blade furbish'd ; and Fortune so order'd it, there was none to answer but myself. Having given him that Satisfaction he desired, tho' not expecting it from me, among other Questions, I ask'd him, whether he was not a Professor of that noble Science ? (for I guess so much by his Postures, Looks, and Expressions.) He told me, he was a Well-wisher to it. Being glad of this Opportunity, desiring him to conceal my Intentions, I begg'd the Favour of him to give me some Instructions how I should manage a Sword. At first he seem'd amaz'd at my Proposal ; but perceiving I was in Earnest, he granted my Petition, allotting me such a Time to come to him as was most convenient. I became so expert at Back-sword and Single Rapier in a little Time, that I needed not his Assistance any longer, my Parents not in the least mistrusting any such Thing.

I shall wave what Exploits I did by the Help of my Disguise, and only tell you, that when I arriv'd to the Age of fifteen Years, an Inn-keeper married me, and carried me into the Country. For two Years we liv'd very peaceably and comfortably together, but at length the violent and imperious Temper of my Husband made me shew my natural Humour. Once a Week we seldom miss'd of a Combat betwixt us, which frequently prov'd so sharp, that it was a Wonder if my Husband came off with a single broken Pate ; by which the gaping Wounds of our Discontents and Differences being not presently salved up, they became in a manner incurable. I was not much inclin'd to love him, because he was of a mean dastardly Spirit, and ever hated that a Dunghill Cock should tread a Hen of the Game. Being stinted likewise of Money, my Life grew altogether comfortless, and I look'd on my Condition as insupportable ; wherefore as the only Remedy or Expedient to mitigate my vexatious Troubles, I contriv'd a Way how I might sometimes take a Purse. I judg'd this Resolution safe enough, if I were not taken in the very Fact, for who could suspect me to be a Robber, wearing Abroad Mens Apparel upon such Designs, but at Home that which was more agreeable and suitable to my Sex ; besides, no one could have better Encouragement and Conveniency than myself, for, keeping an Inn, who is more proper to have in Custody what Charge my Guests brought into my House than myself ? or if committed to my Husband's Tutelage, I could not fail to inform myself of the Richness of the Booty : Besides, the Landlady is the Person whose Company is most desired, before whom they are no ways scrupulous to relate which Way they are a going, and frequently what the Affair was that led them that Way.

Courage, I knew, I wanted not (be you my impartial Judge, Sir) what then could hinder me from being successful in such an Enterprize ? Being thus resolv'd, I soon provided my necessary Habiliments for these my Contrivances, and never miscarried in any of them till now : Instead of riding to Market, or travelling five or six Miles about such a Business, (the usual Pretences with which I blinded my Husband) I would, when out of Sight, take a contrary Road to this House (in which we now are) and metamorphose myself, and being fitted at all Points, pad incontrollably, coming off always victoriously. Not long since my Husband had about one hundred Pounds due to him about some twenty Miles from his Habitation, and design'd such a Day for receiving it. Glad I was to hear of this, resolving now to be reveng'd on him for all those Injuries and churlish Outrages he had committed against me : I knew very well which Way he went, and understood the Time

of his coming Home : Upon which I Way-laid him at his Return ; and fortunately, as I would have it, he did not make me wait above three Hours for him. I let him pass by me, knowing that by the Swiftness of my Horse I cou'd easily overtake him ; and so I did, riding with him a Mile or two before I cou'd do my intended Business. At last looking about me, I saw the Coast clear on every Side, wherefore riding up close to him, and taking hold on his Bridle, I clapt a Pistol to his Breast, commanding him to deliver, or he was a dead Man. This imperious Don seeing Death before his Face, had like to have sav'd me the Labour, by dying voluntarily without Compulsion, and so amaz'd was he at his being so suddenly surpriz'd, that he look'd like an Apparition, or one lately risen from the Dead. *Sirrah*, said I, *be expeditious* ; but a dead Palsy had so seiz'd every Part of him, that his Eyes were incapable of directing his Hands to his Pockets ; but I soon recall'd his Spirits by two or three Blows with the Flat of my Sword, which so awaken'd him out of the deep Lethargy he was in, that, with much Submission, he deliver'd all his Money. After I had dismounted him, and cut the Reins of his Bridle and Girths, I baisted him so soundly, till I had made almost Jelly of his Bones, and Egyptian Mummy of his Flesh. Now you Rogue, said I, *I am even with you, have a Care the next time how you strike a Woman, (your Wife I mean) for none but such as dare not fight a Man will lift up his Hand against the weaker Vessel. Now you see what it is to provoke them, for if irritated too much, they are restless till they accomplish their Revenge to Satisfaction ; I have a good Mind to end your wicked Courses with your Life, inhuman Varlet, but that I am loth to be hang'd for nothing, I mean for such a worthless Man. Farewel, this Money shall serve me to purchase Wine to drink Healths to the Confusion of such rascally and mean-spirited Things.* And so I left him.

She was about to proceed on farther with her Recounters and Exploits, when Word was brought her up, that two Gentlemen below desired to speak with her ; and so begging our Adventurer's Excuse, she went down, and in a little Time return'd with them : She made an Apology to me for doing so, adding, that if she had committed a Crime herein, my future Knowledge of those Persons wou'd extenuate it : by their effeminate Countenances I cou'd not miss of judging who they were, I mean Females.

What the female Warrior had advanc'd was too true, for having discours'd to her some time, *Rumbold* grew so well-pleas'd with his new Acquaintance, that he resolv'd to spend some Time in their Conversation and Company. At the Time of going to Bed they were all conducted into one Chamber, where two Beds were ; but what Satisfaction they enjoy'd there, we leave to the Thoughts of our candid Readers, who, we hope, can contrive as well as we. In fine, our Adventurer rising betimes in the Morning, and finding his three Females fast asleep, examin'd the Pockets of the two last, out of which taking a dozen Guineas, the very Sum he had return'd to the first, he got his Horse, and rode off.

Rumbold was a very merry, facetious and comical sort of a Fellow, as appears by the following Relation. Being one Time at an Inn in *Buckinghamshire*, and hearing how unmercifully the Hostlers would cheat the poor Horses of their Provender, he privately went into the Stable, and hid himself under the Manger. A little while after the Hostler came also into the Stable to feed *Rumbold's* Mare, and no sooner had he put the Oats and Beans into the Manger, and laid down his Sieve, but he sweeps them into a Canvas-Bag fix'd under one Corner of the Manger, just like a Net-Bag hanging under a Billiard-Table, and went his Way. *Rumbold* comes from his private Recess, and went into the Kitchen again, when after Dinner, seeming to go away, and calling for the Reckoning, he ask'd the Hostler, *What Corn he had given his Mare ?* He reply'd, *All which he had*

had order'd him, nay, the Gentleman he din'd with saw him bring it through the Kitchen. Rumbold said to him, do not tell me a Lie, for I shall ask my Mare presently. This Saying put all the strange Gentlemen with him into Admiration; but above all, the Inn-keeper ask'd him, if his Mare could speak? Yes, said Rumbold.—'Tis, reply'd the Landlord, impossible.—Not at all, answer'd Rumbold, for when I was at the University of Leyden in Holland, I studied Magick, or the Black-art, and afterwards it being my Misfortune to marry a most prodigious scolding Wife, I led such an uneasy Life with her, that to be rid of her vexatious Company, I, by my great Skill in the said Art, transform'd her into a Mare. So fetch my Mare hither, and you shall see whether the Hostler has done her Justice. Accordingly the Mare was fetch'd, when Rumbold striking her on the Belly, she laid her Mouth to his Ear through Custom, just as the Pigeon did to Mahomet's.—Why, there now, says Rumbold, did not I tell you, Sir, that the Hostler had cheated her.—Why, said the Landlord, what does she say? Say, answer'd Rumbold, Why, she says that your Hostler has flung it into a Bag plac'd at one Corner of the Manger. Hereupon the Landlord and his Guests went into the Stable, and searching the Manger, found the Bag of Corn at one Corner of it, for which he begg'd a thousand Pardons, and presently turn'd the Hostler away. But you must understand, that the Inn-keeper's Wife likewise being a very scolding Woman, and asking Rumbold, whether he could turn her into a Mare too? Upon assuring him he cou'd, he gave him fifty Guineas. The Operation was immediately put in Execution, with this Caution, that the Landlord, whatever he saw transacted, must not speak a Word, for if he did he would spoil all. So bringing the Woman into a large Room above Stairs, Rumbold with a Piece of Chalk, drew a large Circle on the Floor; in which placing himself, and the Person to be metamorphos'd, or transform'd into a Beast of Carriage, he made her strip to the Skin, then making her lie on her Hands and Knees, he went to copulate with her backwards; at which the Husband crying out, (but wou'd not venture his Carcass into the Circle, because several large and strange Figures and Characters were chalk'd round it) Damn you, Sir, hold, what a plague are you going to cuckold me before my Face? Why, says Rumbold, look there now, you have broke the Power of my Charm by untimely speaking. So the Landlord was contented to lose his Money rather than his Wife transform'd by grafting a Pair of Horns on his Head.

Something like the former Part of the foregoing Paragraph occurs in *Robin Hood's* Life; the Reader, by comparing them together may observe the Variation: However, 'tis not impossible for two Persons at different Times to put a like Scheme in Execution, which is the Reason that has induc'd us to insert it here, with the Appendix of the Inn-keeper's Wife's Transfiguration, as pretended to be done by our Adventurer, which, however, improbable, we ask Pardon for placing here, as Captain Smith and other Biographers, of the low Class, have inserted it in their Accounts.

Rumbold having a long time observ'd a Goldsmith in Lombard-Street to be very intent in counting several Bags of Money, was resolv'd to have a Share out of some of them; but, having tried several Essays, still came off disappointed. He had several Rings about him which he had got by robbing, one of which had a very fine Diamond set in it. Money being wanting, and so many Disappointments crossing his Desires, he went to the Goldsmith's to sell him the Ring, in Company with a Servant he kept. On entering the Shop, he pull'd the Ring off his Finger, and ask'd him what it was worth? The Goldsmith looking on him, and then on the Ring, hop'd to make the Ring his own for a small Matter; and seeing our Adventurer (who had disguis'd himself in a plain Country Drefs) believ'd that he had little Skill

in Diamonds, and that this came accidentally into his Possession, and that he might purchase it very easily, wherefore being doubtful what to answer as to the Price, told the Countryman that the Worth of it was uncertain, for he could not directly tell whether it was a right or a counterfeit One. As for that, said our pretended Countryman, I believe it is a right One, and dare warrant it; and indeed I intend to sell it, and therefore would know what you intend to give me for it. Truly, reply'd the Goldsmith, it may be worth ten Pounds; yes, and more Money, said the Countryman; not much more, answered the Goldsmith, for look you here, said he, here is a Ring, which I will warrant is much better than your's, and I will also warrant it to be a good Diamond, and I will sell it you for twenty Pounds. This the Goldsmith said supposing that the Countryman, who came to sell, had no Skill, Inclination, or Money to buy; but our pretended Countryman believing that the Goldsmith only said this, thinking to draw him on to part with his own Ring the more easily, and by that Means cheat him, resolv'd if he could to be too wise for the Goldsmith, wherefore taking both the Rings into his Hands through a Pretence of comparing them together, he thus said, I am sure mine is a right Diamond, and so is mine replied the Goldsmith, and said the Countryman shall I have it for twenty Pound? yes, replied the Goldsmith: But said he, I suppose you came to sell and not to buy; and since you shall see I will be a good Customer, I will give you fifteen Pounds for yours: Nay, replied the Countryman, since I have the Choice to buy or sell, I will never refuse a good Pennyworth, as I think this is, therefore master Goldsmith I will keep my own, and give you Money for your's, where is it, said the Goldsmith hastily? and endeavouring then to seize on his Ring, hold a Blow there said Rumbold, here's your Money, but the Ring I will keep: the Goldsmith seeing himself thus caught, flattered and flounced like a Madman, and Rumbold pulling out a little Purse, told down twenty Pieces of Gold, and said, here Shopkeeper, here's your Money, but I hope you will allow me eighteen Pence a Piece in Exchange for my Gold. Tell not me of Exchange, but give me my Ring, said the Goldsmith. It is mine, said the Countryman, for I have bought it, and paid for it, and have Witnests of my Bargain. All this would not serve the Goldsmith's Turn, but he curs'd and swore that Rumbold, the pretended Countryman, came to cheat him, and his Ring he would have, and at the Noise several People came about the Shop, but he was so perplex'd that he could not tell his Tale, and at length a Constable came, and altho' the Goldsmith knew not to what Purpose, yet before a Justice he would go. Rumbold seem'd content, and therefore before a Justice they went together; when they came there, the Goldsmith, who was the Plaintiff, began his Tale, and said, that the Countryman had taken a Diamond Ring from him worth one hundred Pounds, and would give him but twenty Pounds for it. Have a Care, replied Rumbold, for if you charge me with taking a Ring from you, I suppose that is stealing, and if you say so, I shall vex you more than I have yet done; and then he told the Justice the whole Story as here related, which was then a very plain Case, and for Proof of the Matter, our pretended Country Gentleman's Man was a Witnests. The Goldsmith hearing this, alledged, that he believed the Country Gentleman and his Man were both Impostors and Cheats. To this our Adventurer reply'd as before, that he had best have a Care he did not make his Case worse, and bring an old House over his Head by slandering him thus; for it was well known that he was a Gentleman of Three Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, and lived at a Place not above twenty Miles from London, and that he being desirous to sell a Ring, came to his Shop for that Purpose, but he would have cheated him, but it prov'd that he only made a Rod for his own Breech, and what he intended to him was fallen upon himself:

self: Thus did our Adventurer make good his Case and the Justice seeing there was no Injustice done, dismiss'd him, but order'd that his Neighbour the Goldsmith should have the twenty Pieces of Gold for twenty Pound, though they were worth more in Exchange, and this was all the Satisfaction he had.

Rumbold had a mighty itching after the Goldsmith's Money in *Lombard-street*; he would not pass through that Street, and hear those Tradesmen telling their Sums, but his Hands longed to be feeling of them. He had a Boy that constantly attended him, who, every Time his Master had a Mind to make some Advantage to himself, went into a Goldsmith's Shop, took up an handful of Money, and then letting it all fall down on the Counter, ran out. Once on a Time this Boy performed this Trick, the Servants in the Shop ran after him, and taxed him with stealing some of the Money. *Rumbold*, who always vindicated his Youngster, bad them take Care what they said, and positively affirm'd that his Boy had not taken a Farthing, and must be so plain with them, as to tell them, that the Goldsmith should pay for it. Hereupon they fell to hot Words, and the Goldsmith calling our Adventurer a shirking Fellow, said, he would have both him and the Boy sent to *Newgate* for robbing him, and that in Conclusion, he must, and should pay for it. At first our Adventurer desired to know with what Sum they pretended to charge the Boy; they said they knew not, but that he had taken Money from a Heap they were telling, and which was a hundred Pounds. *Rumbold* hearing them say thus, told them, that he would stay the telling of it, and then they might judge who had the Abuse. They were content with it, and accordingly went to telling. Half an Hour had dispatch'd that Matter, and then they found all their Money was right to a Farthing; the Goldsmith seeing this, ask'd our Adventurer's Pardon for the Affront they had done him, saying it was a Mistake. *Rumbold* answered to this, that he must pay for his prating; and that being a Person of Quality, he would not put up with the Affront, and that he must expect to hear further from him. The Goldsmith seeing our Adventurer hot, was as choleric as he, and so they parted for that Time. *Rumbold*, the next Day got the Goldsmith to be arrested in an Action of Defamation, and the Serjeant who arrested him being well feed by our Adventurer, told the Goldsmith, that he had better by far compound the Matter, for the Gentleman he had injured was a Person of Quality, and would not put it up, but make him pay soundly for it, if he proceeded any farther. The Goldsmith being desirous of Quiet, hearkened to his Counsel, and agreed to give ten Pounds; but that would not be taken, but twenty Pounds was given to our Adventurer, and so the Business was made up for the present.

Rumbold having got some of the Goldsmith's Money, was determined to have more, or venture hard for it; wherefore having again given Instructions to his Boy what to do, he made several Journeys to the Goldsmith's, walking by his Door to watch an Opportunity; at length he found one; for seeing the Servants telling a considerable Quantity of Gold, he gave the Sign to his Boy, who presently went in, and clapping his Hand on the Heap, took up, and brought away a full Handful, and coming to his Master, gave it him; neither did the Boy make so much Hasten out of the Shop, but that he could hear a Stranger who was in the Shop receiving of Money, say to the Apprentice, *Why do not you stop the Boy?* No, said the Apprentice, *I do not mean it, I know him well enough, my Master paid Sauce lately for stopping of him;* and so they continued telling of their Money.

Rumbold being intimately acquainted with a Jeweller in *Foster-Lane*, whom he often helped to the Sale of Rings and Jewels, which made his Credit good with him, went one Time into his Work-Room, and chancing to spy a very rich Jewel, he told him,

that he could help him to the Sale thereof. My Lady such an one having spoke to me, said he, about such a Thing. The Jeweller, glad of the Opportunity, delivered it to our Adventurer at such a Price to sell for him. But *Rumbold* only carried it to another Workman, to have another made like it with counterfeit Stones. Before he went, he ask'd if the Lady dislik'd it, whether he might leave it with his Wife or Servant: Ay, ay, says he, either will be sufficient. *Rumbold* was forced to watch a whole Day to see when he went out, and being gone, presently went to the Shop, and enquired of the Wife for her Husband, she answered him that he was but just gone. Well, Madam, said he, you can do my Business as well as he, 'tis only to deliver these Stones into your Custody, and so he went his way. Not long after, *Rumbold* met the Jeweller in the Street with displeasing Looks. Sir, said he, I thought a Friend would not have served me so, but our Adventurer deny'd it stiffly; whereupon he was very angry, and told him he would prosecute him. *Rumbold* seem'd not to value his Threats, and so left him. *Rumbold* was not gone many Paces before he met with a Friend, who complain'd to him, that he had lost a very valuable Locket of his Wife's, it being stolen from her. *Rumbold* was glad to hear of such a Circumstance that had fallen out so favourably to his present Purpose, he ask'd him to give him a Description of it, which he did punctually. Now, said *Rumbold*, what will you give me, if I tell you where it is. Any thing in Reason. Then go to such a Shop in *Foster-Lane* (the same Shop where he had cheated the Man of his Ring) and there ask'd peremptorily for it, for I was there at such a Time, and saw it; nay, he would have had me help'd him to a Customer for it: Mean Time, I'll stay at the *Star Tavern* for you. Away he went and demanded his Locket. The Jeweller deny'd he had any such Thing (as well he might.) Upon this, *Rumbold* advis'd him to have a Warrant for him, and to fetch him before a Justice of the Peace; and that he, and the Person who was with him, would swear it. The Goldsmith was instantly seized on by a Constable, and as soon as he saw who they were that would swear against him, desired the Gentleman to drink a Glass of Wine, and then ordered him Satisfaction. But *Rumbold* had so ordered the Business that it would not be taken, unless he would give all three general Releases. The Goldsmith knowing the Danger that might ensue to Life and Estate if he persisted, consented to the Proposal.

Rumbold walking one time in the Fields with an Attendant or two, who should be constantly bare before him, if in Company with any Person of Quality, but otherwise, *kind Fellow well met*: He was got as far as *Hackney* before he knew he was, for his Thoughts were busied in forming Designs, and his Wit was contriving how to put them into Execution. Casting his Eye on one Side of him, he saw the prettiest built and well situated House that ever his Eyes beheld. He had immediately a covetous Desire to be Master thereof; he was then, as Fortune would have it, in a very handsome Dress. He walk'd but a little Way farther before he found out a Plot to accomplish his Desires; and thus it was: He return'd and knock'd at the Gate, and demanded of the Servant whether his Master was within? He understood he was, and thereupon desir'd to speak with him. The Gentleman came out to him himself, and desir'd him to walk in. After *Rumbold* had made a general Apology, he told him his Business, which was only to request the Favour of him, that he might have the Privilege to bring a Workman to survey his House, and to take his Dimensions thereof, because he was so well pleas'd with the Building, that he earnestly desir'd to have another built exactly after that Pattern. The Gentleman could do no less than grant him so much Civility. Coming home, he went to a Carpenter, telling him he was about buying a House

at *Hackney*, and that he would have him go along with him, to give him (in private) the Estimate. Accordingly they went and found the Gentleman at Home; who entertain'd our Adventurer kindly as a Stranger. In the mean Time the Carpenter took an exact Account of the Buts and Bounds of the House on Paper, which was as much as he desired at that Time.

Paying the Carpenter well, he dismiss'd him, and by that Paper had a Lease drawn with a very great Fine (mentioned to have been paid) at a small Rent. Witneses he could not want to his Deed; and shortly after he demanded Possession. The Gentleman thinking our Adventurer out of his Wits, only laugh'd at him. *Rumbold* commenced a Suit of Law against him, and produc'd his Creatures to swear to his sealing and Delivery of the Lease, and the Carpenter's Evidence, with many other probable Circumstances to corroborate his Cause; whereupon he had a Verdict. The Gentleman by this Time understanding who our Adventurer was, thought it safer to compound with him, and lose something rather than all.

Another Time putting on one of the best Suits of Cloaths he had, he went to a Scrivener in *Bow-lane*, and acquainted him how he had a present Occasion for an hundred Pounds. He demanded the Names of his Securities. *Rumbold* told him where they liv'd, being Persons of eminent Worth, (but our Adventurer knew they were out of Town at that Juncture) and desir'd to make Enquiry, but to be private in managing of it. The Scrivener accordingly went as he had desired him, and found them by Report to be what they were, really able and sufficient Men. Two or three Days after *Rumbold* call'd upon him to know whether he might have the Money upon the Security propounded? He told him that he might on bringing the Persons, and fix'd a Day for meeting. According to the Day he came with two of his Accomplices, dress'd like rich Citizens, who personated such Persons to the Life, that the Scrivener could not entertain the least Suspicion. The Money being ready, he told it over, and put it into a Bag; upon which our Adventurer and his insignificant Bonds-men sealed the Writing, leaving the Scrivener to another Enquiry after them, whom, if he did not mean, 'twas very confidently to be believ'd that he could never find them, by reason of the several Names they went by. It chanced that *Rumbold's* forged Name was the same with that of a Gentleman's in *Surrey*, who was a great Purchaser, which our Adventurer came to know by being accidentally in his Company the next Night after he had cheated the credulous Scrivener, understanding likewise the exact Place of his Abode, and as the D——l would have it his Christian Name was the same as well as his Sirname with that of our Adventurer's, which he had borrowed. Upon this he went to the Scrivener again, and told him that now he had a fair Opportunity of benefiting himself very much by a Purchase, provided he wou'd assist him with two hundred Pounds more: But, Sir, said he, take Notice (in a careless and generous Frankness) that it is out of a particular Regard and Respect to you that you might profit by me, that I come again, neither will I give you any other Security than my own Bond, tho' I did otherwise before; but if you will be satisfy'd as to my Estate, pray let your Servant go to such a Place in *Surrey*, there is a Piece of Gold to bear his Charges, and I will satisfy you farther for the Loss of Time occasion'd by sending him. He being very greedy of Gain, very officiously promised to do what I requir'd, and would speedily give me an Answer. Imagining what Time his Servant would return, *Rumbold* repaired to him again, and understood from him by the Sequel, that he had receiv'd as much Satisfaction as in Reason any Man wou'd desire. Upon this he procured the two hundred Pounds upon his own Bond; which was accordingly paid him.

N^o VIII.

Rumbold supported himself by these Cheats a considerable Time, tho' unlike his Companions, he was never known to be very extravagant. He had amass'd together a matter of eight hundred Pounds clear, and resolving to leave off in Time, put the Money into the Hand of a Banker a Friend of his, in order to live the Remainder of his Days comfortably on the Interest thereof; he had the Mortification, within a Month or two, to hear that his Trustee was march'd off not only with his Money, but a great many thousand Pounds more of other Peoples; so that being reduc'd to an impoverish'd State, he was forc'd, tho' somewhat against his Inclination, to betake himself again to his former irregular Courses, several merry Pranks of whom the Sequel will soon discover.

Rumbold having a Design of robbing a Gentleman's House near *Uxbridge*, put up at an Inn in that Town, in order, on the first Opportunity, to put his Scheme in practice. Several Companies were in the House, and lodg'd there; and it being the Time of long Nights, much of that tedious Time was spent in Gaming and merry Conversation with one another. All Companies join'd with Pastime; but it growing late, they that were weary and sleepy dropp'd away to Bed; among the rest, a Man who had a very handsome Wife went to Bed, and his Lodging was in a Chamber where there was another Bed. The Man being in Bed laid his Wearing-cloaths upon him, and putting out the Candle went to sleep. A little Time after our Adventurer, who was to lie in the Bed in the same Chamber, came up, and walking about, a Conceit came into his Head, that it was probable he might have a She-bedfellow, and in order thereto he thus carry'd on his Device; he put off his own Cloaths, and laid them very orderly on the Bed where the Man was asleep, first taking off those of his Chamber-fellows, and when he had done, he very fairly spread them on the Bed he was to lie in; having done thus, he went to Bed and put out his Candle, and expecting the Event, which fell out according to his Hopes, for not long after up came the Woman intending to go to Bed to her Husband, undress'd herself, and seeing, and very well knowing her Husband's Cloaths, believing that to be a sufficient Sign of her Husband's being there, not looking on the Face, which was purposely hid, she put out the Candle and went to Bed to our Adventurer; who altho' he pretended to be then asleep, yet he did her Right before Morning, for she still supposing it was her Husband, gave him free Liberty to do what he would. Her Bedfellow, tho' he had taken much Pains, and was weary, yet towards Morning, considering that if this Matter was discover'd, he might have fower Sauce to his sweet Meat, studied and contriv'd how to come off as well as he had come on, and therefore turning to his Bedfellow and kissing her, &c. as a Farewel, he, pretending to rise and make Water, went out of the Bed; he soon found his Way to his Chamber-fellow's Bed's-side, and there took off his Cloaths, dress'd himself and departed. The Woman missing her Bedfellow, whom all the while she had took for her Husband, wonder'd much what was become of him, and lay and studied in great Confusion without knowing either what to do or say; at length she began to mistrust she had wrong'd her Bedfellow, especially when she began to consider with herself that her Husband was not wont to be so kind: When she was partly sensible of the Mistake, she could not tell how to think of a Remedy; if she should arise and go into the other Bed, she might chance to be mistaken again; and therefore in this Confusion she knew not what to do. While she was in these Thoughts, a Maid with a Candle appear'd, who passing through the Room, gave her a clear View that her Husband was in the other Bed; accordingly she resolv'd to take her Cloaths and go to Bed to her Husband; but he who had slept hard all Night, was now awaken'd with the Noice of the Maid's passing through the Chamber, and therefore he crept out of Bed, and felt for a Chamber-pot; at length having found one, and

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and us'd it, and going to return to Bed where he had lain, his Wife then took the Opportunity to call to him, saying, *My Dear, whither are you going? You mistake your Bed. No, sure,* said the Man, *Where are you? Here,* reply'd she. He hearing her Voice, soon found out where she was, but could not presently be persuaded that he had lain there all Night. *You shall see that by and by,* said she, *when you can see your Cloaths on this Bed. If it be so, then you are in the right,* answer'd he. In fine, getting him to sleep again, she, in the Interim, got his Cloaths laid on the Bed; and Daylight coming on, and he seeing them there, was satisfy'd. Thus was this Christmas Adventure ended. She, towards one in the Morning, made great Enquiry after her Bedfellow, but no Tidings could be given of him.

Another time *Rumbold* coming early one Morning to an Inn in the Country, called for a Flaggon of Beer, and desir'd a private Room, for, said he, I have Company coming to me, and we have Business together. The Tapster accordingly shews him a Room, and brings him a Flaggon of Beer, and with it a Silver Cup worth three Pounds. *Rumbold* drank off his Beer, and call'd for another Flaggon, and at the same time desir'd the Landlord to bear him Company. The Landlord seeing him alone, sat and talk'd with him about State Affairs till they were both weary, and the Landlord was ready to leave him. *Well,* said our Adventurer, *I see my Company will not come, and therefore I will not stay any longer.* Neither did he; but having drank up his Beer, he call'd to pay: *Fourpence,* said the Tapster; *There it is,* answer'd our Adventurer, laying it down, and so he went out of the Room. The Tapster staid behind to bring away the Flaggon and Silver Cup; yet tho' he found the Flaggon, the Cup was not to be found; wherefore running hastily out of the Room, he cry'd, *Stop the Man.* *Rumbold* was not in such haste but that he quickly stopt of himself; he was not quite gone out of the Doors, and therefore soon return'd to the Bar; where when he was come: *Well,* said he, *what is the Matter? What would you have? The Cup,* answer'd the Tapster, *that I brought to you. I left it in the Room,* reply'd *Rumbold*. *I cannot find it,* answer'd the Tapster; and at this Noise the Landlord appear'd, who hearing what was the Matter, said, *I am sure the Cup was there but just now, for I drank out of it. Ay, and it is there for me,* reply'd our Adventurer. Look then farther, said the Landlord. The Tapster did so, but neither high nor low could he find the Cup. *Well then,* said the Landlord, *if it be gone you must pay for it, Countryman, for you must either have it or know of its going, and therefore you must pay for it. Not Indeed,* reply'd our Adventurer, *you see I have none of it, I have not been out of your House, nor no Body has been with me, how then can I have it? You may search me.* The Landlord immediately caus'd him to be search'd, but there was no Cup to be found: However the Landlord was resolv'd not to lose his Cup so, and therefore he sent for a Constable, and charged him with our Adventurer, and threaten'd him with the Justice. All this would not do, and *Rumbold* told him, *That threaten'd Folks live long,* and if he would go before a Justice, he was ready to bear him Company to him. The Landlord was more and more perplex'd at this, and seeing he could not have his Cup, nor nothing confess'd, before the Justice they went: When they came, the Landlord told the Story as truly as it was, and our pretended Countryman made the same Answer there as he had done before to the Landlord: The Justice was perplex'd, not knowing how to do Justice: Here was a Cup lost, and *Rumbold* did not deny but he had it, but gone it was, and altho' *Rumbold* was pursued, yet he did not fly; he had no Body with him, and therefore it could not be convey'd away by Confederacy; and for his own Part he had been, and was again searched, but no such Thing found about him, and he in all respects pleaded Innocency.—This tho'

consider'd, and weigh'd in the Balance of Justice he could not think that our Adventurer had it, and therefore to commit him would be Injustice: He consider'd all he cou'd, and was inclin'd to favour the Countryman, who was altogether a Stranger, and he believed innocent, especially when he consider'd what a kind of Person the Landlord was, of whose Life and Conversation he had both heard and known enough, and cause him to believe that it might be possible that all this might be a Trick of the Landlord's to cheat our Adventurer, and therefore he gave his Judgment, that he did not believe by the Evidence that was given that the Countryman had the Cup, and that he would not commit him, unless the Landlord would lay and swear point-blank Felony to his Charge, and of that he desir'd the Landlord to beware. The Landlord seeing how the Affair was like to go, said no more, but that he left it to Mr. Justice, who being of the Opinion above-mention'd, discharg'd *Rumbold*, and advis'd the Landlord to let him hear no more of such Matters, and if he could not secure his Plate, and know what Company he had deliver'd it to, then to keep it up. The Landlord thank'd the Justice for his Advice, and so departed, our pretended Countryman going about his Business, and he returning Home being heartily vex'd at his Loss, and the Carriage of the whole Affair, which was neither for his Profit nor Credit, but he was forc'd to sit down with the Loss, being extremely uneasy at thinking which way he should lose the Cup. He threw away some Money upon a Cunning-Man to know what was become of it, but all he could tell him was, that he would hear of it again, and so he did shortly after, tho' it was to his further Cost, and to little Purpose.

He had some Occasion to go to the Market-Town during the Time of the Assizes, and there seeing the Prisoners brought to their Trials, among others he espied *Rumbold*, whom he had charged with the Silver Cup. He enquired what was his Crime, and was told it was for picking of a Pocket. *Nay then,* said the Landlord, *probably I may hear of my Cup again;* and therefore, when the Trial was over, and the Prisoners carried back to the Goal, he went and enquired for our Adventurer, to whose Presence he was soon brought. *Oh Lord, Master! how do you do? Who thought to have seen you here? I believe you have not met with so good Friends in this Country as you did at our Town of our Justice, but let that pass.—Come, let us drink together.* Hereupon a Jug of Ale was call'd for and some Tobacco, which they very lovingly drank off, and smok'd together; which done, said the Landlord to our Adventurer, *I would gladly be resolv'd in one Point, which I question not but you can do. I suppose you mean,* said *Rumbold*, *about the old Business of the Silver Cup you lost.*—*Yes,* said the Landlord; *and the losing of it does not so much vex me, as the Manner how it was lost, and therefore,* continued he, *if you would do me the Kindness to give me Satisfaction what became of it, I do protest I will acquit you altho' you are directly guilty. No, that will not do,* reply'd *Rumbold*, *there is somewhat else in the Case.* *Well then,* said the Landlord, *if you will tell me, I will give you ten Shillings to drink. Ready Money does very well in a Prison,* said our Adventurer, *and will prevail much; but how shall I be assur'd that you will not prosecute me, if I should chance to be concern'd: For that,* reply'd the Landlord, *I can give you no other Warrant than my Oath, which I will inviolably keep.* *Well then,* said *Rumbold*, *down with the merry Grigs, let me handle the Money, and I'll be very true to you, and as for your charging me with it I fear you not.* The Landlord being big with Expectation to know how this clean Conveyance was wrought, soon laid down the ten Shillings, and then our Countryman thus proceeded: *I must confess that I know which Way your Cup went, but when you charg'd me with it I had it not, neither was it out of the Room, and I must tell you thus, that if you*
had

had sought narrowly you might have found it, but it was not there long after. We who live by our Wits must act by Policy more than downright Strength, and this cannot be done without Confederates, and I had such in the Management of this Affair, for I left the Cup fastned with soft Wax under the Middle of the Board of the Table where I drank; which Place of the Table, by reason it was cover'd with a Cloth, as you may remember it was, it could not well be seen, and therefore you and your Servants miss'd it: You know that very willingly I went with you to the Justice; and whilst we were gone, those Friends and Confederates of mine, whom I had appointed, and who knew the Room and every thing else, went into the House, and into the same Room, where they found the Silver Cup, and without the least Suspicion went fairly off with it; and at a Place appointed we met, and there acquainted one another with our Adventures, and what Purchases we had made; we equally shar'd them between us. The Landlord at the hearing this Discourse was extremely surpris'd, altho' fully satisfy'd; but yet, said he, I would be resolv'd one Question, which is this; How, if we had found it where you had put it whilst you were there? Why, truly, said Rumbold, then you would have charg'd me with nothing, and I would have put it off with a Jest; and if that would not have done, the most you could have done would have been only to have kick'd and beaten me, and those Things see of our Quality must venture: You know the old Proverb, Nothing venture, nothing have; and, faint Heart never won fair Lady. And we have this other Proverb to help us; Fortune favours the Bold, as it commonly does those of our Quality, and she did me, I thank her, in that Attempt. Rumbold thus descanted upon his Actions, and the Landlord finding no Likelihood of getting his Cup or any Thing else of our Adventurer, return'd Home.

We shall give our Readers now the last Adventure of Rumbold which he perform'd upon this mortal Stage. It is this:

Our Adventurer in Company with two or three more Cheats going together, saw a Countryman who had a Purse of Money in his Hand; they had observ'd him to draw it to pay for some Gingerbread he had bought on the Road; wherefore they clos'd with him, and endeavour'd to nip his Bung, pick his Pocket, but could not, for he knowing he was in a dangerous Place, and among as dangerous Company, put his Purse of Money into his Breeches, which being close at the Knees, secur'd it from falling out, and besides he was very sly in having any Body come too near him. Our Practitioners in the Art of Thieving seeing this would not do, set their Wits to working farther, and having all their Tools ready about them, taking a convenient Time and Place, one of them goes before and drops a Letter; another of our Adventurers who had joined himself to the Countryman, seeing it lie fairly for the Purpose, says to him, Look you, what is here? But altho' the Countryman did stoop to take it up, yet our Adventurer was too nimble for him in that, and, having it in Hand, said, Here is somewhat else besides a Letter: I cry Half, said the Countryman. Well, said Rumbold, you stoop indeed as well as I, but I have it; but however I'll be fair with you, let us see what it is, and whether it is worth the dividing; and thereupon he breaks open the Letter, and there sees a fair Chain or Necklace of Gold. Good Fortune, says Rumbold, if this be right Gold. How shall we know that, reply'd the Countryman, let us see what the Letter says; which being short, and to the Purpose, spoke thus:

Brother John,

I Have here sent you back this Necklace of Gold you have sent me, not for any Dislike I have to it, but my Wife is covetous, and would have a bigger; this comes not to above seven Pounds, and she

would have one of ten Pounds, therefore pray get it chang'd for one of that Price, and send it by the Bearer to your loving Brother,

Jacob Thornton.

Nay then, we have good Luck, said the cheating Dog our Adventurer; but I hope, continued he to the Countryman, you will not expect a full Share, for you know I found it, and besides, if we should divide it, I know not how to break it in Pieces, but I doubt it would spoil it, therefore I had rather have my Share in Money. Well, said the Countryman, I'll give you your Share in Money, provided I may have a full Share. That you shall, said Rumbold, and therefore I must have of you three Pounds ten Shillings, the Price in all being as you see seven Pounds. Ay, but said the Countryman, (thinking to be too cunning for our Adventurer) it may be worth seven Pound in Money in all, Fashion and all, but we must not value that, but only the Gold, therefore I think three Pounds in Money is better than half the Chain, and so much I'll give you if you'll let me have it. Well, I'm contented, said Rumbold, but then you shall give me a Pint of Wine over and above. To this the Countryman also agreed, and to a Tavern they went, where Rumbold receiv'd the three Pounds, and the Countryman the Chain, who believ'd he had risen that Day with his Arse upwards, because he had met with so good Fortune. They drank off their Wine, and were going away, but Rumbold having not yet done with him, intended to get the rest of the Money from him, offered him his Pint of Wine, which the Countryman accepted of; but before they had drank it off, in comes another of the same Tribe, who asked whether such a Man, naming one, were there? No, said the Bar-keeper, Rumbold and the Countryman sitting near the other Cheat all the While, asked of the Enquirer, Did not you enquire for such a Man? Yes, said the Enquirer. Why, said Rumbold, I can tell you this News of him, that it will not be long before he comes hither, for I met him as I came in, and he appointed me to come in here and stay for him. Well, then 'tis best for me to stay, said the Enquirer; but, continued he, it would be more proper for us to take a larger Room, for we cannot stir ourselves in this. Agreed, said Rumbold; so the Reckoning was paid, and they agreed to take a larger Room, leaving Word at the Bar, that if any Enquiry should be made for them, there they should find them; accordingly they went into another Room, and the Countryman having done his Business, gave Signs of going away. No, said Rumbold, I beg you would stay and keep us Company, it shall not cost you any thing. Well then, said the Countryman, I am content to stay a little. They being now entred into their Room, called for a Quart of Wine, and drank it off. What shall we do to spend Time, said the last Cheat? for I am weary of staying for this Man, are you sure you are not mistaken? No, said the other. One of them upon this pretended to walk a Turn round the Room, and coming to the Window, behind a Cushion, finds a Pack of Cards, which indeed he himself had laid there: Look you here, said he to the Countryman, and the others, I have found some Tools, now we may go to work and spend our Time, if you will play. Not I, said the Countryman, I'll not play; then I will, said Rumbold, but not for Money. Why then, said the other, for Sixpence to be spent, and the Game shall be Putt. They being agreed, and the Countryman being made Overseer of the Game, fell to playing, and the Countryman's first Acquaintance had the better of it, winning twelve Games to the other's four. Come, said he, what shall we do with all this Drink? We will play Twopence wet, and Fourpence dry. To this the other agreed, and so they play'd; and at this low Gaming Rumbold had, in short, won of his Confederate ten Shillings in Money. The Looser seem'd to be angry, and therefore propos'd to play for all Money, hoping to make him-

himself whole again. *Nay*, said the other, *I shall not refuse your Proposition, because I have won your Money*; and therefore to it they went, and *Rumbold* had still the same Luck, and won ten Shillings more. Then the other would play for Twelvepence a Game. *No*, said *Rumbold*, *I am not willing to exceed Sixpence a Game; I will not alter what I have began, lest I change my Fortune, unless this honest Countryman will go my Halves. I have no Mind to Gaming*, reply'd the Countryman. *You need not play*, said the other; *I'll do that, and you see my Fortune is good; venture a Crown with me, you know we have both had Fortune, which I hope will continue propitious to us still. Well, content*, said the Countryman, and so they proceeded; still *Rumbold* had good Fortune, and he and the Countryman won ten Shillings apiece more of the others, which made them merry, and the other was extremely enraged; he therefore told them, *he would either win the Horse or lose the Saddle, and venture all now*; and drawing out about thirty Shillings, *Come, take it all, win it and wear it*, and so they play'd; but they had now drawn the Countryman in sufficiently, and he was flush, but it lasted not long thus before he was taken down a Burton-hole lower, for the Fortune chang'd, and that he had won was lost, and forty Shillings more. He was now angry, but to no Purpose, for he did not discover their foul Play; and he, in Hopes of his good Fortune, ventur'd, and lost the other forty Shillings, and then he said he would go Halves no longer, for he thought he would be merry and wise, and if he could not make a Winning, he would be sure to make a secure Bargain; which he reckon'd he should do, because altho' he had lost four Pounds in Money, and given *Rumbold* three Pounds for his Share of the Chain, that yet he should make seven Pounds of the Chain, and so be no Loser. They seeing he would not play, left off, and he that had won the Money, was content to give a Collation, which was called for; but *Rumbold* pretending much Anger at his Loss, was resolv'd to venture more, and to playing again he went, and in a short time he recover'd a great deal of his Losses. This vexed the Countryman, that he had not join'd with him; and, in the End, seeing his good Fortune continue, and that he won, he again went Halves, but it was not long that they thrived: the Countryman was obliged to draw his Purse, and in the End lost all his Money, which was near twenty Pounds. He did not think his Condition to be so bad as it was, because he believed he had a Chain worth seven Pounds in his Pocket, and therefore he reckoned he had not lost all. By this time several other Confederates (having been Abroad, employ'd on the same Account, cozening and cheating of others) came into the Tavern, which was the Place appointed for their Rendezvous, then they acquainted one another of their several Gains and Prizes, afterwards fell to drinking, which they did very plentifully, and the Countryman for Anger called up the Landlord to make one of the Company. He soon understood what kind of Guests he had in his House, and how they had cheated the poor Countryman, and therefore he was resolv'd to serve them in the same Sort: Accordingly he put forward the Affair of Drinking; and some being hungred, called for Victuals: he told them he would get them what they pleas'd; and they being determin'd to take up their Quarters there for that Night, a Supper was bespoke for all the Company, such as the Master of the House in his Discretion should think fit: He told them they should have it, and accordingly went down to provide Supper: He soon return'd, and helped them off with their Liquor till Supper-time; by this Time they were all perfectly drunk; he then commands up Supper, and they fall too with a Shoulder of Mutton and two Capons; *Eat and drink hard, and call for more*, he tells them; *it's coming*: but they now having set still a while, were all fallen asleep; he makes Use of this Oppor-

tunity, and brings up half a Dozen empty foul Dishes, or at leastwise, full of Bones of several Fowls, as Pigeons, Partridges, Pheasants, and all the Remains of Victuals that had been left in the House that Day, which he strewed and placed on their Plates, and so left them. Some of them sleeping, and sitting uneasily, fell from their Chairs, and so waked themselves, and their Companions being thoroughly awak'd, they again fell to eating and drinking, some turning over the Bones that were brought, said, *How came these here? I do not remember that I eat any such Victuals*: *Not I*, said another; upon which the Master of the House was call'd, and the Question was ask'd him: *Why, surely, Gentlemen, you have forgot yourselves*, said he, *you have slept sound and fair indeed, I believe you will forget the Collar of Bracen you had too, that cost me six Shillings out of my Pocket. Hove, Bracen*, said one. *Ay, Bracen*, answer'd the Landlord, *you had it, and are like to pay for it; you'll remember nothing presently, this is a fine drunken Bout indeed. So it is*, reply'd one of the Company, *sure we have been in a Dream, but it signifies nothing, my Landlord, you must and shall be paid; give us another Dozen Bottles, and bring us a Bill, that we pay the Reckoning we have run up*. This Order was presently obeyed, and a Bill brought, which in all came to seven Pounds; in which 'tis taken for granted, that he misreckon'd them above one Half, tho' he acquainted them, that he had used them very kindly; they were bound to believe him, and therefore every Man was call'd for to pay his Share: The Countryman shrunk behind, intending to escape; which one of the Company seeing, call'd him forwards, and said, *Come, let us tell Noses, and every Man pay like*. The Countryman desired to be excused, and said he had no Money; which they knowing well enough, at length they agreed to acquit him: This done, they went to several Lodgings to Bed, and it was time, for it was past Midnight; they all slept better than the Countryman, who could hardly sleep a Wink for thinking on his Misfortunes, and having such good Fortune in the Morning, it should prove so bad before Night. But Morning being come, he and they all awoke, and the Countryman's Money being all spent, he knew it was to no Purpose for him to stay there, wherefore he resolv'd to go to a Goldsmith in the City, and sell, or pawn his Chain, that he might have some Money to carry him Home: being come to the Goldsmith's, he produced the Chain, which tho' at first Sight he took to be Gold, yet upon Trial he found it otherwise, and that it was but Brass gilt; he told the Countryman the same, who, at this heavy News was like to break his Heart. The Goldsmith seeing the Countryman in such a melancholy Taking, he enquired of him how he came by it. He soon acquainted him with the Manner, and every Circumstance; the Goldsmith, as soon as he understood the Cheat, advis'd him to go to a Justice, and get a Warrant for him that had thus cheated him; and the Countryman telling him that he had no Money, nor Friend, being a Stranger, he himself went with him to the Justice, who, soon understanding the Matter, granted his Warrant, and the Goldsmith procur'd a Constable to go with him to the Tavern or Night-house, where *Rumbold* was apprehended, but he found Means some Way or other to make his Escape out of the House, as did the rest by main Force.

After *Rumbold* had lost the Money he had put in his Friend the Banker's Hands, he was forc'd to shift after this manner, cheating and cozening any one whom he took for a Prey. He narrowly escap'd being apprehended at his Lodging in *Golden-lane* near *Barbican*; but at length, still pursuing his Courses of Iniquity, he was taken, and sent to *Newgate*; when, after five or six Days Imprisonment, he receiv'd his Trial at the *Old Bailey*, was condemned, and executed at *Tyburn*.

The LIFE of NEHEMIAH DICKSON

THIS Person was born at Newcastle upon Tyne, in the County of Northumberland, of very reputable Parents, who gave him a suitable Education to the Estate they possess'd, which was about Five hundred Pounds *per Annum*. Nehemiah, from his Childhood, betrayed several little tricking Arts, which gave his Parents different Sentiments about him. The Father, who had a larger Foresight, pitied the Inclination of his Son; but the Mother took all for a Brightness of her Son's Genius, which began so soon to discover itself: She endeavoured to indulge it, though the other strove to restrain it. At every Party of Pleasure Nehemiah was sure to make one, and at all such times carried Packs of Cards, Cups and Balls, in his Pocket, pretending they were for no other End than purely to divert the Company: This untoward Genius breaking out so early in our young Gentleman, the Father was determined to send him from Home, to see if distance of Place would make any Alteration in his Conduct; therefore he boarded him for a Year or two at a sober Gentleman's House, about six Miles from where he liv'd, who kept a Grammar School. At first he made a tolerable Progress in his Learning, but secretly he made frequent Practices of Pleasure with his Cups and Balls, at which time he was sure to get considerable Quantities of Half-pence and other small Trifles from his School-Fellows. The Mother hearing of this, imputed all her Son did to a Brightness of Parts, and would often tell her Husband with a great deal of seeming Gladness, that they now might hope to see thriving Days in the Ways their Son took. In short, after he had been at School so long as to fit him out for the University, he was sent there.

The Father and the Son had frequent Quarrels while they lived near one another; the Father, by his way of protesting his Religion, was a Quaker, and there living near him a Gentleman, who farmed the Tithes of the Country round about there, he could never be brought to pay his Tithes which were customary. The Father and this Gentleman had hot Disputes about it, which terminated, at length, in tedious Law Suits, to the great Cost of our Adventurer's Father. The Son at the College receiving Intimation of this, consider'd his Father in no favourable Light; he thought he was spending that Money, which, after his Death, was to devolve upon him; and therefore, out of a tender Concern, as he thought it, both to his Parent and himself, he wrote the following Letter to the Tythe-gatherer:

Friend Josias,

VERILY thou art not the Man that I took thee to be; I don't mean as to thy Complaisance, Physiognomy, Size, Bulk, Stature, and so forth, these I presume may be the same as when I last saw thee, but I speak as to the Man within, for thou seem'd to be a plain, downright, primitive Christian, but I perceive I was mistaken, for I hear thou covetest greeting in the Market-places, and sufferest thy self to be called Sir, Gentleman, Master, and so forth: Now I declare unto thee, that herein thou art out of the Light; for, Sir George, I do not speak of the Braggadocian Colonel who slew the Dragon of Wantley; but Fox, the Apostle of the Saints, has shewn us that all such Appellations, Titles, Epithets, and such like, came from Rome, where the Man of Sin sitteth lording it over the People of God, and they, that useth them, are the Spawn of the exalted Lucifer, and plainly, first of all, thou art not a Gentleman, for

thou handest Friends as roughly as a Tartar, or a Dragoon; next, when thou allowest People to call thee Sir, thou encouragest them in a Lye, for Sir signifieth Father in the French Tongue, whereas we are none of thy Children; then as for Master, Jesus Christ condemned that Language, wherefore I am moved to tell thee, that all your Complimentors, Hat-doffers, Bow-makers, Hand-kissers, and Leg-scrapers, and such like, have the Mark of the Apocryphical Beast upon them, nor is there any true Honour in them, as I will prove unto thee in Mind and Figure. Honour, mark that, ascendeth, but the Hat put off descendeth; Ergo, Honour was from the Beginning, but Hats are of a late Invention, and should have horizontal Brims, but thy Tribe has strangely perverted them; there is your Hannover-cock, your Monmouth, your Beaux-cock, your Smart-cock, and the Lord of Oxford knows how many Cocks; in the plain good Times of old, Men were contented to be called by their naked Names. Adam was Lord of the whole World, and no Body called him Mr. Adam, or said Mrs. Eve. Moses was a Prophet of the Lord, and Aaron his High-Priest, yet where canst thou shew me the Reverend Moses, the right Reverend Father in God Aaron, by Divine Providence Lord Archbishop of Israel, the right Worshipful Zacharias, Chancellor of Jerusalem, Nicodemus, Commissary of Bethlehem, or any other Person, Register of the Sanedrine. Whoever heard of his Excellency Count Joshua, Generalissimo of the Israelitish Army, Madam Rebecca, Thomas of Royal Blood, Princess Dowager of Newcastle. What tittering and sneering would there be to see plain home-spun Things, without gold Sleeves, Tassels, or other Gimmicks, Alas! all these are the Fruits of over-grown Pride and Vanity.

Moreover, thou callest thy Brother Duke, wherein thou errest grossly, and the Truth is not in thee, for thou knowest that he be neither Duke, nor Marquis, nor by any such like Title dignified or distinguished.

Wherefore it is upon my Spirit to advise thee to come to the Light within, and that will shew thee how thou shouldst both write, read, and speak as becomes the true People of the Lord; and so I bid thee farewell.

Given, or rather written, at my outward Habitation, called *Whimsicalopoli*, this 28th Day of the sixth Month; by Heathens called *July*.

From thy,

But unknown, Friend,

OBADIAH GOOSECAP

After sending this Letter he left the College, without so much as mentioning the Reason for such an Action, either to his Parents or his Fellow Students: A rambling Humour had got the Master over his Thoughts, and he was determined to seek his Fortune abroad. So to work he went, and in about half a Year's time was got married to a young Lady near Hexam: The News of this Marriage soon reach'd his Parents Ears, who were tolerably well pleased at their Son's good Fortune, as he had secured a young, beautiful, and rich Heiress, who had her Effects at her own Disposal, and could, without the Veto of a Guardian, give them to the Man she loved best. The new-married couple enjoyed all the Tranquility and Contentment that two young Persons,

Persons, just launching out into the World, could wish, which gave the old Father unexpressible Satisfaction; who, desirous of paying a Visit to his Son, took his Chaise, and went one Day to see him: The Interview, to outward Appearance, was carried on with a genteel Decorum; the Father praying his Son to use the good Fortune Heaven had thrown into his Hands, with Moderation and Discretion; the Son paying to his Father all the Duties that were owing from him. After a Week's Stay, the old Gentleman gave Notice of his Returning home: The Son, to make his Journey, as he pretended, the more satisfactory and entertaining, insisted to take his Horse and conduct him on his Way home ten or a dozen Miles. This was agreed to, and the next Morning, pretty clearly, they set forward. The Son, to divert the Father, ran over abundance of Pranks commonly practised at the Colleges, which the old Gentleman, with a grave Aspect, listened to, but shewed that other Subjects would be more pleasing to him. The Son, who had a Fetch in this Journey, began then to discourse somewhat more seriously, and told him flatly, that the too great Indulgence of his Mother had made him come to those Errors which from Time to Time had given him so much Offence; however, he said, he could have wish'd that Things had fallen out otherwise. Much such Conversation as this was continued a good Way on their Journey: But the Son now has a Mind to play his Father a Trick which he little thought off: They were come into a Lane, overshadowed with large Trees, so that the Sun Beams could scarcely penetrate through. The Place look'd very solemn and solitary. Now, says the Son, we are under a delightful Covert; I have a Mind, as we are together, to speak my Sentiments at large: *You must know, Sir, that you carry above five hundred Pounds in the Seat of your Chaise, which is a pretty Sum in this County to subsist a Year or two on; I have married a Wife with a considerable Fortune, and shall it be said, that I, who am the Son of a Gentleman who possesses upwards of five hundred Pounds per Ann. am so poor that I cannot shew her one hundred Guineas of my own. The few Friends she has expects large Things from you, and, to save my Character, will be best to secure the five hundred Pounds, as the first Gift of yours;* and, so saying, he rode up to his Father, and putting his Hand into the Seat, took out several Bags wherein the Money was put: *Hold,* said the old Gentleman, *You do not intend to rob, do me, Nehemiah?* *No Sir, only to borrow the Gold that lies concealed within these Bags; for the next time you come and see me, I will repay you with ample Interest;* and so said, he rode immediately off, and left his Father to pursue his Journey home by himself. Mr. *Nehemiah* returning home, went to his Wife's Chambers, and acquainted her how handsomely his Father had used him at parting, and then produced the Bags of Money; which they told over with a great deal of Satisfaction together, slept plentifully, and then went to Bed.

Though our Adventurer had all the Reason in the World to think himself an happy Man, yet neither the Consideration of having a beautiful Woman to his Wife, who had brought him ample Possessions, nor of what his Father would leave him on Condition he behaved well, would have any Influence at all upon him. He abandoned himself wholly up to a luxurious Life, gave splendid Entertainments, minded nothing but Recreation and Pastime, and submitted the Management of his Affairs to a Servant, who, out of the Spoils he made of his profitable Place, soon acquired a compleat Estate to live on. In about five Years *Nehemiah* was reduced to exceeding great Streights; his Lands had large Incumbrances upon them, and the Interest continually arising on the Mortgages he had made, swallowed up all his annual Rents. He was, indeed, brought to a miserable State; and what was one Comfort, his Wife was taken back

by some of her Friends, and maintained suitably to her Dignity. *Nehemiah* had no other Resource than to fling himself into the Arms of Fortune: He was at so low a Pitch that he could not be reduced to a meaner Condition, and he had this Consolation still left, that though he was at the lowest Spoke of Fortune's Wheel, he knew it was the next to that which began to rise upwards. With this Thought possess'd, he was determined to visit his Father, though in a Beggar's Disguise: And accordingly having fitted himself with a tatter'd Coat, patch'd with a thousand Pieces of Cloth of different Colours; having his Beard long, which he had let grow on purpose, and two or three Bags, one hung at his Shoulder, and the other two to his Back, with several Crufts of Bread in them, he marches in this Condition to his Father's House; the Clock went three in the Afternoon just as he arrived at the Gate; he knocks, the Door is opened, and a Footman seeing a Beggar at the Door, took him by the Shoulders and push'd him away. Upon this, says *Nehemiah*, *Quæso, Domine, dare mihi aliquid: Quæso, quæso,* my Arse, answer'd the Footman; if you don't stir your Stumps, I'll rouse you away presently, you cunning Son of a Bitch. *Nehemiah* feigning himself very ill, tumbled down on the Ground, and there lay in a seeming great Agony. *O me Miserrimum, pro factum nefandum!* By this time the old Gentleman, who had got two or three Clergymen with him at Dinner, hearing a Man speak in *Latin*, bid his servant bring him in: *Nehemiah*, accordingly, with much ado, got up, and pretending much Illness, crept into the Hall where they were at Dinner, and, asking Pardon for his Presumption, sat down. One of the Clergymen looking earnestly upon him, ask'd him what Countryman he was. *Natus in Italia fui,* answer'd he: Whereupon the Clergyman said, *Quandiu in Anglia vixisti. Hos fere tres annos,* replied he, *sed nulla caritas, Benevolentiae, jam rediturus sum in meam patriam, modo venti receant.* The old Gentleman, his Father, little dreaming that it was his Son that spoke in this Disguise, was so taken with his pretended Foreigner and Scholar, that he desired the Clergyman to ask him if he could not speak *English*. Whereupon addressing himself to our Beggar, said, *ne nullamne aliam linguam, nisi Romanam cognoscas nomine Anglicano cates!* *In uno haud ignarus sum,* said he: With that, proceeded he, Gentlemen, 'tis my constant Practice, on travelling, to talk in *Latin*, not to make my self appear learned, but to shew the *English* what Foreigners can do. I am sorry to appear in this sordid Dress; but who can ward against the unpropitious Strokes of adverse Fortune. I came to this Island in Quality of a Gentleman (for such I am both by Birth and Education) but contrary Winds blowing against the Ship that brought my Money and Cloaths, all were lost in a Moment, by its being miserably dash'd in Peices against a Rock, and swallowed up by the Waves. Thus bereft at once all my Effects, I became exposed to all the Miseries of the Weather, and, before I could get Things enough to cover me, was vilified in all the Villages I pass'd through, and called an Impostor. But oh! ye Gods, are these the Rewards for your Indignities? or are these the Gratifications for my Losses? *Englishmen*, the worst of Natives, nurs'd up in Scythian Snows, or Desert Rocks, whose Hearts are as hard as the Adamant, and Tongues as poisonous as the Asp. The Doctor wondering at this sudden Emotion, ask'd him abundance of Questions, which he answer'd with a great deal of Grace and good Manners. This almost ravishing the old Gentleman his Father, he ordered a small Table to be spread before him, and the best Victuals he had in his House to be placed thereon; bidding him an hearty Welcome, and not stand on Ceremonies; for if the rest of his Countrymen had shewn him so little Respect, he should not meet with such at his House. *Nehemiah* was well enough pleas'd at his good Reception, and thought he was

in a fair Way to improve the Advantage Fortune had now thrown into his Hands; he eat with Moderation, thereby letting the Company see that it was not a Meal that he wanted: Hereupon the old Gentleman drawing his Chair near the Table where he was eating it, broke out into a sudden Emotion, which put the three reverend Guests into a sudden Surprise. *Oh my dear Son, my Son,* said he: *This is my Nehemiah, or else I never had a Son named Nehemiah in my Life-time.* Our Beggar staring full in the Face of his Father, said, *Ay, Sir, were I your Son I should never have suffered the Indignities I have been exposed to; but alas! two may be found in the World so much alike, that the nicest Eye can't tell how to distinguish them.* I'll tell you a Story of my self, if there be no Offence, —None at all answer'd they — Upon this, said he, *When I was at the University at Padua, I happened to have for my Bedfellow a young Gentleman, so much like me, as all the Features of his Face, Tallness, Size, and Gait, that the whole City, which saw us, took me for him, and him for me. Having been Lodgers together for about six Weeks, we contracted a very close Friendship, which we swore to each other inviolably to maintain, and that whichsoever of us died first, the Survivor should make Claim to all the Deceased's Effects. Thus we lived together, wearing the same Cloaths, and appearing in the same Garb from Head to Foot. It happened that my Companion fell into a Fever, and in a few Days (the Disorder being very violent) died. The Parents being informed of this Disaster, sent a speedy Letter to some Friends at Padua, to have the Body embalmed and carried home, which was above fifty Leagues off in the Country. I, thinking to be deprived of my Companion's Books and other Effects, which he had so solemnly promised me, went down in the meantime to make my Claim to the Father. At my coming within a quarter of a League of the House, I informed my self of some Particulars relating to the Family. The House where I had taken up my Quarters, being a publick Inn, I called for something to be order'd for my Supper; but, before it was got ready, could hear the Servants whispering amongst themselves, *Lord! this is Signior Dominico, our Governor's Son, who is supposed to be dead.* All the House was immediately in some Confusion; the Landlord came to me, and, looking at me full in the Face, Signior Dominico, said he, you are heartily welcome to our Village, Lord, we had News that you were dead, and I can affirm, that your Father has sent a Letter to his Friends at Padua, to have your Corps embalmed and brought home in a Litter. At this I pretended to be in some Surprise, and was resolv'd to see how the Issue of the Adventure would turn, by making myself the Person, which in Reality I was not. The Corps of my deceased Companion could not, I consider'd, be brought where I was before a Month; and I had all that time to prolong a Deceptio Visus, which, I knew, would be very entertaining and satisfactory to me. My Landlord, in the meantime, was gone to my deceased Companion's Father's House, where he had been telling a long Story about me; insomuch, that the good Folks, the Gentleman and Gentlewoman of the House, were at a Loss what to do. Surely you are mistaken, said they, it can never be, that our dear Dominico is alive; our Friends that transmitted us the News, is too sincere a Man to impose on us, and we can never believe it. Madam, said the Landlord, be pleas'd to step over to my House, and convince your self by your own Eyes. In short, within an Hour or so, I saw coming into the Room above half a Dozen well-dress'd Persons, whom I took to be Relations to my Deceased Companion, as, in fact, they were. On coming within Sight of me, a grave Gentlewoman, who was the Mother, swooned away, but, by timely Assistance, was brought to her self, when drawing near me, and*

eyeing me very eagerly, threw her Arms around my Neck, and almost stifled me with her Kisses. Her Exclamations were extraordinarily pathetick, and a Flood of Tears run down her Cheeks, that bespoke at once her Joy and concern: But within half an Hour the Emotions were pretty well over, and we sat down and conversed lovingly together. Had I discover'd myself just then, I do not know but the Grief of these fond Parents would have been ten times more than what I conceiv'd when they receiv'd the News of their Son's Death. We had an elegant Entertainment provided for Supper, and entirely at the Expence of old Dominico, who minded not half so much the Expence of the Victuals and Wine as whom he thought all the while to be his Son. I began now to put on a lively and brisk Countenance, being tolerably refresh'd with my good Supper. We sat together till about ten at Night, when we broke up, and went Home, where, after a short Stay in a cool Arbour in the Garden, (the Weather being extremely hot) I was conducted to a rich Apartment, there to take my Rest that Night; the next Day I was carry'd by my titular Parents to the Houses of several Friends, to make my Appearance, and convince them that I was still alive. Nothing but Joy and Mirth crown'd my Moments; my Parents, (for such I call them now) caress'd me in the most tender Manner, every thing that could be thought of was made subservient to my Pleasure; I hunted, fished, kept Company with all the neighbouring Gentlemen at their several Seats, and had Money put in my Pocket to defray my Expences. These Delights pleas'd me extremely, and I could have wish'd that all my Life had been continued in the same kind of Amusements. But having been made happy thus for about three Weeks, Recollection began to seize me; I reflect'd within myself what an Injury I was all along doing my Afflicted Parents, in pretending to be their Son, when I belong'd to others. I consider'd that I should do nothing more than what was consistent with Honour, if I laid open how Matters really were; but I was afraid of the good old Gentleman and his Spouse, least being made sensible of their Son's Death again, their Grief should be doubled, and perhaps some fatal League be the Consequence of it. In short, being determin'd to discover myself, I took them into the Garden one Day, where placing ourselves under the Shadow of a verdant Arbour, I pray'd them to give Ear particularly to something I had to acquaint them with; nay, I enjoin'd them to Secrecy, and told them, that the Discovery was of such a Nature as would try the most tender Passions they possess'd in their Souls to the utmost. They answer'd me, they would, and begg'd me, whatever it was to unfold it. Upon this I began, and acquainted them with the Reality of their Son's Death; that he and I being so much like to one another, so that no Body could distinguish us, by reason we wore the same Cloaths, pursued the same Practices, and acted in every thing as though we had been born for one another; we took a Fancy for one another's Conversation, became Bedfellows, but that Providence thinking fit to deprive me of the best Man I ever loved, visit'd him with a violent Fever, which in a few Days took him off. After this I made a Discovery of the Compact between us while alive, That which of us happen'd to prove the Survivor, he should be entitl'd to all his Effects he had in his Chambers; and then I readily desir'd them to bear up patiently against this Affliction, and excuse me for having acted as I did. After I had done speaking thus, the Parents burst out into a Flood of Tears, and seem'd for a while inconsolable: I urg'd to them the Necessity of Patience under Affliction, and that it was a Bravery greater than ever Alexander profess'd, to combat the Passions. My Discourse had its desir'd Effects upon them; and at last, being come to themselves, they not only excus'd what I had done, but made me a Present of a very handsome Purse of Money in the

room of my deceased Companion's Effects. They invited me to stay, nay, to live with them, and promised to make me their Heir after their Deaths. I frankly rejected all their Offers, told them I lay under a thousand Obligations for what they had done for me, and should ever keep the Memory of their sincere Hospitality to me alive in my Thoughts. And thus I left them.

Here our fictitious Beggar made an End. Thus you see, Gentlemen, (*continued he*) how much like to another Man I was, tho' no way akin to him. As for my part, addressing myself to the old Gentleman, *There could be nothing more in the World that I could sincerely wish than to be your Son: But, alas!*—Here abruptly breaking off, he was for taking his Leave and departing. No, said the old Gentleman, *I have taken so great a Fancy to you, that notwithstanding the Meanness of your Dress, the best Bed in my House is at your Service.* Here our Adventurer made a thousand Excuses, which only served to heighten the Father's Wishes more to have him lay at his House that Night: He pretended the Honour was too great for him, and that he was the most hospitable Man he had found in all England. In short, our Beggar and the Clergyman conversed together till near twelve at Night; when, breaking up, every Man went to his Chamber, but especially our Adventurer to his.

By this Time the whole House was in a profound Sleep and Silence. *Nehemiah*, who knew every Corner of it exceedingly well, was determin'd to improve the first Opportunity Fortune had thrown in his Way. So up he gets, and ransacks the Room he lay in of all the Things of Value that were portable. As he was tumbling in a Cabinet for his Prey, he chanced to light on a little Bag, wherein he found about twenty curious gold Medals of great Weight. This was a merry Sight; and having pack'd up all his Matters, and dress'd himself in a Suit of his Father's Cloaths, which he found in the Drawer, he took Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote the following Letter, which he left open upon the Table.

Most Reverend Sir,

THE Duty and Respect I have for you make me always ready to acquaint you with my Actions. You must know, Sir, that old Men sometimes are as easily to be impos'd on as raw and unexperient'd Youths. The poor Italian Beggar, who was admitted to your Table and Bed, was no other than your hopeful Son *Nehemiah*, who, out of a filial Affection, could not rest till he had seen you.—Indeed I am somewhat sorry for my Ingratitude, but you having enough, and more than enough, it made me prosecute an Action, which I am going to acquaint you. I have taken the Liberty, instead of my own Rags, to dress me in a Suit of your Cloaths, which I found in the Drawers, and fit me to an Hair, but thinking the Finery of my Apparel too much without Money to support it, I made bold with the Bag of Medals, of which I thought but Justice to apprise you.

Nehemiah Dickson.

Having wrote this, and left it open upon the Table, as I have observ'd above, he privately left his Chamber, and the House too, without making the least Noise.

That Morning he travelled on Foot to Newmarket, where, meeting with an old Acquaintance of his on Sand-hill, he ask'd him to bear him Company to an old Aunt of his, where he knew he should get other Money for his Medals. The Acquaintance begg'd to be excus'd, telling him he was going to the other End of the Town about important Business, which must be transacted that Morning. So *Nehemiah* went by himself. He found his Aunt just rising; who, after a mutual Salute, bad him sit down: The old Gentlewoman enquired very much about his Circumstances, and told him how well he might have lived had he pursued but regular Courses, or

been any Oeconomist in the World. Thank God, answer'd *Nehemiah*, Things suit not so bad with me, Aunt, as some People imagine; I Yesterday made up all Differences with my Father, of which I am so glad that I could not help bringing you the News this Morning.—I am rejoic'd to hear that, Nephew, with all my Heart. Ay, says *Nehemiah*, I have Reason to be glad, for the old Man not only forgave me all past Offences, but, having little or no current Money by him, made me a Present of this Bag of Medals which you have so often desired.—I have a Letter from him, which he desired me to write, and bring you.

Loving Sister,

MY Son *Nehemiah* and I are perfectly reconciled, and I think there are tolerable Hopes of Amendment: He promises fair, as he has done a thousand Times: I have been induced to take his Word this one Time more: he says he has a View of doing something or other to his Advantage in Newcastle, which I pray may succeed to his Profit. As Money was short with me at present, I let him have my Medals to bring to you at the Price you said you would give for them the last time I saw you. They are choice Curiosities, which, to a Stranger, I would not have parted with on any Conditions: but as they will continue in the Family, I am perfectly satisfied.

N. Dickson.

The old Gentlewoman having perused this Letter, imagined all was right, that there was no Deceit in her Nephew: *I am infinitely glad*, said she, *of this Reconciliation between you; well Nephew, I'll pay you the Money for the Medals, which comes to two hundred Pounds.* Accordingly they Breakfasted together, and presently after our Adventurer receiv'd the Money. Having staid some little time, he took his Leave of her for that Morning: But it prov'd an everlasting Farewel, for neither she nor his Parents ever saw him after that time.

Nehemiah being now furnish'd with Money to his own Satisfaction, provided himself with a good Horse, Pistols, and other Materials, necessary for the Service of a Highwayman; he left the North, and travelled into Nottinghamshire, where, in a small Space, he collected on the Road a matter of two hundred Pounds more. Fortune thus favouring his first Attempts, he began to have more Courage, and was determin'd to set upon Coaches, let them be what they would: His first Encounter in this kind, was with a Coach and Four in Sheerwood Forest, wherein were an eminent Lawyer, and three beautiful young Ladies. He rode up to the Coach-door, with a Pistol charged in his Hand, and demanded the Lawyer's Money, who used several Arguments to make him desist from the Crime he was going to commit. *Nehemiah* told him the same Arguments perswaded him to insist on his Money, as those did him for taking double Fees; and that it was but reasonable, out of the many Guineas he took to defend bad Causes, he should give him a Share of them, who should turn them to as good or a better Use than he. The Lawyer finding it in vain to dispute with him any longer, delivered him his Purse, wherein were fifty odd Guineas. *I thank you humbly*, said *Dickson*, *but before you and I depart, I must beg leave to recite an Oration which I made at the Temple before a Set of Lawyers.*

Dickson's Oration to the Lawyer:

NO T to insist on the Advantages that flow from States well regulated, which is no more than the Consequence of good Laws justly put in Execution, I shall make an Inquiry into the Abuses that of late have crept among you. The Power of Money I take to be the Original of all these sinistrous Proceedings; for what Man among you has Virtue to

restrain

restrain his Fingers from a Bribe? Thus Corruption runs through the several Classes of your Order. If the greatest among you have not Power sufficient to curb this impetuous Gold, much less can the inferior ones do so. Gold is the sole Aim of all your Pleadings; for whether the Cause you engage in be in itself good or bad, it matters not, so the Fee be large. Perjury, Adultery, Murder, Cheating, and all other Vices which ought not so much as to be mentioned, shall find as large a Defence from your Speeches, as the sublimest Virtue, Honour, and Honesty. This was what the Romans abhorred, nor were ever such Enormities countenanced at the Bar; for where the Criminal was fully charged and known to be guilty, in any of these Cases, Down with him, was the general Cry: There was no Prosecution, formal Process, no defending him; and if any one presumed to be his Advocate in such a dirty Case, he was sure to be loaded with Infamy all his Days. Pray, whence proceeds this Delay of the Execution of the Law? From no other Cause than the Prostitution of the several Offices among you: 'Tis Money and Fees that occasion this Delay; for as long as any splendid Guineas can be obtain'd, so long must the Suit inevitably depend, almost to the entire Ruin of both Plaintiff and Defendant, according to those Verses:

*I have for Gold exchange'd my Fleeces,
By Lawyers to be torn in Pieces;
And that must surely be the End on't,
Whether I'm Plaintiff or Defendant.*

Just as he ended these Lines, two or three Gentlemen appearing on Horse-back, made our Adventurer break off abruptly, and scour off. We shall have Occasion before we finish the Life of this Person, to give the Remainder of this Oration; for the Reader will find in the Sequel the same Lawyer attacked by Dickson, when he bringing to Mind the Beginning of his Speech, after he has robb'd him the second Time, proceeds to give him the rest.

Dickson having met with tolerable good Success, found that robbing by himself was rather a Disadvantage to him, than any real Profit, tho' he had made a pretty good Market of the few Adventures he had engaged in. He was therefore determin'd to get a Companion, who should be trusty, and faithful; and it was not long before he found one to his Mind. He happened to lodge now at the Boar's-Head-Inn, in Newark, being taken by the People of the House for a Gentleman of considerable Estate, who came to stay a While there, and see the Country. There happen'd to be a Person, who likewise lodged there, and was called the Half-Pay-Officer. Nehemiah observed something in this Man's Aspect, that wonderfully pleased him: He thought that Money was a Thing he would grasp at, at any Rate, and he wished to bring him over to his Purposes. The Question was how to get handsomely into his Company; for the Captain was continually making his Addresses to the Gentlewoman of the House, that there was scarce any Opportunity of having a private Conversation with him. Our Adventurer finding him one Afternoon sitting all alone in the Parlour, went in, and told him, he wanted a little Conversation to pass away the Time, and should be much obliged, if he would favour him with his Company. The Captain appeared very frank, answered, he wanted no Solicitation; for Company was what he loved, and no Man was welcomer to him than he. Accordingly they took their Seats, and a bottle of Wine, Pipes, and Tobacco were called for: The Glass having been handed to one another very briskly for some Time; they began to open their Minds to one another with less Reserve. The Captain like his Brethren, ran over his Exploits with surprizing Volubility; and then acquainted our Adventurer with his Condition. *Although I have not the Honour to be acquainted with you, Great Sir, in whose Person dwells (if my Thoughts and Eyes are not both Mistaken) all the Virtue and*

Valour of slain English Heroes, by a Transmigration; yet I am not unknown to the African Part of the Macrocosm, where my single Sword has eaten its Way through thousands, and hath afterwards drank itself into a Suficit, with the Blood of those bell-w'd Infidels, my forward Valour soon reward-ed my unknown Worth; and for no other Reason, but that I was thought fit to command the Destines, having so great a Power over Life and Death, that I was made a Captain. At first the great Care I had to preserve my own, made me expose myself as their Target, to guard them from their Enemy's Arrows; so that in one Battle, wherein there were three or four thousand Men of the adverse Party, there were but three hundred of them escaped with Life, to inform their Friends of their Country's Losses; I say, in that barbarous Conflict I returned Home, as thick stuck with Arrows, as a Porcupine with Quills: Afterwards my Name served to frighten mine Enemies without striking a Blow. But the long Absence from my native Country, possess me with so great a Desire of seeing that blessed Soil, that gave me Breath, that I resolv'd to acquit my Commands; and here I wait for a Post in my own Land. As for what I was come of, Sir, I was well born, and genteely educated, living in a pamper'd Condition till the Age of seventeen; at which Time my Father dying, his Estate fell to my elder Brother, who mounting my Father's warm Seat, could not conceal his Turkish cruel Disposition against his Brothers; yet though the Law held his Hands from cutting off their Heads, his austere Countenance, and severe Censure towards them, did, notwithstanding, cut off their Hopes from ever expecting more than barely what my Father left me and them in Money. Two hundred Pounds was my Portion: I went to London soon after I had got it, where equipping myself suitably to the Grandeur of the Place, and Gallantry of the Persons I became acquainted with, I spent my Time agreeably to my Constitution. I scatter'd my Money apace, and how could I do otherwise; for my Exchange was at the Tavern, my Lodging at a Brothel, Hide-Park my Gaming-House in Ordinary, my Study was the Playhouse, my Associates were bully Russians; my Mistresses were Courtezanas; and my constant Attendants were Pimps, Parasites, Spongers, Whedlers, and such like. The Captain leaving off here his formal, bombastical, hyperbolical Speech. Nehemiah was at a Stand what to do with this mighty Garagantua: A Man of Courage or Sincerity he could not be brought to think he was, and therefore was resolv'd to make no further Trial of him, only to keep him Company over his Wine.

While they were in Discourse together, in steps a Presbyterian Parson half-drunk, Captain, says he, *I have been hunting for you this two Hours: I am just in a right Time to embrace good Company and Fellowship.* Our Adventurer, upon this, begged the Parson to sit down, who, in a little Time, began to chatter like a Jack-Daw. *Come Gentlemen,* says he, *let us not keep so much Reserve in our Conversation; all the World knows what I am: I mangle the modern Divines more barbarously than an Executioner a Traitor's Body, not forbearing to give old Priscian a Knock on the bald Crown. The Height of my Eloquence consists in railing against Popery, calling Episcopacy the Sister of the Whore of Babylon, running on in my Preaching like a mad Dog, foaming and open-mouth'd, yelping at the honourable Clergy, in general. I hum and spit a thousand Times during a Sermon; and, by the Blowing of my Nose, make many a filthy Parenthesis; when I conclude my Sermon, I pray, shut my Eyes, and would rather utter Nonsense and Tautology, than use any studied Form. Having finish'd my Discourse, I steal demurely out of my Meeting-House with my Sword by my Side, and though I neither obey Christ's Commission, or wear his Livery, yet I would be accounted one of his menial Servants, as soon as I am come out, one thanks me for the great Pains which I have taken; another*

invites me to Dinner, a third, a fourth, and a fifth; but I let all alone till the tenth makes his Proffer. At last, where I think I shall have the best Entertainment, there I generally accept the Invitation. I can never go amiss for my Supper; and to retaliate their Kindness, before the Cloth is laid, I commonly give them a sleeping Prayer, of an Hour and an Half's Length, usually proportioning Time to that of Supper-dressing: My Design herein is certainly like the Scribes and Pharisees, who had never been condemn'd for long Prayers, had they not been us'd as so many Grates before their curs'd Meals of Orphan's Estates, and Widow's Houses. I endeavour to make my Interest good among the Females, knowing how prevalently powerful they are commonly over their Husband's Inclinations, which I practise with so much Craft and Cunning, first possessing them with a good Esteem of my Holy Life and Conversation that they verily believe a Word of my Mouth will either Saint them, or reprobate them, when I please; which I perceiving, resolve to play the Gypsy with them, telling good Fortunes to none, but such as cross my Hand with a Piece of Silver, that is to say, in private Meetings and Conferences; and having Occasion to speak of such and such, it lies in my Power then to say, that such an one to my certain Knowledge is a precious Saint, a constant Hearer of the Word, having an excellent Gift for Prayer: Or such an one is lately fallen, she is started aside into the By Paths of Sin and Iniquity; so that you see by me, as well as by the Pope, that People may be canonized for Money. Here the Parson made an End of giving an excellent Discourse on his own Picture, which so pleased our Adventurer, that he thought the House he was in, contained nothing but Persons of both Sexes whose Lives afforded a great Deal of Amusement and Pleasure; so willing to gratify a strange Curiosity that possess'd him, he called the Landlady and her two Maids to step in and take a Glass of Wine. They, to please their Guest, came immediately, and Dickson desired them to sit down, when after having fill'd to each two or three Glasses a-piece, he begged the Mistress to begin her Adventures, and the Maid Servants to follow her with theirs, the Captain and the Parson having already inform'd him of theirs. The Landlady who was a Woman of exceeding great Frankness, without any Hesitation, began thus:

"My Father-in-Law, Sir, lived in Exeter, in very good Fashion, being one of the principal of the City; and though he had a very good Trade of his own, yet he thought it very incomplete to that of London, and thither must his Son be sent. A Confectioner for his Master, was provided him; but he had not been with him ten Weeks, before the Confectioner found that he was half undone by his sweet-tooth'd Gutling; nay he ingeniously confessed to me, (who was then a Servant in the House, and came to be his Wife afterwards,) that his Pockets were continually cramm'd with all Sorts of Sweet-Meats, as Pome-Citron, Orange and Lemon Peel, Comfits of all Sorts. But his Reason for so doing was, lest being sent on an Errand, he should lose any Time in the indulging his Palate; and he did not so much as go to Bed unfurnished, sleeping with some sweet Things or other in his Mouth, that he might dream of the rest. His Master concluding, that he should be absolutely undone, if he kept him much longer, sent for his Father, who coming up, removed him from thence, and placed him with a Vintner, knowing experimentally that those who are sweet-tooth'd, are seldom Drunkards. But the Gentleman could not make so much Haste to get out of Town, as his Son did to get drunk; for in seven Days that he was in this Tavern, he was but five Hours perfectly sober. It was well he made so much Haste to shew his Inclination, that he might not put his aged Father to the Expence and Trouble of ano-

ther Journey. His Father seeing he could devour Trade so fast, and lest some such should devour him at last, resolv'd to put him to one he could not eat, namely, a Salefman. He seem'd diligent enough 'till his Father was got out of Town, and then wanting what the Indulgence of a Father had continually supplied him with, he one Morning put on a handsome Suit that fitted him, and taking along with him a very good Brussels Camblet Cloak (which he sold) away he march'd into the Country, committing many petty Larcenies by the Way, resolving, if it should fall to his Chance, to die as near his Friends as possible. At Huntingdon he was apprehended for stealing a Silver Tankard, but being known by some Relations, which he had in the Town, the Business was hush'd up, and he sent Home. His Father admir'd to see his Son return so soon after him, asked him the Reason thereof, who cunningly replied, that he could not live so far from his Relations. Though the old Man was troubled, that his Son should thus disappoint his Expectations, yet he could not but shew himself a Dorard, in acknowledging his Son's natural Affection therein.

"At last it was concluded on, that he should follow his Father's Trade of Mercery, which he did, 'till the good old Man died, which was about two Years after, but how faithfully I must leave to those Parents to consider, who have brought their Children to shameful Ends, and thereby have blemish'd the spotless Reputation of their antient Families, by not endeavouring to hinder the Excursions of such Debaucheries, as proceed from their known vicious Constitutions. His Father leaving him his House, Shop, and Goods, he so apparelled himself, and spent so largely, as in the Excess neither had the Conquest. These, and his extravagant Courtship, made him the Town-talk. He had not Hours enough in eight Days to his Mistresses, although he should address himself, to one every Hour; and his Love was so general, that he would have enjoy'd them all; but the Law restraining his boundless Desires, to which he was most prone, he was oblig'd to take up with one, which, at first, he seem'd to have little Inclination to, which was to marry, and that with me.

"Our Marriage was but just consummated, and we hardly warm in each other's Embraces, when he (inhuman Villain!) turn'd his poor Mother out of Doors, bidding her go live elsewhere upon her Thirds; for he would have no Overseer within his House, nor such who should continually disturb his Quiet with the hideous Lectures of Crabtree Morality. The Candle is now lighted at both Ends, if he spent liberally with Friends abroad, I had those to spend with and upon; and that I might not come short of him, if I heard that he spent a Crown, I would double it in my Expence; for one Half-Year two Taylors had nothing else to do, but to make us new Garments, and when we and our Friends were together in a Tavern, all the Drawers were few enough to attend us; and so generous was my Husband, that a Poetaster, who could never arrive at the height of a Ballad, presenting him with a hobbling nonsensical Epithalamium, he caus'd the poor Rhimer to uncase himself immediately, and cloath'd him so, that he rather look'd like a gaudy Player, than a Poet, bestowing on him, over and above, five Pieces. By these Courses his Shop was altogether neglected, and few Commodities vented, but what my Paramours took upon everlasting Credit. Growing now weary of Exeter, and such vulgar Country Delights (as he was pleas'd to call them,) he furnished his Pockets with Store of Money, having converted a round Sum of Silver into Gold, away he rode for London, where being come, he omitted not any Time which he might employ, either in Places of Pleasure or Pastime. And being tired here

“ here too with the Variety of his Delights, and finding withal not above twenty Pieces left, he mounts his Horse, with an Intention Homewards ; but by the Way having some Business, (as a Wench to see or so) at *Marlbro’* on the Downs he was met with and robb’d, and with a Cut or two (for he resisted) he made a shift to get to the Town. He had behaved himself so ill, that the Report came thither, and those that would in his Father’s Lifetime have trusted him with five hundred Pounds, would not now trust him with so many Farthings ; so that he was forced to sell the Horse, and go Home on Foot.

“ Mean Time, I was not idle in my Expences, rioting in that shameful Manner, that the whole Town cried out Shame on me. Those deserved Reproaches, which they daily threw on me, made me resolve to lay hold on the Opportunity of my Husband’s Absence, and secure what I could to my own peculiar Use, and quit the Town. To that Intent, I consulted with my chiefest Favourite, who advised me by all Means to take a speedy Course, for my Self-Preservation, which was an Instinct infused into the Nature of Irrationals ; and therefore Man could not be without it. My Counsellor needed not have used any Arguments to persuade me to that I was already resolved to put in Execution ; and therefore I only desired him to let me know how I should secure the Goods in the Shop. *Let that alone to me, said he, I will take that Charge upon me ;* and that he might charm me into a Consent, he took and talk’d me over in private.

“ The Night being come for the putting in Execution what I and my Counsellor had advised together, my Gallant was ready punctually at his Hour with three or four Porters, by the Help of whom he quickly removed all the choice Goods, or any that were worth Portage, to a Place appointed. Having so done he advised me to secure what Money and Plate there was in the House. This was done so silently, that the Servants of the House were not awakened by any Noise they made. There was not so much Money and Plate, but it was portable enough between them ; having thus contributed to the robbing myself, away I trudged with my Friend to another Place, than where he had put the Goods ; and having provided an Horse, before for that Purpose, in the Morning early away we rode for *Plymouth*, about thirty Miles distant ; where having lodged me, and promising to return speedily, takes a good Quantity of Money with him, and was never heard of afterwards by me.

“ My Husband coming home, and finding all Things in this Condition, was about to hang himself (and so he might, for few loved him so well as to hinder him from it, especially now, seeing there was no more Good to be done with him,) but comforting himself, that his House was still left standing, he grieved very little, for he was hitherto so little acquainted with Grief, that he knew not what it was ; he had not rested in it above one Night, before he sold it, and what Goods remained, and it was not two Hours after, before he was arrested ; and so forced to part with above three Parts of what the Sale had brought him in, to discharge the Debts he owed in that City. It was not long after that all was gone ; and in that Juncture of Time, I left *Plymouth*, and with the few Things I had about me, came to this Town, where getting into the Family of a young Gentleman, who was just arrived to a plentiful Estate, I had the ill-Fortune to be seduced by him, and he, in Return, put me into this Inn, where I have lived ever since ; and this is all the Account I can give of myself.”

Upon this, the Chamber-Maid began : “ I was born in *Lincolnshire*, and coming up to *London*, with the Carrier to get a Place, it was ten to one, that

“ I had not been pick’d up by some Bawd, they continually laying in wait at all the Inns in the Town, for the coming up of handsome Girls. It was the Fortune of a Semstress in the *New-Exchange*, to meet with me, who seeing me to have a well-featur’d, and well-coloured Countenance, took so great a Liking to me, that she took me Home with her : She knew well enough what she did, being not ignorant, that a handsome young Girl in a Shop, will attract as many Beauty-Hunters to her Shop, as sweet Things will draw Flies to a Confectioner’s Stall. I had not lived long with my Mistress, but I was envied by my neighbouring Apprentices, and admitted, and courted by many of the Gallants of that End of the Town. My Mistress, who found the Sweetness of the Incomes of her new-come Servant, gave me much more Liberty, and Countenance, than she had done any before, cloathing me in as good a Light as might become such an excellent Face, and the Esteem which Gentlemen of Quality had for it.

“ I had by this Time purged myself of the Barbarisms and Impurities of the *English* Tongue, by the daily Converse of the Ladies, and Gallants of the Court, and had learnt Decorum in Carriage, as well as Eloquence in Language. My Mistress was much to blame in suffering me to wait upon Gentlemen at their Chambers, with Shirts, Sleeves, Cravats ; though it is customary, yet dangerous to those that would preserve their Honour ; by which Means I had so many Temptations offered to me, that the like would have taken in the Maiden Fortresses of a Vestal. They courted me with those Golden Showers, which infallibly conquer, and having *Love* for their President, no Wonder then, if I yielded to my Overcomers.

“ This still brought in more Grist to my Mistress’s Mill, who gave me good Counsel to have a Care of the Temptations of the Flesh ; but she could discern by my Eyes, that her Advice came to late ; and knowing that Trade would not last long, she gave me, in a Manner, my own Freedom, asking her Leave, when I went abroad ; but yet my Mistress was not such a Fool, but she knew well enough to whom she granted this Liberty. There was not a Day hardly past, but I was coached ; but at length I hackney’d so long, that I got an ambulating Nag : Being recovered, I scorned to be dismay’d for one hard Bargain ; but returned at it again and again ; and now I was grown to that Pass, that I cared not, and cried, *Clap, that clap can*, bearing in among them, and firing Gun for Gun.

“ My Mistress having reaped the utmost of her Harvest, advised me to keep in ’till I was well, and being so, make the best and quickest Advantage I might of getting a Husband ; for she told me that I must stay with her no longer ; I being so great a Scandal to her Profession. This was too sensible a Mortification to me ; but good Fortune attended me : I was courted, and married about two Years before that Gentleman, Soldier of Fortune came acquainted with me. He over-ruled and advised me to strip my Husband of his best Goods, which I did, and so we came together hither, where he bears the Character of an Half-Pay Officer, and I of a virtuous Chambermaid.

Hereupon the other Servant-maid began : “ My Sister (who is now dead) and I were born at *Northallerton*, in the County of *York*. We are hardly worth mentioning ; and therefore I shall not be long in giving some Account of us. From fifteen Years of Age, we were brought up in *London*, and therefore capable of driving a Trade in the Country ; and indeed, at all critical Junctures we were obliged to make that our Refuge or Sanctuary. For in the Place aforesaid, we were known to be such notorious Night-Walkers, and

“ Pick-

" Pick-Pockets, that we resolv'd to go elsewhere, making Choice of *Nottingham*, a Place so remote from our former Habitation and Acquaintance, that we assured ourselves of new Credit, amongst a People so altogether unknown to us.

" There we took a *Chamber*, (lying together) and went for Sisters, as we really were. We were *Button-Makers* by Trade, and the Report of two *London Button-Makers* coming down to inhabit in that Town, quickly reached the Ears of the Shop-keepers therein; and that Word *London*, carried so great a Sway, and Esteem with it, that we were presently employ'd, and had much Work a-Days. A young Mercer newly set up, fell in Love with me, and prosecuted his Suit so closely, that though with much Difficulty (I giving him many Repulses to make him the more eager in the Pursuit) yet he at length obtained his Desires, and so fond he was of his Enjoyments, that his Business must lie at Sixes and Sevens, since all the Day after he employ'd his Time in my Company. I like a *Cunningham*, at last, fearing the Proverb would prove true, which says, *That hot Love soon grows cold*, pretended myself with Child, which in two Months Time I made to grow so preposterously fast, that the Mercer was forced to believe what his Eyes saw so apparently. Not knowing how to save his Reputation, he consulted his best Wits again and again; at length found this the only Expedient to preserve his endanger'd Credit; that is, to give me a good Sum of Money, with which he might persuade me to remove into the Country. He propounded this to me, and though I was ready to lip out of my Skin to see my Design take so good Effect, yet I would give no Hearing to what he said; but falling on my Knees, begged that he would save mine and his own Reputation, by making me an honest Woman, that was, marrying me; if he could not condescend to that, I would not admit of any other Terms, but what sudden Death should make me the Overture of.

" Some Days he spent in persuading me, getting my Good-Will: He gave me a Sum of Money to accommodate my lying in, in the Country, giving a good Part to my Comrade, and ordering her to stay till my Return, which should be speedy; I took Leave of my Lover, as if I had been going to the other World. But I was no sooner out of Sight, but I re-assumed my former jolly Temper. Coming to an Inn, where I was to lie that Night, I there miscarried of a Cushion. To carry on my Project with the least Suspicion, the next Day I went to a neighbouring Town, where staying four or five Days to recreate myself and see the Curiosities for which it was famed, I removed to another, from thence to a third, fourth, and fifth, only to prolong Time, that I might not be suspected on my Return. Six Weeks being expired, I thap'd my Course within about four Miles of this Place, where I found my Comrade had not been idle, but had employ'd her Hands to very good Advantage.

" My Lover hearing of my Return, play'd least in Sight; and although he had heard that I had cast my Colt, yet would he not come nigh me, for fear of paying as dearly for his Pleasures, as he had done before, and so resolv'd to acquit me for ever: Yet this forsaking me did not hinder other Visitants. To conclude, we had cheated so many with a Pretence of being with Child, that the younger Fry were afraid to come nigh us, being looked upon by the Town, as no other than a Couple of subtle Trapans. Our Trade thus miserably decaying, we resolv'd to try what other Effects Night-walking would produce; so strolling about one Evening with our white Aprons, as a Flag of Truce, we walk'd a long Time before we could get with any fit for the Purpose. In short, when it was grown late, we met with a Gentleman coming out of a Tavern, more than half drunk,

" whom we picked up, the Bargain was quickly struck, and to an Entry we went, one of us standing at the Door as a Centinel: At length, says I, who was within, *Good Sir, let me go, for the Watch is a coming*; which he hearing, it made him step nimbly into the Street, because he would not be found with Females in so suspected a Place; casting his Head about, and perceiving that his two Wenches made more than ordinary Haste, he presently suspected that we had shewn his Pockets foul Play; whereupon putting his Hands therein, and finding his Watch missing, he immediately ran after us, and just overtook us, as he met with the Watch, by whom we were secured; and being searched, the Watch was found. The next Day we were carried before a Justice, who, upon Examination, finding us guilty, committed us to Goal; but here by our Artifices, and daubing the Jailer's Hand with a Perswasive, we obtained our Liberty at Night, and got safe about twenty Miles into the Country, before it was well Day-light. In our Journey my Sister happen'd to die of a Surfeit, and was buried at the Expence of the Parish. But I being looked upon as a jolly Girl, was taken into Service by the Parson of the Parish, who, being an old Lecher, had frequent Communication with me, which I improved to my Advantage; and in a little Time got good Cloaths and some Ready-Money. Being now tired of his Company, I left him, and strolling about the Country, came to this Town, where, meeting with my good Mistress here, I struck a Bargain with her, and have continued in her Service ever since.

Dickson seemed astonished at his Company; but more at the unusual Frankness wherewith they discovered themselves; he, the Soldier, and the Presbyterian Minister, tost round the Glass very plentifully, and the Landlady was no way behind. Our Adventurer seeing good Humour, and a Vein of merriment running through them, gave them the following Song:

A S O N G.

I.

*The Parson, reverend and sage,
Will for a Glass of sprightly Wine;
Betray the Weakness of his Age,
And mar and curse the Text Divine.*

II.

*The Soldier for the generous Juice,
Will leave the fierce and hot Campaign;
Three Bottles, (wondrous!) can produce
A Victory, more than Blenheim's Slain.*

III.

*The Widow, once a Buxom Lass,
Now honest Bacchus fills her Veins;
Makes Virtue bend beneath the Glass,
And to her Lust let loose the Reins.*

IV.

*The Maid; for who the Truth can find?
Unless by Wine's Divinity;
Makes free Confession of her Mind,
And lets the World her Foibles see.*

V.

*Thus Truth by Potent Wine is formed,
Let then, great Bacchus honour'd be;
Let still the Glass go briskly round
For he that drinks is Friend to me.*

By

By this Time the Company were well warmed, and it being pretty late, they broke up and retired. *Dickson*, in the Morning, took his Leave, and pursued his Journey to *Leicester*; where happening to meet with a first Cousin of his, who had been at *London* to buy Goods, they put up together at the same Inn: They supped together; and afterwards the Relation, through a Motive of Friendship, began to expostulate with *Nehemiah* about the Irregularities of his Life, and the Reason of his late bad Conduct. To which our Adventurer, in short, told him, That what he had mostly done amiss, regarded his own Father only, who might have done handsome Things for him, had he been so minded. Much more Conversation they had together; mean while the Relation told him, that however, he was glad to see him; and thereupon pulling out a Purse, with a large Quantity of Guineas in it, he gave our Adventurer ten; advising him to make good Use thereof, and go home; for his Father would be glad to see him, and he by his Mediation, would bring all Things about, that he should not only live comfortably during the Life-time of his Father, but have what he had after his Death. *Dickson* return'd him a thousand Thanks for his Civilities, and said, he was determined to return home with him, provided he fulfilled his Promises. The Relation acquainted him, he would; and so next Morning they set out together; traveling for about twenty Miles in great Friendship.

But now a dark Scene follows: Being come to the End of a Wood, where the Road parted three Ways, and there being no Post set up to direct which way each led: Both of them being ignorant of the Situation of the Country, knew not which Road to take. *Dickson* observing all about in a profound Silence; and that no Body was stirring, brushes up to his Relation, and demands his Purse of Guineas, telling him, he had as good a Pocket as his was, to carry it in. The Relation looked earnestly upon our Adventurer, as well he might, and took his Words at first for Raillery: But he soon found the Difference; for *Nehemiah*, without more ado, drew a Pistol; and pretending to fright him, unhappily discharged it, and shot him dead upon the Spot. This unfortunate Accident put our Adventurer into a terrible Confusion: He knew not what to do for some Time; but recollecting with himself, that Delay might be attended with dangerous Consequence, he hoisted the Body over the Horse, and led it into a secret Covert of the Wood, where tying the Horse to a Tree, and putting the Pistol by the Body, he left both in that Condition, and then rode off.

He had not rode above six Miles when the Remembrance of the late Deed was quite effaced out of his Memory; so much abandoned was he now to his iniquitous course of Life. Observing at a small Distance a Coach coming up, he was determined to attack it, and drawing near, he found it to be the Lawyer's Coach which he had robb'd some Months before. Glad of this Opportunity, he rides directly up to the Door of the Coach, and espying the Lawyer, Good Lord! said he, that we should meet one another again: Lawyer, I am your most obedient humble Servant: Only, pray Sir, be so good as to pay me the fifty Guineas you neglected to give me the last Time I saw you. The Lawyer pretending a great Deal of Ignorance, *Dickson* told him, that if he

did not make a ready Dispatch, he would dispatch him, and send him immediately out of the World, with a Brace of Balls. These Menaces terrifying the Gentleman, he was obliged, though much against himself, to give him most Part of the Money he had about him. Whereupon *Dickson* throwing an humorous Smile at the Lawyer, acquainted him, that for the Generosity he had shewn him, he could not but in return, give him the latter Part of his Oration.

Dickson continues his Oration to the Lawyer.

If Justice was rightly administer'd, not one Third of the Number of those perplexing Law-Suits would harass the Kingdom; not one third of those Villains would disturb our Repose; but 'tis to your Chancery, and double Eloquence that all our Misfortunes are owing: If you can but grow rich, no Matter how you arrive at your Wealth, whether the Road be clean or dirty. A Load of Infamy is equally as good to you, as a Load of Praise; for you wisely think, as you flatter yourselves, that being once rich, you have secured every other Thing: I confess with you, that Money is a fine Ingredient to make this Life relish well; but, methinks, the Acquisition should be built on a laudable Bottom; for even between you there lies a great Inequality with regard to the acquiring Money. You extort Fees from the poor with a Pretence of doing him Justice, when no such Thing is in the Case, and while you are retained for the Plaintiff, you'll make no Scruple in taking a Fee of the Defendant, to jump over some Material Clause. This is a methodical Way of cozening with a Witness. Now I pursue a quite different Way; I am open and generous in what I do: I demand your Money without Concealment or Equivocation, and if you give me this, 'tis all I want, and you, in Debtors, may go away in Quiet. Pistols are Badges of Defence, but are never used, but on obstinate and perverse Fools.

Here he ended, and rode off: For a Matter of six Months, or more, afterwards, he sat Quiet, without doing any Harm to any one, having Money enough to live handsomely: The Murther of his Relation began to revive in his Memory, and he had several Conflicts in his Breast about it; the more now he strove to suppress it, the more the Thought of it perplex'd him, till finding his Life but a Load of Guilt, he was determined to put a sudden Period to his own Life. Accordingly, one Night sitting up late at the Inn where he lodged, and being alone in his Chamber, he took Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote the following Letter, which leaving open upon his Table, he then took a Pistol and shot himself.

To those who shall happen first to peruse this Writing.

“**B**E it known unto you, that a Load of Guilt, having oppressed me for some Time, which I unable to sustain any Longer, have put an End to my miserable Life.”

This was all the Letter contained; and thus did this Wretch finish his Life

The LIFE of THOMAS GRAY.

WE here present our Readers with the remarkable Life of a very great Thief, and Cheat, as written by himself above four-score Years ago. This witty Rogue is much talked off at this Time in the West of *England*, where he was born, and where he wrote his Life and Actions; a Life famous in those Parts; and we believe will prove diverting and agreeable to our Readers here. The Account which he gives of himself, is as follows:

I was born in *Exeter*, a City in the County of *Devon*: My Father's Name was *Thomas Gray*, a Native of the same City, and by Trade a *Barber*. His Wife (who I believe was my Mother,) was a good-natur'd Woman, and one who never denied a handsome Spark any Favour. My Father was accused with keeping a younger Brother of mine always at Hand to pick his Customer's Pockets, whilst they were Shaving; but the little Diver was catch'd, and died in Prison under the Penance of a Discipline, applied to him with a little too much Rigour. My Father was much afflicted at it; for he drove a pretty Trade with him, and he never had been a Prisoner before; but always came off with Honour. As to my own Part, after many Disputes between my Parents about placing me out in the World, and they not agreeing to what Trade; I was furnished with the first Rudiments of Art, vulgarly called the *Horn-Book*, and sent to School. I had not been there above eight Days, before my Mistress, who was a likely Lass, perceived I was a Lad of *Mettle*, and might be proper to go of her Errands, and for that Reason was kinder to me than the rest of the Schollars, which made them envy me. From that Time I began to keep Company with those that were bigger than myself, and became intimate with a Gentleman's Son of the City, whose Name was Mr *Robert Langdon*. Every Holyday we went to play together, Hens-Nests, and Orchards, we robbed together: In short, I was never out of his Company, which made my Fellow-Schollars either angry that I slighted them, or, thinking me presumptuous, often twitting me with my Father's Trade. One would call me *Lord of the Razor*, another *Little Trimmer*, and a third *Young Soap-suds*; but these I did not regard, till one of my Comrades, with whom I was playing, called me *Son of a Whore*: Upon which I threw a Stone hard at him, and broke his Head, then took to my Heels, ran to my Mother, and told her the Case, who commended my Valour, and rejoiced to see how great an Empire Honour had already obtained over me. Away goes my Father to seek out the Boy, that he might wipe off this Reproach, who asking his Pardon, and Peace being made, I was return'd to School again.

Whilst I remain'd here, I was always in Company with the Schollar before-mentioned, with whom I had contracted a great Friendship, I used to exchange my Tops and Marvels with him, though mine were better, I gave him Pictures, and complied so with his Humours, that at last his Father and Mother, who knew nothing of the ill-repute of mine, finding their Child took such Delight in my Company, were very well pleased, when I dined, supped, or lay with their Son, who in a short Time was removed to a Grammar-School at *Cullampton*, and myself to accompany him, to wean him from his Parents Fondness, which commonly makes Children Dunces.

At this School we remained about five Years, during which Time nothing extraordinary intervened, but such Tricks as are usually play'd at School. I and my young Master made pretty good Progress in our Learning, and he being now arrived to the Age of Eighteen, his Father took him from the School, and after he had kept him at Home about three Months, desirous of making his Son a Schollar, resolv'd to send him to *Oxford*, and I was asked, if I thought fit to wait on him. My Consent was easily obtained. Our Cloaths were pack'd up, and we mounted on Horseback, accompanied by an old Servant to carry our Portmanteau, defray the Expences of our Journey, and bring back the Horses. Nothing remarkable happen'd on the Road; we arrived safe at *Oxford*. My young Master was enter'd of *B—Colledge*, and I had Lodgings at a private House, (with several other Gentlemen's Servants) and only waited on him by Day. My Landlady was a mighty Woman for what she called Country Affairs; so that the Yard was well stocked with Fowls of all sorts, sucking Pigs, &c.

On an Evening being at Play in my Room with some of the other Servants, we heard a Grunting without the Door, which we opened, and presently came in a Brace of young Pigs, whom we punished severely for their Presumption in coming so near us; and that Night carried them to an Alehouse, and made a brave Feast of them. My Master heard of it, and was very angry, but most of the Gentlemen of the Colledge laugh'd at it, and interposed in my Behalf. It was not long before my young Master came into the like Opinion with me of now and then borrowing some of our Neighbours Goods; for he, with three more of his Fellow-Collegians, being appriz'd of a very fat Calf, which belonged to a Farmer a little Way from their Colledge, made bold to take it away, but could not for a long Time contrive how to get it into the Colledge; for it being late, and the Gates shut, the Porter would inevitably see them; but one more cunning than the rest, bids two of them lift the Calf upon the Hind-Feet, then put his Gown and Cap on it; and thus supported the Calf was led in. The Porter inquiring what was the Reason they supported the Gentleman so, was told, it was a Schollar a little in Liquor, and by that Stratagem they made many good Meal on *Veal*.

These and many other Pranks we play'd there, when my Master received a Letter from his Father; wherein was inclosed one for myself from an Uncle of mine, the most noted Man in *Exeter*; for he was a *Finisher of the Lane*, alias the *Hangman*. This was the Person who sent me the Letter, a Copy of which I have here transcribed that you may see what a great Affection he bore me.

To my Dear Nephew Mr. *Thomas Gray*.

THE great Employment which I have under his Majesty have hitherto hindered me from writing to you.—I am much afflicted to be the Conveyancer of such News unto you as cannot be very welcome: Your Father died eight Days since, but the most generously I ever saw Man. I will say this of him every where; for I myself truss'd him up. He mounted the *Ladder* with a good Grace; but spying one of the Rounds broken, and being a Lover of Order.

der, he turned about to the Sheriff, and desired it might be mended for the next Comer, who perhaps might be less active than himself. I cannot describe to you, how handsomely he appeared in the Eyes of all Spectators. He sat himself down in a most becoming Posture, took the Cord himself, and fastened the Knot to it, and seeing the Person who attended him beginning to exhort him to Repentance: Sir, says he, I have long since prepared myself for this Action. Let us only sing a penitential Psalm, and make an End, for I would not be troublesome to the Company; which done, he threw himself off the Ladder, without making any ugly Faces, and so continued near an Hour with a most incomparable Gravity. As for your Mother, she was tried for a Bawd, and convicted; was condemned to follow a Cart through the City; but never received her Punishment, dying of the Goal-Distemper. I am extremely afflicted she should so dishonour our Family, in which I have no small Interest, being an Officer of the King's; for the Relation I had unto her, is no mean discredit to me amongst Persons of Quality. I have your Father's Effects in my Hands, which he bequeathed to you. I believe they will be worth about fourscore Pounds. I am your Uncle, and have no Children, and design to resign my Office to you: You may therefore on Sight hercof provide yourself to come hither; for I persuade myself you will make a very worthy Successor to me. I desire your speedy Answer, and am,

Your Affectionate Uncle,

ROGER GRAY.

I must confess I was out of Countenance at the Shame and Discredit of my Parents, and the only Comfort I had left was, that I should shortly receive the Money. I went to my young Master, whom I still found reading his Letters, in which his Father commanded him to turn me off. He told me of it with some Concern, and that he did not dare to disobey him; but offered to recommend me to a Gentleman of his Acquaintance. Sir, says I to him, my Thoughts are higher than serving any Body; I renounce the Meanness of all those Conditions: I intend to scale Honour, and if hitherto I have but one Foot upon the Ladder, as every one knows, be pleased to understand; that my Father has mounted to the very Top of it. I expounded my Meaning to him, by shewing my Uncle's Letter; for he knowing who I was, I might the more freely, and with less Shame discover the whole Affair unto him. He was sorry at it, and asked me what I intended to do. I acquainted him with my Designs: He paid me my Wages, and made me a handsome Present besides. I took my Leave of him with a great Deal of Reluctance, went to my Lodgings dissembling my Grief the best I could. I burnt my Letter fearing some Body might find it, and discover my Shame. Then I resolved to go for Exeter, and take Possession of my Legacy, and also to know my Relations, that I might the better avoid them, and shun the Place of their Habitation.

At length the Day came when I was to abandon the most pleasant Life I had yet known. God knows with what Regret I bid Adieu to so many Friends and Companions. I told what Things I could, and by that, and some other Means had got above twenty Pounds in my Pocket. I bought a Horse for about three Pounds, and mounting him, left Oxford. Now being at large, I was willing to take a little Pleasure, and for that Reason visited Bath in my Way Home. There it was I met with a very ignorant self-conceited Fellow, who called himself a Poet: Our Acquaintance began at Supper, by his asking me (according to the Custom of Travellers) from whence I came: I told him, from Oxford. A Curse light upon that Place, replied he, there's hardly a Man of Understanding there. — I wonder, says I, you

should so undervalue them; for I assure you, there are many ingenious Men at that University. — Ingenious Men, say you (reply'd he all in a Fury,) who are they? I am sure I have been a Country Schoolmaster above these ten Years, and am the Author of several Christmas Carols, yet none of your famous University ever took any Notice of me. To convince you farther, I will read one of them. — Which he accordingly did: The Subject was, *The Shepherd's Meeting at Bethlehem*; but not one good Line it. However I flatter'd him, and commended what he called Verses to the Skies, and told him, I intirely agreed with him, that there was no Comparison between the Oxonians and him, and asked him, if he had ever read the Ordinances made lately against Poets. He answered in the Negative, and desired me to let him see them. The Company joining with him in his Request, I condescended; and taking them out of my Pocket, began to read them as follows:

Ordinances against a Set of Crack-brain'd Fellows, commonly called, or known by the Name of Poets.

- I. Although we are credibly inform'd, that there is a certain Kind of Vermin, call'd Poets, who are much given to Idolatry, scoffing, Ribbons, Fans, Gloves, Shoe-Strings, and the like; as also who daily commit infinite other Sins much more heinous, as if they were Barbarians, or Pagans; yet in regard they are Christians, and our Neighbours, we are charitably inclin'd to seek their Reformation, and do therefore ordain, that in Easter Week, they be assembled together in some publick Place, then and there to be admonish'd of their Errors. And in Case any are touch'd with a Sense of their Errors, and willing to renounce their Superstition, we shall discharge such with a proper Certificate, and the rest we shall commit with an Order to the Keeper of some eminent Mad-House.
- II. Forasmuch as divers have forsaken their idolatrous Life (though they yet retain some Relicks of it) and delight in Groves and Woods, we ordain, they leave off such foolish Notions, or that such as affect to be solitary, shall go and build Cottages in the Deserts of Arabia; and as for those who will not submit herunto, We give them Liberty to hire themselves out to old Nurses, to sing and rock their Children asleep in their Cradles.

Here the Pedant could no longer hold, but up he rose in a Fury, and protested against the Ordinance, and appealed to *Arctus* in his Court of *Pronassus*. I had much ado to forbear laughing; but that I might be kept up no longer, for it was pretty late, I told him the Ordinances were only made in Jest; and that he might chuse whether he would obey them; which quieted him for the present, and then I proceeded:

- III. We do adjudge, That all Women who shall fall in Love with these Kind of Poets, shall be compriz'd within the Number of Willful Murderers: And we further command, that they be not buried in Holy Ground; but in the Highway.
- IV. Considering the great Numbers of Plays, Songs, and Miscellanies; of which Collections have been made of late Years, We ordain, That all such Bundles of Copies as the Pastry-Cooks and Chandlers-Shops have saved, shall be forthwith carried to the Houses of Office, there to be used as Occasion shall require, any Prohibition or Injunction to the contrary notwithstanding.
- V. Considering that there are three Sorts of People in the Kingdom, who are so extremely miserable, that they can't live without Poets, as Lovers, Ballad-Singers, and Stage-Players; We being charitably inclin'd to supply their Wants, do permit, that there be a certain Number of Poets tolerated for their Use, provided they subscribe their Works,

and give Notice of their Drællings, that they be brought to give an Account of their Misdemeanors and Detractions, which for the most Part they commit against Persons of Honour in their Lam-poons.

VI. Lastly, We command all Poets in general, to correct and amend their Style; and that for the future they cease prophaning of Heavenly Things, or adopting the Names of Angels, Stars, Suns, and Divinities, unto such Women as are ready for all Comers; and this under Pain of being sentenced to Transportation for fourteen Years.

They who heard those Ordinances read, desired Copies of them, except our exasperated Poet, who cried out in a Pet, that he need not make any Defence, but appealed to all Men of Sense. At this Passage all the Company laughed very heartily, which made the *Jingler* ten Times worse. He called for the Reckoning, paid his Share, and left us; and for my own part, seeing it was late, I made an End of our Liquor, and went to Bed.

Day came, I rose and took Leave of the Company, I mean such as were out of their Beds, and proceeded in my Journey; but nothing extraordinary happened till I got to *Exeter*, where I enquired of several People for my Uncle; but could get nothing from them but a Command to go and look for him, till I accosted a Beggar in *St. Peter's Church-yard*, who informed me where he lived; and that he was for the present employ'd in brushing the Shoulders of a brace of Females who would not leave other People's Shirts upon their Hedges. I went to a neighbouring Ale-house, and gave a Boy Two-Pence to go and tell my Worshipful Relation, I waited for him; for I did not much Care for his Expressers of Joy at my Arrival, in the open Streets. In about two Hours he came; and seemed extraordinary glad to see me conducting me to his House, which was near a very large Slaughter-House, the most noisom Place in the whole City. This is not a Pallace, said he, as he went into his House; but I can assure you, my Dear Nephew it is very commodious for my Office. We went in together to a Place he called his Parlour, which was hung round with the Utensils of his Trade, as Whips, Cords, Branding-Irons, &c. never was Galley-Slaves, more astonish'd than myself. He asked me to sit down, which I did without much Ceremony: You are very lucky, says he, in coming to Day: You will meet with a good Supper, there being some Friends of mine to sup with me. In the Midst of his Discourse in came a certain Man in a tatter'd Coat; and by what I could find by his Discourse, was one of the *Suit-Solicitors*. He laid down a Bag he brought with him in a Corner, which instead of being filled with Papers, was stuffed with *Goose, Roast-Beef, &c.* Is not old *Twister* come yet, said he? No, quoth my Uncle; but the Word was hardly out of his Mouth, before a great Scoundrel Fellow entered the Room. His Face was all Chequer-work, flat-nosed, with a Hat, the Crown of which would have almost cas'd a *Steeple*, and the Brims were so large, it might have served for a *Pent-house* for three or four in rainy Weather. I must needs confess, dear Godfather, said he to my Uncle, you have served your Penitents to Day like good Children, indeed. With that the *Twig of the Laze* took up the Discourse: They were poor *sneaky Rascals*, who had not any Thing to buy a Favour. I gave Six Shillings to the Beadle of *Launceston* to befriend me as he did, when I was forced to dance a *Couranto* there: For my Part, said t'other, I did not grudge the Money I gave at *Salisbury*, and yet the old Thief made me sensible that one of more Credit than myself had recommended me to him. These Officers, said my Uncle interposing, are not Men of Honour as I am; for when I treat with any one I know how to acquit myself as becomes my Quality. I listen'd to their Discourse with Abundance of Regret, which one of them perceiving; Is that one of

the young Men who passed through your Hands last, said he. No, no, said my Uncle, it is a Nephew of mine, a *Master of Arts at Oxford*, and a very ingenious young Man. He begged my Pardon, and proffer'd me his Service; for which I thank'd him very kindly, he being my Uncle's Assistant, who helped him at a Pinch. In the mean Time, I was almost mad to get my Money out of my Uncle's Hands, that I might be gone from him. To be short, the Cloth was laid, and a Boy they had got to attend them was sent for a lusty Jugg of Ale. This Boy was an ignominious Lad, who knew how to get *Six-Pence* clear, when they sent him for a *Groat's-Worth* of Ale: The Case was, he would sell the Pitcher for Two-Pence, and pretend he had broke it, and spilt the Liquor.

They sat themselves down at the Table, and I being a Stranger, was placed at the upper End. In a word they stuffed their Bellies so full, that what with the Meat, and what with the Wine, the Vapours crept up in their *Pericraniums*: They began to see double, and some to see such Things as were not near them; for the *Ragamuffin Lawyer* took a Plate of fry'd Tripe, which swam in Butter as black as Ink, and thinking it to be Broth, clapped it to his Mouth to sup it up, saying, It is good to have something of one's own; and thinking to put it to his Mouth, spilt one half in his Bosom, and the other on his Cloaths: Perceiving himself in that Pickle, he rose from the Table to clean himself, but his Head was too heavy for his Body; so that at the first Step his Nose kissed the Ground; with that he took hold of the Leg of the Table, and endeavouring to rise, over-set it upon t'other two. My Uncle tried to get up, but being as far gone as the others, fell upon his Colleague, who finding himself down before he expected it, ask'd my Uncle why he push'd him, and whether he used to entertain his Guests so; and with that, he took up a Bone intending to slay my Uncle, who lay at full Length dead drunk; and getting upon his Knees with his Arm, lift up, as good Luck would have it, instead of striking him, he spew'd up all his Tripes upon his Face.

For my Part, I contented myself with a Piece of Bread and Cheese; for I so nauseated the Nastiness of their Meat, that I could not for the Heart of me eat of it; so that I was in a Condition to help my Uncle, which I did, though with much ado: At last I got him up, and laid him on his Bed, after he bid a *Jug of Night*, which he mistook for one of his *Guests*. In the mean time, the other two were asleep on the Floor. When I saw them all fast, I got out to take the Air, and to deliver myself from their Infection. I entertain'd myself with walking up and down the City, for four or five Hours; when I returned to the *Drunken Hogs*, I found one of them groping upon all Fours for the Door, and crying, somebody had run away with the Chamber. The other rose up, and got to the Window, thinking he had been at the Door, and so was marching off; but looking up, he saw the Stars: Come hither, says he to the others, the Sky is full of Stars at Mid-Day. Sure there must have been some very great Eclipse. My Uncle and his Companions, blessed themselves, and pray'd, that they might be delivered from all Perrils and Dangers. I did what I could to contain myself, till Morning, which at last came, and away went our Guests.

About a Fortnight pass'd much after the above Manner, during which Time I was daily talking to my Uncle about the Money left by my Father; but he being a Man who understood little of Good-Behaviour, put me to a great Deal of Trouble before I could bring him to my own Bow; but at length he yielded, though with some Reluctancy; for I could only make him bleed three of the fourscore Pounds left me by my Father, which he got by his Industry, and entrusted with a Person of Honour, who was the Depository of all the Theses committed within ten Miles of *Exeter*. To her we went, who received us with

with many Welcomes, wishing I might prove as honest, and as able a Man as my deceased Father.

The Money was told out, and my Uncle seeing me take Possession of my Fortune: "My dear Nephew," *said he*, you will do very ill, should you squander away this Money. Did I not know you to be a Person of Understanding, and withal mindful of the Family from whence you are descended, I should be very cautious of delivering it into your Hands; but you have it, and God give you Grace to make good Use of it; and then, perhaps, you may enjoy Part of my Labours." I returned him Thanks for his kind Offers, and having drank sufficiently, took Leave of the good Woman, and my Uncle, and returned Home, where we found his two Companions, to whom he gave an Account of what he had done. I perceived by their Countenances and their Discourse, they expected a Treat. I accordingly sent for a large Jugg of Ale; but not contented with that, my Uncle was for a Walk to *Topsham* the next Day, to see the Ships, and I was to bear the Expence of the Day.

The Morning being come, my Uncle, his two Pot-Companions, and myself, took a Walk to *Topsham*, and got into Company with some Sailors, who would needs have us go on Board their Ship, and drink some Flip; and my Uncle, who was never backward in drinking, agreed to it, though in the Sequel it proved but bad for him; for here he died a watry Death, though he never delighted in that Element; but the Fault was in his Tongue, and thinking himself as great as a Lord, (especially when drunk,) he gave the Captain of the Ship some very scurrilous Language, who, in Return, tipped him over the Side of the Ship, and the Water which he had so naturally abhorred, whilst living, took Revenge on him at his Death.

At first we made a great Noise, and swore to hang the Captain; but he soon quieted us, by getting us into his Cabin. He ply'd us well with Punch; and applying some Gold to me and my Companions, that we sign'd a Paper wherein we acknowledged that no Body had hurt my Uncle, or touched a Hair of his Head (which was true because he was bald) but that he being very much in Liquor, had tumbled overboard by Accident. The Coroner summoned a Jury the next Morning, who, after they had separately examined me and the two Raggamuffins, found that my Uncle's Death was by Accident. All that now remained was to lay him under-ground, desiring the Earth, as it conceals so many gross Faults, committed by Doctors, Apothecaries, Surgeons, &c. to hide one small Fault of a Captain, and a little Salt Water. I shall give no further Account of my Relations or Ancestors; but I suppose the latter descended from some great *Norman*, who came over with *William the Conqueror*. Those who desire to know more of them may search the *Herald's Office*, where, perhaps, they may satisfy their Curiosity.

After the Funeral was over, (at which I did not shed one Tear, because I saw no Body else do it,) I took Possession of my Uncle's House and Effects; the latter of which I sold off for about three and twenty Pounds; and not caring to stay any longer in my native Place, I was resolved to make the best of my-Way for *London*; and accordingly, hearing that the Carrier had a spare Horse, I hired him, and on we jogg'd the next Morning.

Nothing remarkable happened, 'till I got to *Hounslow-Heath*, where it was my ill-Fortune to meet as great a Rogue as myself. I could not be contented to follow the Waggon; but being in a hurry to view the Metropolis of the Kingdom, I rode on before, and about the Middle of the Heath met one of your Highway Collectors, who dismounted me, and robb'd me of all my Money, and though I told him I was as great a Rogue as himself, it would not save my Money; for he demanded my *Credentials*, that is, my *Pistols*; but I had none. However, after much In-

treaty, he returned me about fifteen Shillings: And in lieu of it, took away the Horse with him. The Devil had a long Time owed me a Spite, and took this Opportunity to pay it. I was left in a sweet Condition: I did not dare to stay for the Carrier, fearing he might stop me for the Horse, and Money I had none to pay him for it, except what the Highwayman so *charitably* returned me. I e'en resolved to foot it the rest of the Way, and got to *London* that Evening, very weary and heavy-hearted: All I had to depend on was my Industry, which is the only Philosopher's Stone, and converts all Things to Gold.

*A Man by Art, and by Deceit,
Half a Year may live compleat.
By the same Deceit and Art,
He may live the other Part.*

It was my Fortune to take up my Quarters in a Street pretty famous for furnishing young Prentices with *Women's Flesh*, and for being the common Receptacle of *Bullies*. Here in less than four Days I got acquainted with as great a Rogue, as ever was hanged, and he was my Master of the Ceremonies, to introduce me to a Gang of Fellows like himself. I found them in a Cellar drinking and carousing, and was welcomed by three loud *Huzza's*, and a Stool ordered for me. Scarce was I sat down, but in came one of the Fraternity with a good Cloak on his Back, which he had exchanged for his own at a Billiard-table, where he made as if he would play, but having the Industry not to make one, he got to the Place where the Cloaks lay, and very dexterously borrowed the best of them, leaving his own in its Stead. This was nothing in Comparison of the next that came, who was always attended by a Number of Children all troubled with one Disease or other.

That which drew such a Rout after him, was, his pretending to cure and charm all Diseases, either by saying some magical Words, or giving them Scrolls of Paper to carry about them; by which Means he got a pretty Income.

After him came another, a grave demure Man, who looked like a Saint: His Business was to go about the Streets, and sell little Books of Prayers and Hymns. He had always some Text of Scripture ready to vindicate what he said: He was thought to be a very holy Man by the Vulgar, and by this Device got good Store of Money; if in his Walk he chanced to find any Door open, he went in with a great Deal of Confidence; if he found no one within, or if they were asleep, he never came away empty handed: In Case he found any one, or if they happened to wake, he told them, he came in, finding the Door open, to advise of it; and that they had need be careful of Night-Walkers; and always concluded with some Hypocritical Advice.

I passed one Month in observing the many Ways of stealing practis'd by the Society, but never went out upon the Shark by myself, having always for my Companion the Person who first brought me acquainted with their Ways: We two made a pretty good Hand of it, and brought as much to the common Stock as any: We had an old Woman, who sold every Thing we stole. She used to go from House to House, saying, she was a poor Woman forced to sell her Goods by Piece-meal to buy Bread for herself and Family. She would weep at every Word, and sob and cry like a Child, with which and her other Industry, she cheated charitable People, and sometimes to good Purposes. This right venerable, and no less reverend old Woman, was Grand *Protectress* of our Society, and chief *Treasurers*. But upon a certain Day, as the Devil (who is never idle in such Things as concern his good Subjects) would have it, our good Woman going to sell a Suit of Cloaths, and some other Things, fell upon one who knew, among the

rest somewhat that once belonged to himself. Presently he got a Constable, and took her into Custody. She soon squeak'd, confessed all, and impeached our whole Order; upon which we were soon secured, and guarded to *Newgate*.

We were no sooner within, but we were presently under Lock and Key, and were attended by a very complaisant Person, who made each of us a Present of a Pair of Iron Garters, and conducted us to a cursed dark Place. Presently I drew out a Crown, and shewed it the Goaler: I said, I desired to speak a Word in private with him. *Very well*, said he, *a Word to the Wife is enough. He hath not been seen here many a Day*, said he, pretending as if I had enquired after some Prisoner. I smelt his Meaning in a Trice; for he presently got me out, but left my Companions in those Mansions of Darknefs.

Night came, and I was lodged in a great Room, where I was surpriz'd to see so many strange Faces; some sung, others sigh'd, and some walk'd up and down: At last the Door was bolted, and the Candle put out by one of my hopeful Companions. For my Part, it was impossible for me to sleep amidst such a confused Din; and that which vexed me worst of all was, a large earthen Pan, which stood just at my Head's Head, where every one came to make his Offering. I was vexed with the horrible Stench of it, and unable any longer to endure it, or keep my Head within the Bed, I rose, took up the Pan, and threw into the Midst of the Hall, that every one might have a little of it, as well as my self.

Some of the Company, who were dancier than the rest, got up, and began to cry out, *They were choak'd with the Stink; that he who had done this wicked Prank, deserved to be hanged*. At this Noise the Goaler awak'd, and thinking some of his Prisoners had escaped, came into the Rooms, with his Attendants arm'd: He examined us all, and chiefly me. I was not backward in excusing myself; but he thinking I would grease him again in the Fist, bad me rise and follow him, which I instantly did, fully resolv'd not to part with a Farthing more: Away I went with him, and was no sooner out of the Room, when he began to threaten me with a Dungeon. *I must submit to it*, said I: Upon which, he finding he could get no more Money of me, locked me up in the same Hole with my old Acquaintance.

At last Day appeared: We visited each other, renewed our Friendship, and deplored our Condition. Not long after came one to let us out; for that Place was only our Night Quarters. He demanded a cleansing Fee, under Penalty of a Cat-and-nine-Tails: Upon which I was forced to come down some more Cole. There was in the same Lodging with us, a certain huge over-grown Lubber, with a Beard as big as a Six-penny Broom, and a Pair of Shoulders, which I thought had been lately scarrified by the Doctor's Hands, who cureth all Diseases in Publick. He was called the Giant: He told us he was in for a trivial windy Matter, which he valued not. I supposed then, it was for some Bellows, Bagpipes, Fans, or the like; but when we asked him, if it was for any Thing of that Nature, he told us, No; but for some post-dated Sins. But at length, after much Enquiry, I discovered he had been in love with the *Misjudic Genter*. He was accompanied by another as honest a Man as himself, who said, he was in for being too dexterous; and for catching Fish without wetting his Fingers. I enquired a little more curiously into his Meaning, and found he was somewhat light-fingered; and that nothing could escape him. I was likewise told, there was hardly a Post-Horse in the Kingdom, which had been so lath'd as he had been; for he had passed through all the Beadles Hands: You could not speak of his Ears in the Plural Number; and for his Face, a Man would have thought it had been inlaid with new Flesh, there were so many Seams in it. Besides these two, there were six more, who were condemn'd for Transportation; I heard them say, how in a few Days they

should travel at the Government's Expence; and that they might be able to brag, they had served his Majesty by Sea and Land.

For my Part, I long'd to get out of this Purgatory; and accordingly made fresh Application to the Goaler, and, tho' contrary to my former Resolution, greased him in the Fist: He once more let me have better Quarters, and acquainted me with the Prosecutor's Attorney's Name, who was concerned against us. I sent one of the Runners for him: He came, and we withdrew a-part, to consider of my getting off. At first he was upon the Reserve; but when I told him I knew how to be grateful, and would deserve any good Office he should do me, he was as pliant as a Glove. I convey'd the glittering Bribe into his Hands, and desired him to befriend me as much as he could. I told him, I was young, and not acquainted with the World. *Sir*, said he, *it's enough, I understand you; fear nothing*. He bad me Farewel, and went to the Door; but presently returned: *I have a Word more to tell*, quoth he, *with a very sincere Look. There are a sort of People, who will be prating, unless you stop their Mouths: If you gratify the Constable, it won't be amiss; for look you, Sir, he may else do you a Mischief; by putting out a Word may spoil all else*. *Sir*, said I, (putting my Hand in my Pocket) *be pleas'd to present him with this small Present; for I am not acquainted with him*. He took it, and promised to deliver it that Day, advising me to take something for a Cold I had got, by lying in the Damp Goal, and away he went. Not long after, I made the Goaler another Present to ease me of my Fetters, who permitted me to eat and drink with him, though the Sauce cost me full dear.

At length the Sessions came we were arraigned at the Bar, and, after a pretty long Trial, our poor old Woman was condemn'd to follow a Cart's Tail, from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, with a Fellow to brush her Shoulders. My Comrades were condemn'd to live seven Years in another Country. My Innocence appeared, God-a-Mercy Horfe, *Gold* I mean; and so I got clear for that Bout.

Being out of Prison, I found myself alone, forsaken by my Friends, and abhorred by every one. However, it was not long before I found out a good Lodging there; there I met with a pretty Wench, clear skinned, well shap'd, and of a good Humour; and I met with a good Sort of a Woman, her Mother, I was kindly entertain'd by them, and lodged in the same Room with two Foreigners. One a *Portuguese*, and the other a *German*. At my first Coming, I took a Fancy to the Girl, whom I thought would serve my Turn to pass away the Time; nor did the Conquest of her appear very difficult, considering we were both in a House. I told her a great many Stories to divert her, and was always very busy to please her. Now because *Jenny*, for that was her Name, was very curious and inquisitive, and her head full of Romances she had read, I made her believe I was a Conjurer, and that I could do a great many strange Things; that I could make the House sink under Ground, and fly up into the Air, make People dance naked, or fight with one another, if I pleas'd, with a thousand such Tricks: All which the poor Soul swallowed for Truth.

By these Devices, join'd with some small Presents I made her, I insinuated myself into the Favour both of *Jenny*, and her Mother; not but that I intended to repay myself very handsomely, after I had obtained my Ends on her.

The *Portuguese* was ready to dye for Love of *Jenny*: He never came near her, but he sigh'd like a Puritan at a long Lecture: He was much given to Musing, Melancholy, and the like; and as covetous as an old Hunk at fourscore. He drank by himself, and fasted every third Day; nay, his Bread was so hard, that the Teeth of a Saw could hardly enter it. He was continually talking of fighting, and called me a thousand Rogues behind my Back, which I took no Notice of; for then we should have quarrelled,

relled, which probably might have forced one, if not both of us, to leave the Lodgings; by which Means, I might come to lose, not only my Expectations; but likewise all the Expence I had been at in bringing *Fenny* to my Lure. I lost no Time in improving all Opportunities, and at last got into the Girl's good Graces; but notwithstanding all the Freedom she allowed me, I could not obtain the *Last Favour*; but seeing she was as ambitious as crafty, I told her one Day, with a great Deal of Confidence, that I had learnt a Secret in Magick to make one be beloved of any Person he had a Mind to; and that I had so great a Desire to advance her Fortune, that I would teach it her; in Case she would yield to my Desires. At this she seemed to rejoice; but she was a cunning Jade. *Sir*, says she, *let me see some of your Tricks, and then I shall proportion the Reward to the Thing done.* I was not dismay'd at this Reply, but was rather pleased; for the Fort that once capitulateth, is half surrendered. Upon which I promised to demonstrate my Skill to her the first Opportunity. She being eager to see my Performances, told me, that about one of the Clock next Morning, all the House would be fast asleep; and then I might easily (by my Skill) get into her Window in the Garret, which was divided into three Parts; the first of which was empty, the next the Servant-Maid lay in, and the Intervall *Fenny* took up with for her own Use. I told her, *I did not doubt of coming to her as easily as I could speak.*

I was exceedingly desirous of trying my Fortune, in order whereunto I got into the empty Garret at the appointed Hour, nor doubting but to get cross the Leads to my Damsel's Window; and when once entered her Room, I was resolved to take no Denial: But just as I was thinking of nothing but Pleasure, an ugly Mischance happened; my Foot slipped, and I fell upon a House just under ours, which belonged to an Attorney no great Friend to my Landlady: My Fall was so great, that I broke above twenty Tiles, which were so civil as to mark me very handsomely. I made such a confounded Noise, that the Lawyer waked, and cried out again, *Thieves, Thieves*; and presently came up to the Top of the House, with his Brother, and two young Clerks. I endeavour'd to hide myself behind the Chimney; but in vain: They saw, seiz'd, and beat me in such a dreadful Manner, that I thought it had been my last Minute. *Fenny* saw all this; but she was so much possessed with what I had told her, that she thought it all Illusion only to make her laugh, and surprize her the more.

I told them I lodged in the next House, the Mistress whereof would assure them I was not such a Man as they took me to be; but they were Unbelievers. To conclude, they bound me Hand and Foot, and threw me into a Cellar amongst a Parcel of Faggots, and left me there till eight of the Clock that Morning, when I was examined, and accused for a Thief by the Lawyer, who threatened me with a Goal.

In the mean Time *Fenny* had acquainted her Mother, with the Misfortune, assuring her I was only shewing her some Tricks at the Window, where by Mischance I fell out. She desired the two Lodgers to speak in my Behalf. No sooner were they entered the Room; but the Lawyer told them, he suspected they belonged to the same Gang. The *Portuguese* was very angry, told him, he was a Gentleman, that I was a Person of Honour, and no Thief, and began to unbind me. The Lawyer seeing Things carried with a high Hand, was forced to be easy; but swore Revenge: But when he found we were going: *The least*, said he, *I think, might have been to have paid me for the Tiles you have broke.* I understood him, and paid him his Demands, and gave my Friends a great many Thanks, who had redeemed me from Captivity; for the very Name of *Neregate* made my Hair stand an End, and I was curiously afraid of the Lawyer.

Being come back to my Lodgings, the *German* began to jeer me, asking me, what Price Faggots bore, and commended me for getting my Cloaths well brushed, saying, Cleanliness was very commendable. Unable to bear these Jeers and Reflections, I was resolved to withdraw from my Lodging without reckoning with my Landlady. There was one Thing in my Way; and that was my Trunk, which could hardly be carried out unperceived: I made a Friend privy to my Design, and he advised me to take a Rope with me, and let it down to him out of my Window at Midnight, when he would be ready to receive it, and carry it to a Place agreed on. I consented, and did so. The next Morning I rose early, and went away without taking Leave of any one; for I must say my Fall quite cured me of my amorous Inclinations.

In about a Month, I recovered myself of my Bruises, and resolved to leave *London*, and go for *Bristol*. The first Stage I went, was to *Reading*, where it was my Fortune to meet with a Company of Players, and amongst the rest, one who had been an Acquaintance of mine at *Oxford*. He embraced me very kindly, and so far prevailed with his Friends, that they admitted me into the Company, and gave me several Parts to get by Heart. I had got such a Trick, that I could not forbear walking up and down the Chamber with the same Earnestness, as if I had been upon the Stage.

It happen'd that the Maid of the House was coming up with Dinner, just as I was upon a Description of the hunting of wild Beasts, and of a Man being pulled down by a Bear, as if it had been my own self, I began to cry out in a pitiful Tone:

*Save thy self, and fly this grisly Bear,
Or else thy Body he will presently tear;
Fast in my Arms he is, his Claws are deep;
I fall a Prey to his rapacious Grip;
O fly away; for this I pray only for,
As soon as I am dead, he'll murder me no more.*

The poor Wench was so terrify'd with my Cry, and Action, that she verily believed I had really advised her to save herself from being devoured: The great Haste in which she was in to be gone, made her make but one Step from the Top to the Bottom of the Stairs, Down she went, and the Ditties with her: Away she got into the Street, crying, *There was a Bear in the House, killing and eating a Man.* I heard a Noise, and apprehending whence it came, went out to disabuse the Girl: But notwithstanding all my Haste, I found about a Dozen Men at the Door; some with Spits, some with Halberds, and others with Swords, swearing and staring, and enquiring for the Bear, I told them the whole Story, and repeated the Lines: they were mad and vexed to be made such Fools of, and cursed the Verses and the Poet too, to the Pit of Hell; but that little troubled me; that which concerned me most, was, I was forced to lose my Dinner.

My Companions hearing of this Adventure, made the Town ring of it, and I had the Honour of being the Subject of several Ballads. Not long after, another Accident happened, which confounded us all. The Master of our Company had ran in Debt with a Taylor for a very considerable Sum for Cloaths, and other Necessaries for our Use, and he perceiving there was no Likelihood of getting his Money, arrested him, and his other Creditors coming in, he lay under so many Locks and Keys, that there was no Likelihood of his getting out. By this Means our Company dwindled, and every one shifted for himself. The Truth is, I might have got into another Company; but I was quite tired with that Way of Life.

My Friend (who I told you before, first introduced me into the above Set of Strollers, and with whom I had contracted a very intimate friendship) was resolved to accompany me to whatever Part of the

the World I went : His Name was *Richard Brown*. By his Advice I took a Resolution to revisit *London*, and on comparing our Stock, found we could muster up two hundred Pounds, by which we hoped to improve our Fortune.

Brown was a genteel, well-made Fellow, had a Tongue as smooth as Oil, and a good Address, and could cog a Die, or slip a Card with any one. We were both desperate, as to our Fortunes ; and therefore resolved to make a bold Push, either to gain more, or be stripped ; and if the latter happened, we thought of nothing but the last Resort of Gamesters, that was, either to hang ourselves, or get the County to furnish us with a proper Officer.

We had not been in *London* above a Week, before we lost all our Money, and almost all our Senses ; but recalling some of the latter, We (by pawning Part of our Cloaths) got each of us a Brace of Pistols, and took an Airing towards *Barnet* : On the Road we met a Chariot and four Horses, furnished with an elderly Gentleman and his Daughter, from whom we took about forty Pounds in Money, a Brace of Watches, and a Silver Snuff-Box ; the last of which the young Lady begged very hard for ; but we were inexorable, and lucky for us that we were so ; for when we got to our Lodgings, we found a Diamond Ring in the Box, which we sold for ninety three Pounds. This being my first setting out, as a Highwayman, I was unwilling to be caught, so that to prevent being pursued, I shot one of the Wheel-Horses, which vexed the old Gentleman more than his Money ; for he lost all Patience, calling us Rogues, Villains, Highwaymen, and Murderers. *What Harm, says old Crufty, has the Horse done you ? Can you get any Thing by killing him, or d'ye think he has got any Money hid about him ?* My Companion did not like the old Chap's Expressions ; but with a great Oath commanded him to come out of the Chariot, that he might search him ; *For, said he, you old Fox, I'll rummage you all over.* We found nothing about him, but a Tobacco-Box, a Silver Dram-Bottle, and a Pocket-Book ; the last of which we returned, on his promising not to give such scurrilous Language any more to Gentlemen of our Profession, and the same Night we got safe to *London*.

Flushed with our Success, we often ventured out in the Evening ; but the worst was, whatever we got on the Road, the Dice swallow'd : Our last Exploit was near *Richmond*, where we attacked a Gentleman and his Man, well armed. We had no sooner bid them stand, but the Gentleman fired at us, but luckily miss'd us. The Servant rode off as fast as his Horse could go, whilst my Comrade lodged a Ball in the Gentleman's Arm, which made him yield. We robbed him of near three hundred Pound, wished him Good-Night, and rode off. Not far had we got, before we found ourselves pursued ; for the Gentleman's Servant had raised the County ; but, however, after a pretty Deal of Difficulty, we again got safe home.

This last Adventure frightened both of us so much, that we did not venture at that Sport any more ; for by a kind Turn of Fortune my Friend got, in one Night, above nine hundred Pounds. It was then my Advice, that we should buy each of us a good Horse, and go into the Country for some Time. My Com-

panion agreed to it, and pitched upon *Bath* and *Bristol* to pay a visit to ; and because we would set out with a good Grace, we hired a Servant to attend us, who proved an excellent one ; for he was one of the archest Dogs I ever knew. He was by Trade a Sadler ; he sung tolerably, and play'd upon the Violin : In short, we could put him upon nothing, but he would undertake it ; so that we did not keep long upon the Reserve to our Servant, but let him into our Designs, which were, to go a Fortune-Hunting.

At last we arrived at *Bath*, where we pushed into all Company, and had not been there a Fortnight before our dex'trous Servant had got acquainted with a young Girl who waited on two Sisters, who were guarded by a Mother, and a watchful Uncle ; but, however, I made my Addresses to one of them. wrote Letters, and received Answers, by Help of my Man, and found they were ten thousand Pound Fortunes. My Friend *Brown* cry'd me up in all Places for a Person of a great Estate ; but the Mother and Uncle were inexorable : However the young Lady was not ; for by means of a strolling Clergyman, well daubed in the Fist, we were married, and fairly bedded in my own Lodgings, no Body being privy to it, but my Spouse's Sister, my Landlady, my Friend *Brown*, and my Servant. My Spouse's Sister was a brisk Lads, and, as I thought, wanted something. I persuaded *Brown* to address her, which he did, and the same Parson join'd them. However, this might have happen'd but poorly at last, had not the young Ladies Father died, who was a *Bristol* Merchant : He went over some Time before to *Jamaica*, to settle some Affairs ; but on his Return, was unfortunately (but fortunately for me and my Brother Adventurer) drowned ; the News of which I received about a Month after Marriage. Hitherto all this had been a Secret ; but on this News our Marriages were publickly own'd, and we demanded our Spouses Fortune. At first we were roughly treated ; but the Mother and Uncle both, considering the indissoluble Knot could not be untied, were reconciled ; and in a little Time we had their Fortunes, and now both of us live happily.

It was but Reason we should make some amends to our Man for his Services ; so we propos'd a Match between him and his Sweetheart, the latter of whom was very glad ; for he had been pretty busy with her, she being then with Child, which she confessed to her Mistress. When we ask'd our faithful Servant the Question, and told him of her Confession, says he, *I fancy the Sin is worth the owning, the Creature is a sound Piece of Mortality : 'Tis but supposing the first Night we lie together, that we have been married four or five Months, and all is well ; so that, Gentlemen, I am ready to obey your Commands.* In short, they were married, and we and our Spouses gave them nigh a thousand Pounds ; they have lately set up an Inn, within fifteen Miles of *Bristol*, have good Business, and live comfortably.

Thus far the Wheel of Fortune has gone round with me, what may hereafter happen, I can't foresee ; but at present I'm resolv'd to live easy, and repent my former Follies. Perhaps, Gentle Reader, you might have expected a tragical End had been my Fate ; but as yet I am got no further than *Matrimony* and *Hang-ing* ; and that you know goes by Destiny.

The LIFE of Capt. PHILLIP STAFFORD.

CAPTAIN *Stafford* was born about the Year 1622. at a small Village in *Berkshire*, about seven Miles from *Newberry*. His Father was a Sort of a Gentleman-Farmer, having about fifty Pounds a-Year of his own Estate; upon which, by the Help of his Industry, he lived in a very comfortable Manner. Our *Philip* was an only Child, which made the Farmer very careful to bring him up as handsomely as he was able. He sent him to School first in the Country, afterwards to the Free-School at *Reading*; at both which Places his Improvements was as considerable as could be expected from one of his Age; and indeed might have been much greater, had his Application been equal to the Sprightliness of his Wit, and uncommon Vivacity of his Temper. These Qualifications, however, shewed themselves more to Advantage in the other Parts of his Life, than they did in a sedentary Course of Study: His Conversation, even almost in his Childhood, was very agreeable, as his Resentment was generally fatal to those of his own Age and Stature. Never a Lad in all the Parishes round, but would shudder at the Name of *Philip Stafford*, and if he was not always the best Scholar, he was indisputably the Head Boy in every School he went to.

His Father design'd him for the Heir of his Industry, as well as of his Estate; and therefore put him out to no Trade; but when the Time generally allotted for the Education of young Men of a moderate Fortune, was expired, he took him Home to the Plow, and, as soon as he conceived him equal to the Burthen, gave him the whole Management of his Affairs. *Phil.* was a tolerable good Farmer, but a much better Ringer, Wrestler, and Back-Sword-Player; in all which Exercises he was looked upon as the Hero of the whole Country. The excellent Mr. *Waller* tells us in one of his Poems, that if *Julius Cæsar* had been born in the Country, of obscure Parents,

*He who subdu'd the World had been
But the best Wrestler on the Green.*

We may reverse these Lines, with respect to young *Stafford*, and venture to affirm, that a very little Assistance would have help'd such a promising Genius to have made a considerable Figure in some exalted Station.

He had imbib'd in his Infancy such Principles of Religion and Loyalty, as are common to Men in his Father's Circumstances; these were strengthened by the Company he afterwards kept, and the manly Amusements he daily followed; so that when the Civil War broke out, between King *Charles I.* and his Parliament, *Stafford* was one of the first of his Country that voluntarily entered into the Service of his Sovereign. He continued in the Army, through the whole Series of that unnatural Rebellion; and we have no Reason to doubt but he behaved with a great deal of Bravery, though his Actions are buried and lost in the universal Confusion of the Times. We have not only all the other Particulars of his Life, which are recorded, to support such a Presumption, but the Military Honours he received, are an undeniable Proof, that he distinguished himself on some extraordinary Occasion; for the Title of Captain, which he afterwards bore, was really conferred on him, while he was in the Service.

Every one is acquainted with the dismal Catastrophe of those unhappy Troubles. As soon as the King was dead, and the Rebels had got all into their Hands, the Royalists were obliged to shift from Place to Place all over the Nation; and to use all the cautionary Means they could invent, to secure themselves. The small Patrimony of Mr. *Stafford* was sequestered, among the many larger Estates of Gentlemen, who had continued in their Duty to the last; and he soon found himself in no Capacity of getting a moderate Subsistence. What was to be done in such a Situation as this? He looked every Way and could see no Prospect of an honest Livelihood. This at last determined him in the Course which he immediately fell into, and which intitles him to a Place in this Collection. The Resolution he set out with, was, to raise Contributions among the Enemies of his Master only, whom he vow'd never to spare in any Thing, wherein he had an Opportunity of doing any Damage either to their Persons or Estates.

We shall now view our Captain in his new Character, and proceed to a Relation of the most remarkable and diverting Adventures, that are recorded of him, without proposing any particular Method, which it would be impossible to follow.

An antient rich Republican, who was pretty deep in the Iniquity of the Times, had married a beautiful young Lady of large Fortune, the Daughter of a worthy Cavalier his Relation, by whose Death the Damsel fell into his tenacious Hands. He had profan'd the sacred Ordinance of *Wetlock*, purely to keep the Substance of his deceased Kinsman to himself, and to gratify the lecherous Remains of his carnal Appetite. Who could blame a Woman of Taste for being dissatisfy'd in such Circumstances? *Stafford* had known her Father, and did not at all question getting the Lady's Favour, if he could but once get into her Company. In order to this, he puts on the Habit of the Party, and gets himself recommended to the old Saint for a Servant: He acted his Part so well, that he was hired without much Difficulty, and in a very little while, had won the Heart of his Master; so that he was admitted to converse freely with both him and Madam: The last was all he wanted, and it was not long before he found an Opportunity of disclosing his Mind to her, who was as sensible of the ill Usage she had met with, as *Stafford* could desire her. In short, our Gentleman was now supplied with all the Money she could squeeze from her venerable Picture of Mortality, and enjoy'd besides, every other Favour, which a jolly personable Man could expect from a beautiful young Woman full of Desires. They took every Opportunity of being in each other's Company, and the good Grace this Affair was carried on with, made the old Gentleman imagine, if at any Time he found them together unexpectedly, that they only met to converse on spiritual Subjects, for the mutual Edification of each other. This Amour in Time brought the Lady heartily to despise her Husband, and to take a Pride in imposing upon his Credulity, and even upon his Senses; *Stafford* and she formed such a Plot of the latter kind, as, I believe, can hardly be paralleled, which they executed in the following Manner:

Our Cornuto lived in some Splendor, like the rest of the Saints, who at this Time had the Management of Affairs. He had a handsome well-built House,

and a very decent Garden, enclosed with an high Wall, and planted, among other Things, with Variety of Fruit-Trees. At the furthest Recess of this Plot was a wide-spreading Pear-Tree, and it was now the Time of Year that the Pears were ripe. *Coronuto* and his dear Half were one Evening walking in the Garden, 'till they came to this Pear-Tree, when the Lady all of a sudden was seiz'd with a violent Longing for some of the Fruit: The compassionate old Gentleman would have help'd her, if he could, but there was not a Bough in his Reach, which Madam knew before. There was no other Way to get the Pears than by calling *Stafford*; accordingly, *Stafford* was called, and he immediately mounted up into the Tree. He was no sooner there, than he began to lift up his Eyes, and bless himself! *Dear Sir*, says he, *if you will do such Things, be so good as to go a little out of my Sight. One would think you should have a little more Regard to you-self, than to enjoy your Spouse before the Face of a Servant: Good God! are you in such a Hurry that you can't stay 'till you get back to the House? You have a good Bed and private Chambers there — Besides, one would think the Nights are long enough to satisfy your Desires in.* — The poor Woman seemed to be in a strange Surprise to hear *Stafford* run on at this unaccountable Rate. *Is the Fellow in a Dream?* quoth she, *What is it you mean by enjoying one another, and satisfying our Desires? Are we not both sitting upon the Grass-Plot, and looking at you? Come down, pray now, and let us know what you are talking about.* — Accordingly *Stafford* came down, and the old Gentleman began to be very merry with him! *Well* *Stafford*, says he, *do you see me arrears your Mistress now?* — *Not just now*, reply'd *Stafford*, *but I'll be turn'd alive, if I did not see you do it about three Minutes ago, upon this very Place; or else the Pear-Tree is enchanted, and made it seem so.* — *Enchanted!* says the old Gentleman, *Fetch me a Ladder, and I'll examine this Enchantment.* Away goes *Stafford*, fetches a Ladder, sets it up against the Tree, and the old Man very orderly ascends: He was scarcely got up before our Wag had boarded Madam in earnest, and the poor Cuckold was struck with Admiration: *Are you really doing nothing now?* says he. — *Doing!* Madam replied in a seeming Passion, *what should we be doing of? I hope you don't think me such a Fool, as to let you see it, if I had a Mind to make you a Cuckold!* *Truly*, says he, *it appears to me, that* *Stafford* *has at this Time got thee in his Arms; but it must be the Tree then.* After this, he sat very contentedly, 'till the Pastime was over, and then came as contentedly down, wondering at what he had beheld. Madam propos'd to have the Tree cut down immediately, that it might no more exhibit such wicked Sights, and *Stafford* was ordered to proceed to the Execution.

After this abominable Pear-Tree was reduced to Ashes, *Stafford* continued in the Family a considerable Time, without the least Suspicion on the Side of his Master, or the least Indifference on the Side of his Mistress: Favours were heaped upon him by both Parties for his good Services, and Madam and he were every Day merry with the Story above related.

An Heir was born to the old Gentleman's Estate, whom he look'd upon as the Fruit of his own Labour, and our two Lovers were sufficiently pleas'd with the good Man's Credulity. But *Stafford*, after all, was no whining Inamorato; though Madam was heartily in love with his Person, 'twas her Wealth that kept him so long in her Arms: He began to look upon the whole Sex with an equal Eye, and waited only for an Opportunity to make a good Booty, and seek his Fortune upon other Ground. The Part of a Gallant no Man performed better, nor imitated that of a Lover more naturally than *Stafford*: He had besides all that was graceful and engaging in his Beha-

viour, as well as his Person. The Ascendant, which by these Means he had gained over the Soul of the young Gentlewoman, soon made him Master of all her Secrets: He learn'd that there was in the House a Casket of Jewels to the Value of fifteen hundred Pounds, and where it was deposited; nay, she had gone so far as to shew him this Treasure, one Day when her dear *Moiety* was gone out, and made him at the same Time a Present of a very pretty Diamond which she thought would not be miss'd. She had moreover given him the History of every Jewel, told which belonged to her Grandmother, which to her Aunt, and which the old Man had got by Sequestration, and made her a Present of. It is believed by the Country Wenches, that if they give a Gipsy any Piece of Money out of their Pocket, she will be sure to get the whole quickly after. *Stafford* in this Affair was a real Gipsy, and he accounted the whole Casket his own, from the very Moment she had dealt thus openly with him: He looked upon the Ring which she had given him, as a sort of Earnest; and waited only for a proper Opportunity to receive the whole Sum in Gros.

It was, however, necessary to take a pretty Deal of Precaution, in order to put such a Design as this in Execution: The whole Plot must be regularly laid in such a Manner, as that no Imputation of the Felony might light upon him. All this could not conveniently be done, without an Associate, and every one was not to be trusted in such an Affair. It was some Time therefore before he could bring every Thing to look favourably upon his Project. At last he met with a proper Tool, who had been an old School-Fellow of his; a Fellow abandoned to all Sense of Honour and Honesty, and who was always ready to execute the blackest Design; yet at the same Time so easily imposed upon, that it was no difficult Matter for such a Man as *Stafford* to reap all the Advantage of his Villainy. His Name was *Tom. Pretty*, and being the Son of a French Refugee, he boasted, that he was descended from an Admiral of France, who was very famous in some War about a hundred Years before. This he would assert with a most consummate Assurance, and if any one ask'd him the Name of his Grandfather the Admiral, he would as confidently tell them a Name that was never seen in the French History; affirming with a thousand Imprecations, that he won Fights that were never heard of, in Years when all Europe were at Peace. *Tom.* was a Harter by Trade, and by his Effrontery, had got pretty good Business among a Company of young Gentlemen, who loved a Song better than they judg'd of it; for he pretended to be a great Master of Vocal Musick. He pretended, I say, to be so; for in Reality, though he had a Voice as strong as an Ass, he had no more Harmony in it, than the said unfortunate Animal, whom he also resembled in several other Respects; particularly in being a Beast of Burden. In the Theory of Musick he had so little Skill, that he had never learn'd his Notes, and when the Scholastic Word *Gammut* has been mention'd in his Company, he has been heard very gravely to ask, what *Gammur* they were talking of. Besides this, he would frequently vapour with a very great Air, and swear, that there was never a Man in England of his Inches, that could match him. When he has been affronted by a Fellow much less than himself, in such Manner as no Man of Spirit would have born; his usual Method of coming off, was, by Saying he was ashamed to set his Wit to such an undersiz'd Braggadoccio. If the Man happened to be full-siz'd, he was certainly troubled either with the Gout, or the Gravel. In a Word, *Tom. Pretty* was a second *Falstaff* for Boasting and Cowardice, tho' for Wit and Contrivance he was many Degrees behind that ancient corpulent Knight.

This Digression on the Character of *Tom* will be pardoned, when the Reader shall find by-and-by, that it was very necessary, in order to give his Actions their true Colour. In writing the Life of any Man

Man, 'tis one Half of the Work to draw a just Picture : To make *Tom's* Picture compleat, I should have added, That he was continually talking of Favours, which he had received from the Ladies, though in Reality, he was despised by the whole Sex.

This Man, by neglecting his Business, and spending his Money, on Purpose to tell his Adventures, and let others hear him sing, being now reduced to Extremity, *Stafford* thought him the best Instrument he could make use of, provided he could employ him in the Work, when there was little Danger ; otherwise he very much suspected his Courage. He had procured a Key to the Door where the Jewels were lodged, and he took an Opportunity to convey them out at Window to *Pretty*, leaving the Casement open, with all the visible Marks of its having been forced without Side. He took Care also to have a Ladder left under the Window, and to have so much Noise made as might confirm the Suspicion of a *Scalato*, in the Morning when the Loss was discovered. The Master and Mistress, while this was done, lodg'd in a Summer-House in the Garden, which they frequently did during the pleasant Time of the Year. *Stafford* was the first who gave the Alarm in the Morning, and all the rest of the Servants remembered the Noise, and saw the Ladder. There was not much Suspicion of any of the Servants, and of *Stafford* there was the least of all, as he had always behaved in such an extraordinary Manner ; so that our good Couple quickly gave up their Jewels for lost.

The Captain staid long enough in the House after this, to prevent their thinking he went away with any other View, than that of getting a better Place, and he took Care, during this Time, to serve his loving Mistress to the utmost of his Strength and Ability. The Jewels were all sold in a very private Manner, almost to their full Value, and *Pretty* received a Gratuity sufficient to retain him in the Captain's Service, with whom he afterwards joined in several Adventures.

Stafford was very careful to get a little Love, as well as Money in every Place he came to ; and therefore he always paid a particular Regard to the Ladies. He knew a proper Application to them was the best Means of robbing their Husbands in every Sense of the Word ; for there are few Women who will not sacrifice every Thing to a Man who has obtained what we commonly call the last Favour, which is also commonly the first Favour they grant. The Captain, however, met with one who was an Exception to this general Rule. She was young, and very handsome, but withal an unreasonable Coquet, though she had been married two Years. Our Hero found Means at a Ball to declare his Passion, which indeed, this once, was almost real. But what a Surprise was it to one who had hitherto found his Person a sufficient Recommendation, when he heard a Woman talk of his making her a Present of an hundred Guineas, and continue deaf to all other Proposals, tho' he had several Times the Pleasure of her Company ! He got acquainted with the Husband, went daily to see him, eyed the Lady, sighed, writ Billers, and, as often as he could, spoke his Mind ; but still an hundred Guineas were demanded. *Stafford*, in spite of his Readiness upon all other Occasions, was very much to seek in this : An hundred Guineas was a great Deal of Money to give for a Mistress, Abundance too much for a Gentleman of his Trade, without a Prospect of doubling the Sum by the Bargain. At last a lucky Thought came into his Head : He had been now a pretty while intimate with her Husband, and by his Appearance and Expences, given him Room to think he was a Gentleman of Fortune ; he desired him, therefore, one Day, to lend him an hundred Guineas upon his Word, in order to his making up a five hundred Pound Sum for a Purchase, which he was about : This he easily obtain'd, by producing Bank Notes for the four hundred Pounds more, which he really

had remaining from the Sale of the Jewels. The hundred Guineas being procured, he soon got the Lady's Good-Will, and a Day was appointed to make him happy, when the Husband was to be out of the Way, and several to be invited to a small Collation, to prevent any Suspicion.

The Day being come, *Stafford* takes the hundred Guineas with him, and goes to the House while they were all at Dinner : He pulls out the Bag ; *Madam*, says he, *your Husband lent me an hundred Guineas a five Weeks ago ; and having the Money by me, I took this Opportunity to bring it you, which is the same Thing, as though I gave it him, provided these Gentlemen and Ladies will be Witnesses of the Payment.* The Company all promised to take Notice, and *Madam*, not knowing any Thing of her Husband's Affair, and supposing it was the Money agreed on, which he presented in this Manner only to impose merrily upon the Company, received it with all the good Humour imaginable. When the rest of the Guests were gone, *Stafford*, who easily enough found Excuse for staying last, obtain'd all his Desires, and got the Favour repeated several Times into the bargain.

In a little Time the good Man came Home, and the Captain took the first Opportunity to pay him a Visit, when he told him, that he had given the Money to his Wife such a Day, while he was absent. The Woman, to be sure, looked at him, but durst say no more than just to acknowledge the Receipt, with which her Husband was very well contented. *Stafford* had now all he wished for, and he took Care to get this Adventure whispered all over the Neighbourhood.

How odd soever it may seem for a professed Cheat as *Stafford* now certainly was, to part with an hundred Guineas, which he had once got Possession of, every one who is acquainted with Intriguing will confess, that such a masterly Stroke as this, was worth two hundred of any Man's Money in *England*, especially, if he was so full as *Stafford* was at the Time when this was acted. The Captain, through the whole Course of these Memoirs, will appear a perfect Gallant : All the End he proposed to himself in getting Money, was the indulging his Appetites ; and is it any Wonder that a Libertine, with four or five hundred Guineas at Command, should fling away one hundred for the sake of enjoying a beautiful Woman, and outwitting an artful Coquette at the same Time ? Besides, 'tis very probable he was unwilling just now to lose his Credit in the Country where he at present quartered, having perhaps some greater Advantage in View, than this would have been, had he thought good to embrace it.

But we must not do by poor *Tom Petras Butler* did by his Bear and Riddle, just excite the Reader's Curiosity, and then say no more about him. We have already given you his Character, and we now proceed to one of his Adventures. *Stafford* could never kiss the Mistress, but *Tom* would endeavour to do the same to the Maid ; 'tis true he generally met with little Success ; but then he always boasted of a great Deal. While he talk'd of nothing above a Servant, the Captain took no Notice of the Matter, but when the Adventure above recited was in Hand, our Bully pretended he had received the last Favour from a Lady whom *Stafford*, though not to his Man's Knowledge, had before addressed to no Purpose. The Captain had so good an Opinion of the Gentlewoman's Chastity and Sincerity, that he suspected the Truth of *Tom's* Assertion ; and therefore communicated the Affair to *Iris* (for so we chuse to call her.) She at first resented the Affront, as a Woman of Spirit ought to do ; but when she was informed what the Fellow was, her Anger changed to Disdain, and she resolved to be revenged in the merriest Manner she could invent. To this End it was proper to engage Persons who would promote her Design ; and it was not long before she pitched upon a jolly Couple

Couple in the Neighbourhood. *Stafford* was to tell *Tom*, that such a Woman had consented to come and lie with him all Night, provided she could get any Body to sleep in his Place: For, says he, *to sleep is all you will have to do: Mrs. — has inform'd me, that her Husband has never turned to her, or so much as spoke to her in Bed, these seven Years past. He comes Home about Eleven, half-drunk, falls asleep in two Minutes, and snores like a Hog till next Morning, when he gets up, and departs in the same peaceable Manner: You have nothing to do, but to be quiet. Leave the good Woman to introduce you.* *Tom*, to be sure, was willing to oblige his Master, and accordingly promises to be ready. The Hour is come; he is very decently dressed with a Night-Cap, and put into Mr. —'s Bed. After he had been there about Half an Hour, comes his Bed-Fellow, without a Light, as he had been informed was his Custom, and slips into his Place. *Tom*, from this Moment, was afraid to cough, spit, or even to breathe, much less to come near his Chum. He lay upon the very Extremity of the Bed, in such a Manner, that his Nose and his Knees met; he contracted himself that you might have put him into a Peck; all for fear an amorous Fit should seize his new Companion, and he should happen to put his Hand, or any Thing else, upon that unhappy Part which would discover all. Now and then a Foot, now and then an Arm touches the unhappy *Tom*; he shrinks like a sensitive Plant: What then was his Condition, when his Bed-Fellow embraced him closely, and lay a considerable Time in this Position? When Morning approached, the supposed Mr. — rings a Bell; *Tom* began to mutter over his Prayers to himself, and make a very solemn Vow for his Delivery, that if he came safe out of this Danger, he would never offend again in the same Manner: He thought over all the Sins of his Life, in particular the many Characters which he had aspersed of honest Women, at least for what he knew. Suppose him now all in a cold Sweat a full Hour together; for so long it was from the Time of ringing the Bell, till any Person entered. At last came in *Stafford*, the Gentleman of the House, who he thought was a-bed with him, and his Wife; all with Lights in their Hands. Now was he more surpriz'd than ever, especially when he saw *Iris*, of whose Favours he had so often bragg'd, jump out of the Bed, and half discover her naked Breasts, to let him see what a Heaven he had lost. This once in his whole Life, *Tom* was ashamed: 'Tis needless to say that all the rest of the Company were merry: They were half an Hour contriving what further Punishment to inflict on him. They concluded at last to toss him in a Blanket, and then make him, on his bare Knees, ask Pardon of *Iris*, and swear solemnly never more to boast of receiving Favours from Women, who had scarce ever spoke to him. All this was punctually performed to the great Mortification of poor *Thomas*, and the entire satisfaction of all the rest present, more particularly of the injur'd and revengeful *Iris*.

This Affront, one would have thought, was sufficient to have made *Tom* change his Master; but he was such an insensible Animal, that, except the few Minutes when he was immediately in Tribulation, he never resented the highest Indignity. *Stafford* was as ready as any Man to take Advantage of his Temper, not only for his own Diversion, but for the Diversion of his Acquaintance; so that poor *Pretty* was the Fiddle of all Companies; nor was it a little that he contributed to his own Disquiet, by Relations which he would frequently make of his Adventures. One Thing he would boast of, was, his having been beset with two Foot-pads one Evening late, whom he disarm'd and stripp'd: And then, said he, *as I do not delight in Blood, I very mercifully let the Rogues go about their Business.* Then he would produce some of the Spoils, as he called them. The Truth of this being enquired into, it was found, that at the very Time and Place which *Tom* specify'd,

two Gentlemen having left their Swords, Canes, and Cloaths under a Tree, while they washed themselves, before they came out of the Water, they were all carried off very dexterously, and they had never discovered the Thief.

But we must leave the Servant a little, and return to the Master, in order to relate an Adventure, in which we have no Account that *Thomas* had any Hand. It happen'd that *Stafford* was riding along very solitarily on the Western Road one miserable cold Day: His Design was only to go and see his Relations, having at that Time Money enough; and it was not customary with him to rob any Body while the Stock was high: But Fortune threw a very considerable Prize in his Way, in the following Manner:

Just as he came to the Entrance of *Maidenhead-Thicket*, he espied an old formal Gentleman trotting before him: As he looked upon him, by his plain Coat, and broad-brimmed Hat, to be one of the Godly, as they were then universally called, he immediately resolv'd, contrary to his Intention in travelling, to take hold of the Opportunity, and try the Depth of the old Man's Pocket. He soon came up with Mr. *Primitive*, and began such Conversation as is common to Travellers; more particularly, the Severity of the Season occasioned a pretty many Reflections, as they both felt it to a high Degree. *I hope, says Stafford, after such a terrible Journey as this, I shall meet with a very good Lodging at Night, or else I shall think the Stars are against me indeed.* The old Man, upon this, assumes an Air of Piety, and begins to reprehend the Captain for his Prophaneness in mentioning the Stars, as if they had any Influence over a Man's Circumstances. He told him, 'twas a heathenish Manner of expressing himself, and very unbecoming the Mouth of a Christian: *For my Part, says he, I ascribe every Thing that befalls me to a wise Providence, and am always content with my Lot, as being assured in myself, that all Things are for the best, and work together for the Good of the Elect.* — And do you believe yourself to be one of those Elect? says *Stafford* — It is the earnest Desire of my Soul, replied the old Man, to find the Evidences of it in myself; it is what I pray for earnestly Day and Night; and I truly hope, that my Prayers ascend with a Savour sweet-smelling and acceptable, and that I shall receive an Answer of Joy and Peace. Of this I am the more confident, as I have hitherto found, that the pious Ejaculations of my Heart have not been in vain upon particular Occasions. Here the Captain endeavoured to reform his Phiz, and to look as demurely as his Companion. *Verily Brother, said he, whoever thou art, thy Reproof is just; but as I was upon a Journey, and uncertain what the Company was that I was thus providentially fallen into, I was willing to conform myself to it, for the Security of the outward Man. If I had found thee speaking in such a Manner as had discovered the Corruption of thy Heart, and proved thee to be one of the Unregenerate, I should have endeavoured, as far as it would have appeared consistent with my high Character as a Christian, to have given thee thine own Way in Conversation. But since, to my unspeakable Joy and Consolation in this desert Place, I have found thee such as my Heart would wish, I make no scruple to unbosom myself unto thee, begging that thou wouldst extend thy Bowels of Christian Compassion unto my Weakness, which occasioned me to conceal the real Sentiments of my Soul, thro' Timidity of thy Person, to me unknown. I would furthermore intreat, that thou wouldst endeavour to make our Journeying together profitable unto our mutual Edification, by a Relation of some of those Experiences, which thou hast hinted to, as the Effect of thy being found in the Way of thy Duty.* The old Hypocrite was transported to hear such a Speech as this, and made no Question but he was luckily fallen into Company with a Stone of the spiritual Building, and a Brother Member of the sacred Body

Body of the Church. Forasmuch, reply'd he, as it seemeth to be thy Desire that I should communicate unto thee something of what I have done in the Course of my Duty, and inwardly experienced as the Return of my humble Petitions: Know that I have always, since I have been made sensible what Heart-Work and the Divine Influence mean, constantly called for a Blessing upon what I have undertaken. In an especial Manner, when I have set out on a Journey, as at present, I have been more earnest in entreating that I might pass the Road in Safety; and that at Night in a good Inn I might take up my Quarters, and repose upon a Bed of Down. Not so much that I desire to indulge my Tenement of Clay in the Course of this my Pilgrimage, as that I look upon it to be Typical of that eternal Rest into the which I hope to be received when I shall put off this outward Man, this earthly Tabernacle of Flesh. It is, my Friend, a Help to my Meditation on these Things, when I lie extended at Ease in the Night; and I never yet found, but that every Particular has been answerable to my Desires, and, indeed, proportioned to the Degree of Warmth with which I have expressed them. It is for this Reason, that when I have been diligent in my Duty, and taken such a Quantity of Money in my Pocket as will bear my Expences in a comfortable Manner, I am under no Apprehensions of any Danger that may attend me. I hope then, quoth Stafford, thou wert not at all wanting this Morning in thy Exercises, both for thy sake and my own; forasmuch as with thy good liking I am determind to accompany thee this Evening. Hereupon the old Man assuring him, that he was never in all his Life more fervent than that Morning, the Captain seemed pretty contented, 'till they came to the Middle of the Thicket, when he thought it very proper to take the Advantage of the Place, and ease the old Hypocrite of his Money, which was of more Service to him in his getting good Lodging, than all his boasted Piety; the latter being only superficial. To this End, he address'd him in the following Manner: Brother, I perceive by what you have related, that you are a Man favoured by Heaven in an extraordinary Degree; and that 'tis impossible to hinder you of any Thing that you have once pray'd for: To what Purpose then should you carry Money with you? Now, for my Part, I cannot pretend to any such particular Token of the Divine Regard; and therefore, I have no Room to expect any Thing out of the common Way; so that I think what Money you have about you will be much more serviceable to me than to you, who are certain of the best Usage wherever you come. The old Man began to stare upon his new Companion, and wondered what he was driving at; but he did not remain long in Suspence; for Stafford told him very plainly, That it would be to no Purpose for him to make many Words, since he was now in Earnest: Therefore, says he, without Ceremony deliver your Money. At these Words he clapped a Pistol to his Breast, which terrify'd the venerable Saint to such a Degree, that he pulled out a Purse with forty Guineas in it, and gave it with a trembling Hand. It was now plain, that how sure soever our good Man was of Heaven, he was not willing to leave the World on a sudden, which is no uncommon Case. Stafford being willing to spoil the old Man's Lodging intirely, shot his Horse, after he had rifled him of every Thing that he had which was valuable, and then forced him a considerable Way into the Thicket, where he bound him fast, and left him on the cold Ground. In this Condition he lay till next Morning, when he was taken up half-dead.

The Captain, after this Robbery, was very sensible, that how bad soever the Lodging of his Round-head Companion might be, his own would be as little to his Satisfaction if he were taken; he therefore, thought it most adviseable to get out of the Main Road as fast as he could. This he did by crossing the Country into Buckinghamshire, and riding till

Nº. 11.

he thought he was out of all Danger for that Night. He now began to look round him for a Light, the only Means he had of finding a House at this Time, for it was late. At last he espied one at a considerable Distance, and with all the Speed his Horse was Master of, rode strait up to it. When he was come to the Gate and had knocked, a young Woman about twenty came with a Candle, and seemed not a little surprized as soon as she saw him. The Captain told his Case in the best Manner he could, and after a little Conversation, he found that there was no Body in the House but the Maid, who came to the Door, and her Mistress, who was also up, and waiting for her Husband to come Home from London.

As the good Man had sent her Word he would not fail that Evening, she had prepared a very elegant Supper for his Refreshment, which had now been ready a considerable Time; so long, that they almost despaired of his coming, and she had, just as Stafford came, concluded to sup by herself, and go to Bed. When she heard somebody at the Gate, she concluded it must be her Husband, and sent the Maid to introduce him, while she was preparing just within the Door to receive him with all the Formality of a Wife. Wondring why the Maid staid so long, she also came out, and the Captain repeated how he had lost his Way, and was grievously distressed for a Lodging. It was impossible for a Woman of Breeding and Humanity to be inhospitable to a Stranger, who appeared so much like a Gentleman as Stafford did, especially now she had done expecting her Lord and Master. Betty was ordered to conduct him to the Stable, and see that his Horse was well provided for, and then to bring the Gentleman in, who acknowledged her Civility in the most obliging Manner; and made very large Professions of Gratitude. Madam, in Return, told him how she had been disappointed, assuring him, she was very glad, since Things had so fell out, that she could oblige so deserving a Gentleman as he appeared to be, with what she had provided, adding, that the best Bed in the House was at his Service. There is no Question but Stafford was sufficiently pleased with his good Fortune: he reflected upon what had pass'd the Day before, and wondered how it came to pass that the old Man's Prayer should be fulfilled to him, after he had so much injured him. He could hardly forbear thinking, that the blind Goddess had made a Mistake, and showered down her Favours upon the wrong Person. In a Word, they sat down to Table together, and Stafford could perceive that the Expectation of her Husband had raised such Sentiments in the Lady, as would fall in with his Wishes. After Supper they began to be more free, and the Captain offered to entertain his generous Hostess with a Song, which was as follows:

A S O N G.

I.

*When first Procreation began,
Ere Forms interrupted the Bliss,
Each Woman might love any Man;
Each Man any Woman might kiss.*

II.

*The Youth who beheld a plump Lass,
Declar'd in few Words his Request;
Nor wou'd like an amorous Ass,
Nor ever departed unblest.*

III.

*The Girl who was ripe for the Game,
Look'd out for a sizeable Lad;
Then frankly discover'd her Flame,
And what she demanded she had.*

Y

IV.

IV.

*But while they thus revell'd at large,
And Bantlings increas'd in their Kind,
The Mother still bore all the Charge;
The Father what Mortal could find?*

V.

*So when great Semiramis reign'd,
And Women repin'd at their Lot,
The Queen Matrimony ordain'd,
That each might maintain what he got.*

VI.

*While under this Petticoat Rule,
The Men were oblig'd to submit;
The Wife went abroad, and the Fool
Still own'd all that came to his Net.*

VII.

*The Men, when it came to their Turn,
To keep their dear Spouses at Home,
Decreed e'ery Woman should burn,
Who dar'd from her Husband to roam.*

VIII.

*'Twas all a Political Cheat,
Tho' urg'd as a Sanction Divine;
It aw'd the dull Croud; but the Great
What Precept could ever confine?*

IX.

*The Jewish Lawgiver of Yore,
And all the old Sages of Greece.
Themselves could dispense with a Score,
Tho' others had but one a Piece.*

X.

*'Twas thought for the Good of Mankind,
So by ev'ry Senate 'twas past;
The Mob will for ever be blind;
And therefore 'tis likely to last.*

XI.

*Still may the Decrees of the State,
Impose on an ignorant Realm;
Let us our own Charter create,
And do as they do at the Helm.*

XII.

*Since you have the Beauty to charm,
And I have the Manhood to please,
In Love can there be any Harm,
That springs from such Motives as these?*

The Captain had an excellent Voice, and performed every Thing with such a Grace, that it was impossible for any Woman living to hold it out long, when he began to lay close Siege. The Maid was sent to warm his Bed and Madam, in the meanTime, artfully gave him to understand how he might leave it, and come to hers, when every Thing was still. There is no Occasion to tell the Reader he did so.

And now I wish I could conceal the Sequel of this Story. When such a gallant Man as our Captain robs only for Necessity, and then makes Choice only of such Persons to collect from, as he of whom we have been last speaking, the Reader is not much displeased with him. There appears something so agreeable in the Manner and Circumstances of such a

Story, as takes away a great Deal of the Repentment, which would otherwise arise against the Felony. But Gentlemen of this Profession can be engaged by no Favours to keep their Hands to themselves, when such a fair Occasion as this is offered by Fortune. If any Thing could prevail, certainly the Obligations of a beautiful Lady, who sacrifices her Honour, would have this Effect: But a vicious Habit will gain the Ascendant, even over a Man's own Resolutions. For it has been hinted that *Stafford* did not usually collect when he had Money, and at this Time in particular he had determin'd only to visit his Country, as a Gentleman, and return quietly to *London*, where he then resided. It may be observed further that almost every Man, once in his Life, does something very unworthy of, and even contrary to his general Character. If therefore this, which we are going to relate, be acknowledged as the Captain's one great Foible, the universal Weakness of human Nature will be ready to excuse him in some Degree.

But I prevent myself in my intended Story, by thus endeavouring to palliate it before-hand; and therefore I shall be as brief as possible in the Narration.

When the Captain had been in Bed with the Gentlewoman will be thought the Time proper for his Purpose: He suddenly bound her in her Bed, and threaten'd her with immediate Death, if she did not direct him to her Keys, and tell him where all the Treasure in the House was deposited. The Lady began at first to exclaim against his Ingratitude, but when she found there was no Remedy, she submitted, and directed him where he found to the Value of three hundred Pounds in Money and Plate, which he secured; and after he had bound the Maid, that she might not be able to come to her Mistress's Assistance, and allarm the Neighbourhood before he was out of their Reach, he went to the Stable, took Horse, and rode for *London*, by the most By-Way in the whole Country, with which he was well acquainted.

The Reader will perceive by the Song which we just now recited, that Captain *Stafford* was something of a Poet: He had indeed a very considerable Knack of versifying, and made frequent Use of it; not only, as in the Case above, to compliment his Mistress, but frequently to lash the Hypocrisy of the Times; for tho' he now and then condescended to make Use of the same Disguise, yet in his Soul he utterly abhorred it. He very well knew there was no other Way of insinuating himself into the Favour of the wealthiest Men in the Kingdom, than by making Religion his Pretence; and there was no Man who could counterfeit the affected Austerity, that appeared on every Countenance, better than himself. There was an absolute Necessity either of starving in his Profession, or of becoming frequently a Hypocrite; and of two great Evils he thought the latter most eligible. As to his Poetry, it is confidently affirmed, by some who pretend to authentic Informations, that many of the best satirical Pieces then published, which have since appear'd under other Names, were in reality of his Composing. In short, his whole Life, with respect to his Religion and Gallantry, was as confused as the Account which we now give of it. He was one Day a Saint, the next a Lover, the next a Satirist, and the next a Highwayman, or Impostor, according as the Occasion offered. But we proceed again to Particulars.

Having, upon a certain Time, got together a considerable Quantity of Money, and being under some Apprehensions of a Discovery, he made off into the North of *England*, and took shelter in a Country Village, so obscure that it was next to impossible he should ever be detected. He was afraid in this Place to make any great Figure, or to seem extravagant, because he well knew the Country People are apt to be very inquisitive into the Circumstances of such Men; and, as he was resolved to be as Godly as he was able, while he resided here, it was not expedient for him

him to put the Congregation to any Trouble,) for he had now join'd himself to a People who assembled in the Neighbourhood, and it was customary in those Days for a new Member, if he was in any respect suspicious, to give a very particular Account of himself. By this prudent management, the Captain not only avoided their Inquisition, but made his ready Cash last a great Deal longer than it otherwise would have done.

In this Place *Stafford* soon got the Reputation of a very good Man, he attended constantly at publick Service, and not only that, but also at all their private Meetings and Conferences; when he would frequently exercise his own Gift, and pour out a tedious Rhapsody of unintelligible Jargon, with a great Deal of seeming Warmth and Affection. As it was no difficult Thing for a Man of the Captain's good Sense to be the greatest Orator in such a Congregation as this, it was but a very little, while before his Talents were every where talk'd of; he was sent for to all the Meetings round about, and publick Thanks were frequently return'd to Providence, who had sent such an eminent Christian among them. It was not above a Year that he had been in this Place, before their venerable Pastor, who had formerly been an indifferent good Taylor, departed this Life. The Sorrow on this melancholy Occasion was universal, and the Cause of Religion was a Thousand Times said to be in Danger, by the Loss of such a Substantial Pillar of the Church (for so they called themselves) as their dear glorify'd Minister. When the general Lamentation was a little over, the Flock began to look round for one to feed them in the Room of the Deceased. All their Eyes were immediately fix'd on *Stafford*, who was esteemed the most able Brother to the important Charge. The Captain had by this time waisted his capital stock pretty considerably, and he must very soon have been under an absolute Necessity of recruiting by some Means or other; he durst not as yet appear again upon the Road, for he had made himself so notorious just before his retirement, that a large Reward had been offered for taking him, and his Person had been so particularly describ'd, that 'twas in vain to think of disguising himself. An offer of forty Pounds a Year, besides a Prospect of other Acquisitions, was not, it may be imagin'd, at this Time very unacceptable; so when the Elders of the Congregation waited upon him in a Body with their Resolution, he consented, after due Form, to accept of the Proposal. The Ceremony of his Ordination is foreign to our Purpose, and therefore we omit it. Behold Captain *Philip Stafford*, the Hero of these Sheets, in a stiff Band, and a black Coat and Skull-Cap, mounted behind a velvet Cushion, and holding forth with all the Eloquence he was Master of, against all Sin, and even the very Appearance of Sin, Advising them to crush the first Motions of it in their Hearts, and never suffer it to break forth into Practice. Hear him describe the Pleasures of a good Conscience, void of Offence towards God and towards Man! What a Load of Accusations he lays upon his Friend Satan, the grand Enemy of Souls, enough to break the Back of any poor Devil in Christendom! Never was Preaching more effectual, never was more Weeping and Repentance, than among the old Women of *Stafford's* Congregation. Every one exerted herself to the uttermost, that the Circumstances of their Minister might be as easy as possible, and that such a faithful Labourer in the Vineyard of the Church, might not go without his Reward. Presents were sent him continually, he was invited to Dinner every Day by one or another of the Members, and he has frequently since protested, that, bating the Hypocrisy which he was obliged to use, the Time he was a Teacher was the pleasantest Part of his Life.

But the Captain had something farther to do for his Female Hearers, especially for the handsomest of them, than just to take care of their Souls: This he let some of them understand the first Opportunity he had, after he had perceived himself absolute Master

of all their Hearts, and even their Fortunes. He had all the Success he could wish for, without being in the least suspected of attempting any Thing that could possibly cast the least Emblem upon his Character. Several married Women were delivered of Children, who very much resembled the Parson: but the good Wives had an excellent Excuse for this, by urging the prodigious Attention with which they always heard Mr. *Stafford* preach, and the deep Impression which he always made, both by his Voice and his Person, when he was in the Pulpit. All this might have passed very well as long as he had pleased, had he carried the Jest no further; but, alas! the Captain was so voracious, that, though he had a continual Feast, he could not be contented without some Joins which no Body tasted but himself. The Daughter of a leading Man began to grow thick about the Waste, and her Parents were very inquisitive into the Meaning of it. The Girl appeared very ignorant of the Matter; and stood in it firmly, that she never in her Life knew the Difference between the Sexes. The old People even began to credit what she said, and to believe their Daughter, for her extraordinary Piety, was favour'd by Heaven with a miraculous Conception: *Stafford*, however, would have been the last Man in the Universe that they could have any Suspicion of; had not a Billet of his been intercepted by the old Man, through the Carelessness of a Maid Servant, who managed every Thing between them. Who can express the Grief and Surprize of the pious People upon this melancholy Discovery? Mr. *Stafford* to be sure was sent for, and the Damsel and he brought Face to Face; yet so well had the young Lady been instructed, that she continued firm in denying any Knowledge of the Affair. *Stafford* had taken Care to fill the Mind of the Girl with Fears of eternal Damnation, if she ever discovered a Secret that would turn to the Disgrace of the Priesthood; and being confident that his Lectures had made Impressions, too deep for any Arguments to craze them, he did not stick to threaten every one that hinted their Suspicions of his Guilt. The Father and Mother of the Damsel finding her inflexible, they concluded it would be much better to conceal their Daughter's Disgrace, by providing for her Lying-in in a private Manner, than to expose her and themselves to the Censures of an ill-natur'd World, by a too scrupulous Enquiry into an Affair of such a tender Nature.

Our Ecclesiastical Captain now began to triumph; especially when he understood that there was a Child born without any Father but Providence. He had no great Desire to interfere with this common Parent of the Fatherless, in the Educating a Bantling which he had taken already so much Pains to throw entirely off his Hands. Abundance of the Members who had intimated Things to his Discredit, were now the Objects of his Displeasure in the highest Degree; and he took Care to employ Partizans, who abused almost all the honest Men, that were not satisfied with his Conduct on this Occasion. The next Sunday after the young Gentlewoman was delivered, he had the Impudence to address the following Harangue to the Congregation, *Friends, Brethren, and Sisters, you cannot any of you be ignorant, that a Bastard Child is lately born in this Village, of the Body of Mrs. Anne B—, the Daughter of Mr. Thomas B—, a very worthy Christian, and a Member of this Congregation. It cannot, moreover, be any strange Thing to you, when I tell you, that sundry censorious and evil-disposed Persons have not spared their scandalous Reflections and bellish Machinations against me your Pastor, whom you have never, in the whole Course of my Ministry, accused as guilty of any enormous Error, save only such as it is impossible for frail human Nature to avoid, until this unhappy Time; when it seemeth as though the Prince of the Power of the Air had taken Possession of the Hearts and Tongues of the Sons of Men, on Purpose to deceive them, and to do Despight unto that Holy Re-*

ligion

ligion, which both I and you profess, and of which I am a weak and unworthy Teacher. But I return Thanks to Heaven, which has always strengthened me in my Duty, and enabled me to curb the carnal Inclinations of my outward Man, and to keep the Flesh weak and low, while the Spirit has been full of Consolation. Tho' it might have been sufficient to convince any among you of my Innocence in this Affair, that I have hitherto despised the Calumnies of the Wicked; and though no reasonable Man or Woman can have an Doubts remaining, after this solemn Declaration in the Presence of God and this Assembly, concerning this Thing, yet as the Cause of Religion seems to be wounded through my Sides, and as I would not for ten thousand Worlds give the least Offence to any tender Conscience, I take this Opportunity to notify my Intentions of leaving this Place very shortly.

This very insolent Speech produced different Effects on the Minds of the different Persons who heard it. All those who had Penetration enough to see through the thin Artifice, which was only to make them engage him more strongly to continue with them, from this Moment began to despise him, and not a few resolved never to hear him any more; but most of the Women, and a few Men of the weakest Intellects, were almost driven to Despair by the Thought of losing their Pastor: They went to him immediately after Sermon, and requested him with Tears, as he tender'd the Good of their Souls, not to leave them; and our perfect Counterfeit pretended that it was with great Reluctance, and only as he preferred the Interest of Religion to all other Views, that he condescended to listen to their Petition. The Effect of all these Disputes was a dreadful Schism, and Stafford continued some Time afterwards possessed of the Meeting-House, which he made Use of as usual, to the Edification of his faithful Adherents; but as the Revenue did not now answer his Purpose, he at last took an Opportunity to leave his little Flock without giving them any Warning, carrying off with him all the Sacramental Plate and Linnen to a pretty large Value.

We shall give our Readers a Sketch of Mr. Stafford's Opinion in Point of Religion, by presenting them with a Copy of Verses which are said to have been written by him while he was in the ministerial Function.

V E R S E S. By Capt. Stafford.

I.

Religion's a Thing very plain,
If Men would make use of their Eyes;
'Tis taught in a barbarous Strain,
And there all the Mystery lies.

II.

This Truth the old Catholicks knew,
So lock'd up its Rules from the Croud;
Amus'd them with Splendor and Shew;
And baul'd for the Church very loud.

III.

At last a capricious old Monk,
Who else would have never been known,
The Name of his Holiness sunk,
And thereby exalted his own.

IV.

He us'd his vernacular Speech,
For reverend Hebrew and Greek;
Believe not, said he, what I teach,
But take up your Bibles and seek.

V.

The Seekers arose from this Hint,
(Each Man was the Head of a Sect)
Oppos'd one another in Print,
And won from their Hearers Respect.

VI.

New Parties 'twas easy to gain,
As easy to keep them when got,
By making obscure what was plain,
And opening that which was not.

VII.

Since then 'tis a Trade to impose,
And Men will not judge for themselves,
What Hurt can there be, by the Nose
To lead a few ignorant Elves?

But 'tis Time to have done with the religious Part of the Captain's Life, and to return to that Part which more immediately gives him a Place in this Book. Indeed, as an Impostor and Cheat we might very justly mention him, if he had never been guilty of any Attempt upon the Substance of another Man in an open avow'd Manner. But this is not so directly keeping up to what we propose.

The last Adventure which we shall relate of the Captain, is, that for which he suffered: A Farmer of considerable Note in *Berkshire*, had been at *Reading* to sell his Corn, at a Time when that Commodity was very dear. The Farmer had the Reputation of being a very honest good Man; but as the Price of Corn was very advantageous to him, he could not help being a little elated by the Success he had met with at Market; And he was now riding home in a very pleasant Temper, meditating (as he himself confessed) on the Riches he was about to get for his Family. The Captain overtook him about four Miles from *Reading*, and accosted him in a very friendly Manner, with *Pray, Farmer, what is it a Clock?* The Farmer being, as I said before, pretty full of his good Fortune, immediately thought Mr. Stafford had known him, and ask'd him what Corn was a Load: He therefore very readily answer'd, *Sixteen Pound ten the best Wheat.* Stafford guessed the honest Countryman's Mistake; but thought at the same Time that their Conversation was likely to turn upon a Subject that would be to his Advantage: And have you, Farmer, said he, sold any Wheat for that Price to Day? Yes, says the Countryman, I have sold two Loads, and I thank God I have got the Money for it in my Pocket. This was spoke very innocently; for the Farmer all the while thought himself with somebody that asked him these Questions out of Kindness; but he soon found to the contrary; for the Captain pulled a Pistol out of his Pocket in a very short Time, and clapping it to the Farmer's Breast, he made him refund the whole three and thirty Pounds, which he had just received.

The Captain's Good-Fortune this Day began to leave him; for he was scarce got three hundred Yards from the Ground where he committed the Robbery, before two Gentlemen came up to the Farmer, who told them how he had been used. The Gentlemen being well mounted rode after Stafford with all the Speed they could, and in less than a Quarter of an Hour, overtook and dismounted him. The Money was all found upon him, and several of the Pieces were very remarkable; so that he was carried to the next Justice of the Piece, and by him committed to the County Jail, where he lay till the ensuing Assizes, which were not a great while afterwards.

At the Affizes the Farmer, who was a very conscientious Man, refused to appear against the Prisoner, because he was not certain whether or no it was the same Man that had robbed him. The Evidence, nevertheless, of the two Gentlemen, and of the Money, which answered exactly to the Account which the Farmer had given of what he had lost, together with the bad Character of the Captain himself in his own Country, where he now was, were thought sufficient to condemn him; and the Sentence passed accordingly, and a Day was fixed for his Execution.

While *Stafford* was in Prison, before his Condemnation, he lived in a very grand Manner: He had a Wicket made before the Jail Porch to hide his Fetters, where he used to sit frequently with one of the Keepers, and converse with Gentlemen of the best Fashion in the whole Town. He had, moreover, settled a Correspondence with several of his own Profession, who came to see him in Prison. These then undertook to rescue him from the Gallows, and afterwards to constitute him their Head. The Report of this Compact, by some Means or other, took Wind, before the Time, and the Post-Boy was ordered what to say, if any Man should ask him any Questions on the Road. This Charge to the Post-Boy was thought to be the only Reason why they did not come as they had promised; for two or three Men well mounted, one Day demanded of him when *Stafford* was to be executed, and the Boy told them the usual Day, which was now changed to another purely upon the Account of this Report.

The Captain had a new light-colour'd Suit of Cloaths made to go to the Gallows in (for he did not expect to be hang'd) in which he appeared as tho' he had been going to a Wedding. He had a Nose-Gay in his Bosom, and his Countenance was without the least Appearance of Concern all the Way. As he past by a Tavern, he order'd the Cart to stop, and called for a Pint of Wine, which he drank all off, and told the Vintner he would pay him when he came back. At the Gallows he stood up, and looked round him very wishfully some Minutes, still desiring more Time. At last when the Sheriff bid him prepare, and he saw no Remedy, his Colour was observed to change, and he trembled very much, but said nothing. Just at the Instant that the Cart was ordered to be drawn away, he delivered a Paper to the Sheriff, and then was turned off in a great Deal of Confusion. The Contents of the Paper were as follow:

It is not merely in Compliance with the common Custom of Malefactors, that I Write any Thing to leave behind me in the World; if there had not seemed a more than Ordinary Necessity for this Declaration from me, upon the Account of my having been so universally talk'd of, I should have been contented to have suffer'd in Silence, what the Justice of the Law has required.

I confess not only the Fact for which I Die, but also almost all those that are laid to my Charge by common Fame, besides innumerable others of the same Nature, yet I hope that what I am about to offer, will Plead a little in my Favour, and in some Measures abate the Horror which many sober People are apt to Conceive at the bare Recital of my Crimes.

I was brought up in Principles of Honour and Virtue by my Parents, and I continued to Act agreeably

to those Principles for many Years, as several worthy Gentlemen now Living can Testify. I can moreover call upon a greater Witness than any Mortal to attest, that I have always thought in my Soul nothing so Mean and so Unworthy of human Nature as Fraud, of what kind soever it might be. It has only the Iniquity of the Times, in which it has been my Unhappiness to have lived, that Occasion'd my abandoning in Practice what my Judgment always approved of; Notwithstanding the Pains I have taken to work my self into a Belief that Virtue is nothing but a vain Chimera.

The Cruelty with which all the loyal Party was Prosecuted during the late civil War, gave me a very despicable Opinion of those who Executed it. This Opinion was afterwards strengthened when I beheld the same People dividing among themselves, and using an equal Severity towards each other, as any one Party got uppermost. I soon found that their Religion was but a pretence, and their Appearance of Sanctity, nothing more than Hypocrisy; That Interest was the only Point they pursued, and their hyperbolical Cant concerning another World a mere Engine to draw to themselves larger Possessions in this, which they had the Confidence to affirm they had learn'd intirely to despise. These things made me Determine, when my Estate was Quartered, and my Principles prevented my getting an honourable Subsistence, to take openly from some of those Hypocrites what they as unjustly, though more craftily, had taken from better People.

What lies most heavily upon my Conscience, is, my having ever condescended to deal with these Men in their own Way, by imposing upon them under a Shew of Piety: May God forgive me in this Particular! I must, however, take the Freedom to say, That I was never able to match several that I have met with, to whom I have not thought myself inferior as to my Genius, in this their darling Vice, *Hypocrisy*; and that when I most succeeded in my Impostures, it was more owing to a Fluency of Words which I always had, than to my Art in counterfeiting their Formality in my common Behaviour.

I shall not trouble the World with any more of these Things, which only relate to my Maker, and my own Conscience. Give me Leave to say, that as I have not been a common Offender, I would hope my Remains will be treated with a little more Decency, than the Bodies of the unhappy Wretches who suffer at this Place, commonly are.

As I die justly, I have no Occasion to say any Thing concerning the Instruments of my Death, who only excuse what the Law demands. If there are any other Persons, who are conscious that they have given me just Cause of Offence, let them know that I forgive them from my very Heart; and that I die in Peace with all the World, to which I can very calmly bid *Farewel*.

In Compliance with Mr. *Stafford's* Request, concerning his Body, the Sheriff ordered him to be buried under the Tower of *St. Mary's* Church at *Reading*: Several Persons of Fashion honour'd his Funeral with their Attendance, and the Women in particular were observed to shed Abundance of Tears.

We are inform'd that his Man *Pretty*, who had not Courage enough to engage singly in any Enterprize, took afterwards to Labour and got his Living in a handsome Manner.

The LIFE of Capt. JAMES HIND.

THERE is no other Life so proper to follow Capt. *Stafford's*, as that of his Contemporary Capt. *James Hind*; a Man as much talk'd of to this Day as almost any one of his Profession that ever lived, and who was distinguished by his Pleasantry in all his Adventures; for he never in his Life robb'd a Man, but at the same Time he either said or did something that was diverting. The Reason why we think him so proper to follow Capt. *Stafford* immediately, is more especially his Principles, which were truly loyal, and which induced him, like the former, to commit all his Depredations upon the Republican Party.

The Father of Capt. *Hind* was a Sadler, an Inhabitant of *Chipping-Norton* in *Oxfordshire*, where the Captain was born. The old Man lived there many Years in very good Reputation among his Neighbours, was an honest Companion, and a constant Churchman. As *James* was his only Son, he was willing to give him the best Education he was able, and to that Purpose sent him to School till he was fifteen Years of Age, in which Time he learned to read and write very well, and knew Arithmetick enough to make him capable of any common Business.

After this he was put Apprentice to a Butcher in his Native Town, where he served about two Years of his Time, and then ran away from his Master, who was a very morose Man, and continually finding something or another to quarrel with him about.

When he made this Elopement, he applied immediately to his Mother for Money to carry him up to *London*, telling her a lamentable Story of the Hardships he suffer'd from his Master's Severity. Mothers are generally easily wrought upon with Stories of that Kind; she therefore very tenderly supplied him with three Pounds for his Expences, and sent him away with Tears in her Eyes.

He had not been long in *London* before he got a Relish of the Pleasures of the Place (Pleasures I call them in Compliance with the Opinion of Gentlemen of the Captain's Taste) I mean, the Enjoyment of his Bottle and his Mistress; both which, as far as his Circumstances would allow, he pursued very earnestly. One Night he was taken in Company with a Woman of the Town, who had just before picked a Gentleman's Pocket of five Guineas, and sent with her to the *Poultry Compter* till Morning, when he was released for want of any Evidence against him, he having, in Reality, no Hand in the Affair. The Woman was committed to *Newgate*, but what became of her afterwards we are not certain, nor does it at all concern us. The Captain by this Accident fell into Company with one *Thomas Allen*, a noted Highwayman, who had been put into the Compter upon Suspicion of some Robbery, and was released at the same Time with *Hind*, and for the same Reason. These two Men going to drink together, after their Confinement, they contracted a Friendship which was the Ruin of them both, as the Reader will observe in the Perusal of these Pages.

Their first Adventure was at *Shooters-Hill*, where they met with a Gentleman and his Servant. *Hind* being perfectly raw and unexperienced, his Companion was willing to have a Proof of his Courage; and therefore staid at some Distance while the Captain rode up, and singly took from them fifteen Pound;

but returned the Gentleman twenty Shillings to bear his Expences on the Road, with such a pleasant Air, that the Gentleman protested he would never hurt a Hair of his Head, if it should at any Time be in his Power. *Allen* was prodigiously pleased both with the Bravery and Generosity of his new Comrade, and they mutually swore to stand by one another to the utmost of their Power.

It was much about the Time that the inhuman and unnatural Murder of King *Charles I.* was perpetrated at his own Palace Gate, by the Fanaticks of that Time, when our two Adventurers began their Progress on the Road. One Part of their Engagement together was like Capt. *Stafford's* Resolution, never to spare any of the Regicides that came in their Way. It was long before they met the grand Usurper *Cromwell*, as he was coming from *Huntingdon*, the Place of his Nativity, to *London*. *Oliver* had no less than seven Men in his Train, who all came immediately upon their stopping the Coach, and over-power'd our two Heroes; so that poor *Tom. Allen* was taken on the Spot, and soon after executed, and it was with a great Deal of Difficulty that *Hind* made his Escape, who resolved from this Time, to act with a little more Caution. He could not, however, think of quitting a Course of Life which he had just begun to taste, and which he found so profitable.

The Captain rode so hard to get out of Danger, after this Adventure with *Cromwell*, that he killed his Horse, and he had not at that Time Money enough to buy another. He resolved, therefore, to procure one as soon as possible; and to this Purpose tramped it along the Road on Foot. It was not long before he saw a Horse hung to a Hedge with a Brace of Pistols before him; and looking round him, he observed, on the other Side of the Hedge, a Gentleman untrussing a Point: *This is my Horse*, says the Captain, and immediately vaults into the Saddle. The Gentleman calling to him, and telling him, that the Horse was his: *Sir*, says *Hind*, *you may think yourself well off, that I have left you all the Money in your Pockets to buy another, which you had best lay out before I meet you again, lest you should be worse used*; so he rode away in Search of new Adventures.

There is another Story of the Captain's getting himself remounted, which I have seen in a printed Account of his Life. Whether it be only the same Action otherwise related, or another of our Adventurers Pranks, I shall leave the Reader to determine, and proceed.

Being reduced to the Humble Capacity of a Foot-Pad, he hired a common Hack of a Man who made it his Business to let out Horses, and took the Road on his Back. He was overtaken (for he was not able to overtake any Body) by a Gentleman well mounted, with a Portmanteau behind him. They fell into Discourse upon such Topicks as are common to Travellers, and *Hind* was very particular in praising the Gentleman's Horse, 'till the Gentleman repeated every Thing his Horse could do. There was upon the Side of the Road a Wall, over which was another Way, and the Gentleman told *Hind*, that his Horse could leap that Wall. *Hind* offer'd to lay a Bottle of it; upon which the Gentleman attempted and accomplished what he propos'd. The Captain contended he had lost his Wager, but desired the Gentle

Gentleman to let him try if he would do the same with him upon his Back, which the Gentleman consenting to, the Captain rode away with his Portmantau, and left him to return his Horse to the Owner.

Another Time Captain *Hind* met the celebrated Regicide, *Hugh Peters* in *Enfield-Chase*, and commanded him to deliver his Money. *Hugh*, who had his Share of Confidence, began to lay about him with Texts of Scripture, and to cudgel our bold Robber with the eighth Commandment. *It is written in the Law, says he, That thou shalt not steal. And furthermore Solomon, who was surely a very wise Man, speaketh in this Manner: Rob not the Poor, because he is poor.* *Hind* was willing to answer the finished old Cant in his own Strain; and for that End, began to rub up his Memory for some of the Scraps of the Bible, which he had learned by Heart in his Minority. *Verily, said Hind, if thou hadst regarded the Divine Precepts as thou oughtest to have done, thou wouldest not have wrested them to such an abominable and wicked Sense as thou didst the Words of the Prophet, when he saith, Bind their Kings with Chains, and their Nobles with Fetters of Iron. Didst thou not, thou detestable Hypocrite, endeavour from these Words to aggravate the Misfortunes of thy Royal Master, whom thy accursed Republican Party, unjustly murdered before the Door of his own Palace? Here Hugh Peters began to extenuate that horrid Crime, and to alledge other Parts of Scripture in his Defence, and in Order to preserve his Money: Pray Sir, replied Hind, make no Reflections on my Profession; for Solomon plainly says, Do not despise a Thief; but it is to little Purpose for us to dispute: The Substance of what I have to say, is this, Deliver thy Money presently, or else I shall send thee out of the World to thy Master in an Instant.*

These terrible Words of the Captain frightened the old Presbyterian in such a Manner, that he gave him thirty Broad Pieces of Gold, and then they parted. But *Hind* was not thoroughly satisfied with letting such a notorious Enemy to the Royal Cause depart in so easy a Manner. He, therefore, rode after him, full Speed, and overtaking him, spoke as follows: *Sir, now I think of it, I am convinced that this Misfortune has happened to you, because you did not obey the Words of the Scripture, which say expressly, Provide neither Gold, nor Silver, nor Brass in your Purses for your Journey. Whereas it is evident that you had provided a pretty Deal of Gold: However, as it is now in my Power to make you fulfil another Command, I would by no Means slip the Opportunity. Therefore, Pray give me your Cloak.* *Peters* was so surpriz'd, that he neither stood to dispute, nor to examine what was the Drift of *Hind's* Demand; but *Hind* soon let him understand his Meaning, when he added, *You know, Sir, our Saviour has commanded, That if any Man take away thy Cloak, thou must not refuse thy Coat also; therefore, I cannot suppose you will act in direct Contradiction to such an express Direction, especially now you can't pretend you have forgot it, because I have reminded you of your Duty.* The old Puritan thrugged his Shoulders for some Time, before he proceeded to uncase them; but *Hind* told him his Delay would do him no Service; for he would be punctually obey'd, because he was sure what he requested was consonant to the Scripture: Accordingly *Hugh Peters* delivered his Coat, and *Hind* carried all off.

Next Sunday when *Hugh* came to preach, he chose an Invektive against Theft for the Subject of his Sermon, and took his Text in the Canticles, Chap. v. Ver. 3. *I have put off my Coat, how shall I put it on.* An honest Cavalier who was present, and knew the Occasion of his chusing those Words, cry'd out aloud: *Upon my Word, Sir, I believe there is no Boy here can tell you, unless Capt. Hind was here!* Which ready Answer to *Hugh Peters* Scriptu-

ral Question, put the Congregation into such an excessive Fit of Laughter, that the Fanatick Parson was ashamed of himself, and descended from his Prating Box, without proceeding any further in his Harangue.

It has been observed before, that *Hind* was a professed Enemy to all the Regicides; and, indeed, Fortune was so favourable to his Desires, as to put one or other of those celebrated Villains often into his Power.

He met one Day with that Arch-Traytor, Sergeant *Bradshaw*, who had some Time before the Insolence to sit as Judge of his lawful Sovereign, and to pass Sentence of Death upon Majesty. The Place where this Rencounter happened, was, upon the Road between *Sherbourn* and *Shaftsbury*, in *Dorsetshire*. *Hind* rode up to the Coach Side, and demanded the Sergeant's Money; who, supposing his Name would carry Terror with it, told him who he was. *Quoth Hind, I fear neither you, nor any King-killing Son of a Whore alive. I have now as much Power over you, as you lately had over the King, and I should do God and my Country good Service, if I made the same Use of it; but live, Villain, to suffer the Pangs of thine own Conscience, till Justice shall lay her Iron Hand upon thee, and require an Answer for thy Crimes, in a Way more proper for such a Monster, who art unworthy to die by any Hands, but those of the common Hangman, and at any other Place than Tyburn. Nevertheless, though I spare thy Life as a Regicide, be assured, that unless thou deliverest thy Money immediately, thou shalt die for thy Obstinacy.*

Bradshaw began to be sensible that the Case was not now with him, as it had been when he sat at *Westminster-Hall*, attended with the whole Strength of the Rebellion. A Horror naturally arising from a Mind conscious of the blackest Villanies, took Possession of his Soul, upon the Apprehensions of Death, which the Pistol gave him, and discovered itself in his Countenance. He put his trembling Hand into his Pocket, and pulled out about forty Shillings in Silver, which he presented to the Captain, who swore he would that Minute shoot him through the Heart, if he did not find Coin of another Species. The Sergeant at last, to save a miserable Life, pulled out that which he valued next to it, as of two Evils all Men chuse the least, and gave the Captain a Purse full of *Jacobuses*.

Hind, having thus got Possession of the Cash, he made *Bradshaw* yet wait a considerable Time longer, while he made the following Eulogium on Money; which, though in the Nature of it, it be something different from the Harangues, which the Sergeant generally heard on a Sunday, contains, nevertheless, as much Truth, and might have been altogether as pleasing, had it come from another Mouth.

This, Sir, is the Metal that wins my Heart for ever! O precious Gold, I admire and adore thee as much as either Bradshaw, Pryn, or any other Villain of the same Stamp, who, for the sake of thee, would sell their Redeemer again, were he now upon Earth. This is that incomparable Medicament which the Republican Physicians call The Wonder-working Plaster: It is truly Catholick in Operation, and somewhat of a Kin to the Jesuits Powder, but more effectual. The Virtues of it are strange and various; it makes Justice deaf as well as blind, and takes out Spots of the deepest Treason, as easily as Castle-Soap does common Stains; it alters a Man's Constitution in two or three Days, more than the Virtuoso's Transfusion of Blood can do in seven Years. 'Tis a great Alexiopharmick, and helps poisonous Principles of Rebellion, and those that Use them. It miraculously exalts and purifies the Eye-sight, and makes Traytors behold nothing but Innocence in the blackest Malefactors. 'Tis a mighty Cordial for a declining Cause; it stifles Faction and Schism as certainly as the Itch is destroy'd by Butter and Broom.

Brimstone. In a Word, it makes Fools wise Men, and wise Men Fools; and both of them Knaves. The very Colour of this precious Balm is bright and dazzling. If it be properly applied to the Fist; that is, in a decent Manner, and a competent Dose, it infallibly performs all the above-said Cures, and many others too numerous to be here mentioned.

The Captain having finished his Panegyrick, he pulled out his Pistol, and said farther:

You and your infernal Crew have a long while run on, like Jehu, in a Career of Blood and Impiety, pretending that Zeal for the Lord of Hosts has been your only Motive. How long you may be suffered to continue in the same Course, God only knows. I will, however, for this Time, stop your Race in a literal Sense of the Words. With that he shot all the Six Horses which were in the Sergeant's Coach, and then rode off in Pursuit of another Booty.

Sometime after, *Hind* met a Coach on the Road between *etersfield* and *Portsmouth*, filled with Gentlemen: He went up to them in a genteel Manner, told them, that he was a Patron of the Fair-Sex; and that it was purely to win the Favour of a hard-hearted Mistress, that he travelled the Country: *But Ladies*, added he, *I am at this Time reduced to the Necessity of asking Relief, having nothing to carry me on in my intended Prosecution of Adventures:* The young Ladies, who had most of them read a pretty many Romances, could not help conceiving they had met with some *Quixot* or *Amadis de Gaul*, who was saluting them in the Strain of Knight-Errantry: *Sir Knight*, said one of the pleasantest among them, *We heartily commiserate your Condition, and are very much troubled that we cannot contribute towards your Support; but we have nothing about us but a sacred Depositum, which the Laws of your Order will not suffer you to violate.* *Hind* was pleased to think he had met with such agreeable Gentlemen, and, for the sake of the Jest, could freely have let them pass unmolested, if his Necessities at this Time had not been very pressing. *May I, bright Ladies, be favoured with the Knowledge of what this sacred Depositum, which you speak of, is, that so I may employ my utmost Abilities in its Defence, as the Laws of Knight-Errantry require?* The Lady who Spoke before and who suspected the least of any one in Company told him, that the *Depositum* she had spoken of, was 3000 *l.* the Portion of one of the Company, who was going to bestow it upon the Knight who had won her Good-Will by his many past Services. *My humble Duty be presented to the Knight*, said he, and he pleased to tell him, that *my Name is Capt. Hind; that out of mere Necessity I have made bold to borrow Part of what, for his Sake, I wish were twice as much; that I promise to expend the Sum in Defence of injured Lovers, and the Support of Gentlemen who profess Knight-Errantry.* At the Name of *Capt. Hind*, they were sufficiently startled, there being No-body then living in *England* who had not heard of him: *Hind* however bid them not be affrighted, for he would not do them the least Hurt, and desired no more than one thousand Pound, out of the Three. This the Ladies very thankfully gave in an Instant (for the Money was ty'd up in separate Bags) and the Captain wish'd them all a good Journey, and much Joy to the Bride.

We must leave the Captain a little, to display the Corruption of human Nature, in an Instance, which the Captain has often protested was a great Trouble to him. The Young Lady, when she met her intended Husband, told him all that had past upon the Road, and the mercenary Wretch, as soon as he heard of the Money that was lost, adjourned the Marriage, till he had sent to her Father to ask whether or no he would make up the Original Sum agreed upon, which he refusing (partly because he had sufficiently

exhausted his Substance before, and partly because he resented the sordid Proposal) our fervent Lover entirely broke through all his Vows, and the unfortunate young Lady died of Grief and Indignation. This Account sufficiently demonstrates the Truth of what is advanced in the two Lines of *Mr. Cowley's* Translation of one of the Odes of *Anacreon*.

*Gold alone does Passion move;
Gold monopolizes Love.*

Another Time *Hind* was obliged to abscond for a considerable Time in the Country, there being great Inquiries made after him; during this Interval, his Money began to run short, and he was a great while before he could think of a Way to replenish his Purse. He would have taken another Turn or two on the High-way; but he had lived so long here that he had spent his very Horse. While he was in this Extremity, a noted Doctor in his Neighbourhood went to receive a large Sum of Money, for a Cure which he had performed, and our Captain had got Information of the Time. It was in the Doctor's Way Home to ride directly by *Hind's* Door, who had hired a little House on the Side of a Common. Our Adventurer took Care to be ready at the Hour the Doctor was to return, and when he was riding by the House, he addressed himself to him in the most submissive Style he was Master of, telling him, *That he had a Wife within who was violent bad with a Flux, so that she could not live without present Help; intreating him to come in but two or three Minutes, and he would shew his Gratitude as soon as he was able.* The Doctor was moved with Compassion at the poor Man's Request, and immediately alighted, and accompanied him in, assuring him that he should be very glad if it was in his Power to do him any Service. *Hind* conducted him up Stairs; and, as soon as they were got into the Chamber, shut the Door, and pulled out a loaded Pistol, and an empty Purse, while the Doctor was looking round for his Patient. *This*, quoth *Hind*, holding up the Purse, *is my Wife; she has had a Flux so long, that there is now nothing at all within her. I know, Sir, you have a sovereign Remedy in your Pocket for her Distemper, and if you do not apply it without a Word, this Pistol shall make the Day shine into your Body.* The Doctor would have been glad to have lost a considerable Fee, provided he might have had nothing to do with the Patient; but when he saw there was no getting off, he took forty Guineas out of his Pocket, and emptied them out of his own Purse into the Captain's, which now seemed to be in pretty good Health. *Hind* then told the Doctor, That he would leave him in full Possession of his House, to make amends for the Money he had taken from him. Upon which he went out, and locked the Door upon poor *Galen*, mounting his Horse, and riding away as fast as he was able, to find another Country to live in, well knowing that this would now be too hot to hold him.

Hind has been often celebrated for his Generosity to all Sorts of People; more especially for his Kindness to the Poor, which it is reported was so extraordinary, that he never injured the Property of any Person, who had not a compleat Share of Riches. We shall give one Instance, instead of a great many, which we could produce, which will sufficiently confirm this general Opinion of his Tenderness for those that were needy.

At a Time when he was out of Cash (as he frequently was, by reason of his Extravagancy,) and had been upon the Watch a pretty while, without seeing any worth his Notice, he at last espied an old Man jogging along the Road upon an Ass. He rides up to meet him, and asked him very courteously where he was going: *To the Market*, said the old Man, *at Wantage, to buy me a Cow that I may have some Milk for my Children.* — *How many Children*



J. T. delin.

J. G. sculp.

Capt. Hind. Robbing Col. Harrison in. Maidenhead-Thicket.

Children, quoth Hind, may you have? The old Man answered Ten.— And how much do you think to give for a Cow, said Hind? — I have but forty Shillings, Master, and that I have been saving together these two Years, says the poor Wretch.—

Hind's Heart asked for the poor Man's Condition, at the same Time that he could not help admiring his Simplicity; but being in so great a Strait as I have intimated, he thought of an Expedient, which would both serve him, and the old Man too. Father, said he, the Money you have got about you, I must have at this Time; but I will not wrong your Children of their Milk. My Name is Hind, and if you will give me your forty Shillings quietly, and meet me again this Day Se'ennight at this Place, I promise to make the Sum double. Only be cautious that you never mention a Word of the Matter to any Body between this and that. At the Day appointed the old Man came, and Hind was as good as his Word, bidding him buy two Cows, instead of one, and adding twenty Shillings to the Sum promised, that he might purchase the best in the Market.

Never was Highwayman more careful than *Hind* to avoid Blood-shed, yet we have one Instance in his Life, that proves how hard it is for a Man to engage in such an Occupation, without being exposed to a Sort of wretched Necessity some Time or other, to take away the Life of another Man, in order to preserve his own; and in such a Case, the Argument of Self-Defence can be of no Service to extenuate the Crime, because he is only pursued by Justice; so that a Highwayman, who kills another Man, upon whatever Pretence, is as actually guilty of Murder, as a Man who destroys another in cold Blood without being able to give a Reason for his so doing.

Hind had one Morning committed several Robberies in and about *Middenhead-Thicket*; and, among others, had stopped Col. *Harrison*, a celebrated Regicide, in his Coach and Six, and taken from him seventy odd Pounds. The Colonel immediately procured a Hue-and-Cry for taking him, which was come into that Country before the Captain was aware of it. However he heard at a House of Intelligence, which he always had upon every Road he used, of the Danger he was in; and thereupon, he instantly thought of making his Escape, by riding as fast as he could from the Pursuers, till he could find some safer Way of concealing himself.

In this Condition, any one would imagine, the Captain was apprehensive of every Man he saw. He had got no farther than a Place called *Knole-Hill*, which is but a little Way of the Thicket, before he heard a Man riding behind him full Speed. It was a Gentleman's Servant, endeavouring to overtake his Master who was gone before, with something that he had forgot. *Hind*, just now thought of nothing but his own Preservation; and therefore resolved either to ride off, or fire at the Man, who he concluded was pursuing him. As the other Horse was fresh, and *Hind* had pretty well tir'd his, he soon perceived the Man got Ground of him; upon which he pulls out a Pistol, and just as the unfortunate Countryman was at his Horse's Heels, he turns about and shoots him through the Head, so that he fell down dead in the Spot. The Captain, after the Fact, got entirely off; but it was for this that he was afterwards condemn'd at *Reading*.

There have been a great many more Stories related of this celebrated Highwayman, which were either the Actions of other Men, or so improbable in themselves, that we did not think them worth rehearsing. Any Man who has excelled in his Way will be always loaded with so much Praise as to make his whole History seem a Fable. Whether this be occasion'd by the Partiality of Writers, or by a Fate common to such Men, I shall not determine. The *Hercules of Greece* was the most famous of all that bore that Name; therefore the Actions of all the rest that bore that Name are attributed to him; almost the same may be said of Captain *Hind*. One Rela-

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tion more, which is universally known to be authentic, and redounds to the Honour of our Hero, shall close our Account of his Life.

After King *Charles I.* was beheaded, the *Scots* received and acknowledged his Son King *Charles II.* and resolved to maintain his Right against the reigning Usurpation. To this End they raised an Army, and marched towards *England*, which they entered with great Precipitation. Abundance of Gentry, and others who were loyal in their Principles, flocked to the Standard of their Sovereign, and resolved to lose their Lives in his Service, or restore him to his Dignity. Among these *Hind*, who had as much natural Bravery as almost any Man that ever lived, resolved to try his Fortune. *Cromwell* was sent by the Parliament into the North to intercept the Royal Army, but in spite of that vigilant Traytor's Expedition, the King advanced as far as *Worcester*, where he waited the Enemies Coming.

Oliver came to *Worcester* soon after, and the Consequence of the two Armies meeting was a very PIERCE and bloody Battle, in which the Royalists were defeated. *Hind* had the Good-Fortune to escape at that Time, and came to *London*, where he lodged with one Mr. *Denzie*, a Barber, over-against *St. Dunstan's Church* in *Fleet-Street*, and went by the Name of *Brown*. But Providence had now ordered, that he should no longer pursue his Extravagancies; for he was discover'd by a very intimate Acquaintance. It must be granted, that he had sufficiently deserved the Stroke of Justice; but there yet appears something so shocking in a Breach of Friendship, that we cannot help wishing somebody else had been the Instrument.

As soon as he was apprehended, he was carried before the Speaker of the House of Commons, who then lived in *Chancery-Lane*, and, after a long Examination was committed to *Newgate*, and loaded with Irons. He was convey'd to Prison by one Capt. *Compton*, under a strong Guard; and the Warrant for his Commitment commanded that he should be kept in close Confinement; and that no Body should be admitted to see him without Orders.

On *Friday* the 12th of *December*, 1651. Captain *James Hind* was brought to the Bar of the Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailey*, and indicted for several Crimes; but nothing being proved against him that could reach his Life, he was convey'd in a Coach from *Newgate* to *Reading* in *Berkshire*, where on the 1st of *March*, 1651. he was arraigned before Judge *Warberton* for killing one *George Symphon* at *Knole*, a small Village in that County. The Evidence here was very plain against him, and he was found Guilty of *Wilful Murder*; but an Act of Oblivion being issued out the next Day, to forgive all former Offences but those against the State, he was in great Hopes of saving his Life; till by an Order of Council he was removed by *Habeas Corpus* to *Worcester Jail*.

At the Beginning of *September*, 1652. he was condemn'd for High-Treason, and on the 24th of the same Month, he was drawn, hang'd, and quartered, in Pursuance of the same Sentence, being thirty-four Years of Age. At the Place of Execution, he declared that most of the Robberies which he had ever committed, were upon the republican Party, of whose Principles he professed he always had an utter Abhorrence. He added, That nothing troubled him so much as to die before he saw his Royal Master established on his Throne, from which he was most unjustly and illegally excluded by a rebellious and disloyal Crew, who deserved Hanging more than him.

After he was executed, his Head was set upon the Bridge Gate, over the River *Severn*, from whence it was privately taken down, and buried within a Week afterwards. His Quarters were put upon the other Gates of the City, where they remained till they were destroy'd by Wind and Weather.



To the Memory of Capt. HIND.

By a Poet of his own Time.

I.

WHENEVER Death attacks a Throne,
Nature thro' all her Parts must groan,
The mighty Monarch to bemoan.

II.

He must be wise, and just, and good ;
Tho' nor the State be understood,
Nor ever spar'd a Subject's Blood.

III.

And shall no friendly Poet find,
A monumental Verse for Hind ?
In Fortune less, as great in Mind.

IV.

Hind made our Wealth one common Store ;
He robb'd the Rich to feed the Poor :
What did immortal Cæsar more ?

V.

Nay, 'twere not difficult to prove,
That meaner Views did Cæsar move :
His was Ambition, Hind's was Love.

VI.

Our English Hero sought no Crown,
Nor that more pleasing Bait, Renown :
But just to keep off Fortune's Frown.

VII.

Yet when his Country's Cause invites,
See him assert a Nation's Rights !
A Robber for a Monarch fights !

VIII.

If in due Light his Deeds we scan,
As Nature points us out the Plan,
Hind was an honourable Man.

IX.

Honour, the Virtue of the Brave,
To Hind that Turn of Genius gave,
Which made him scorn to be a Slave.

X.

This, had his Stars conspir'd to raise,
His natal Hour, This Virtue's Praise
Had shone with an uncommon Blaze.

XI.

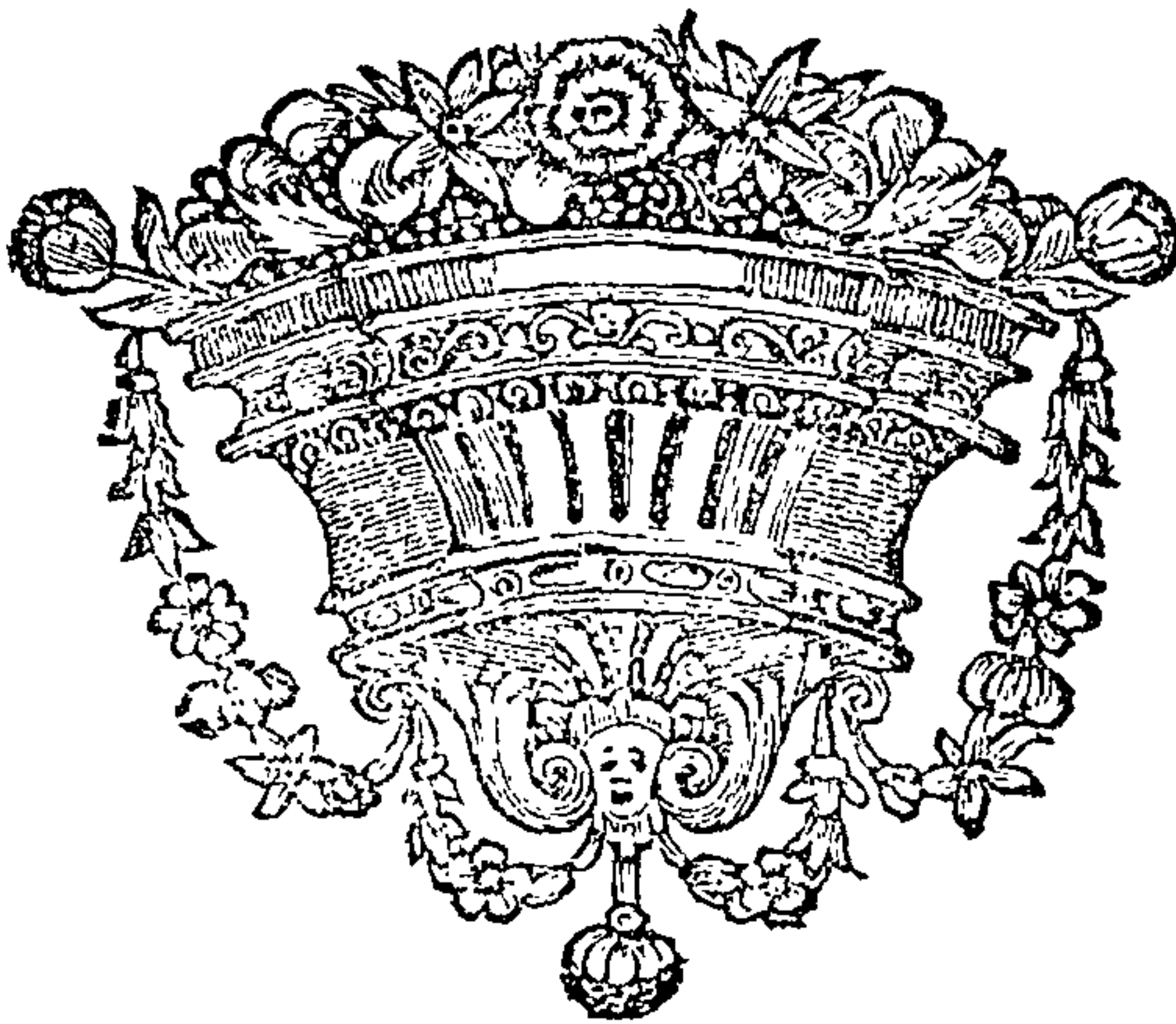
Some new Epocha had begun,
From ev'ry Action he had done ;
A City built, a Battle won.

XII.

If one's a Subject, one at Helm,
'Tis the same Violence, says Anselm,
To rob a House, or waste a Realm.

XIII.

Be henceforth then forever join'd,
The Names of Cæsar, and of Hind,
In Fortune different, one in Mind.



The LIFE of CLAUDE DU VALL.

SOME have affirmed that this very celebrated Highwayman was born in *Smock-Alley*, without *Bishopsgate*; but this is without Ground, for he really received his first Breath at a Place called *Damfront* in *Normandy*. His Father was a Miller, and his Mother the Daughter of a Taylor: By these Parents he was brought up strictly in the *Roman Catholick* Religion, and his promising Genius was cultivated with as much Learning as qualified him for a Footman.

But though the Father was so careful, as to see that his Son had some Religion, we have good Reason to think, that he had none himself. He used to talk much more of good Chear, than of the Church; and of great Feasts, than great Faith; good Wine was to him better than good Works; and a sound Courtezan was far more agreeable than a sound Christian. Being once so very sick, there was great Hopes of his dying a natural Death, a ghostly Father came to him with his *Corpus Domini*; and told him, that hearing of the Extremity he was in, he had brought him his Saviour to comfort him before his Departure. Old *Du Vall*, upon this, drew aside the Curtain, and beheld a goodly fat Friar with the Host in his Hand. *I know*, said he, *that it is our Saviour*, *because he came to me in the same Manner as he went to Jerusalem*, *C'est un Afne que le porte: It is an Ass that carries him*.

Whether the old Man departed at this Time, or lived to dishonour his Family by some more ignominious Death is still very uncertain, nor shall we trouble ourselves about it. This we are credibly informed, neither Father nor Mother took any Notice of young *Claude*, after he was about thirteen Years of Age. Perhaps their Circumstances might then oblige them to send him abroad to seek his Fortune. His first Stage was at *Rouen*, the Capital City of *Normandy*, where he fortunately met with Post-Horses to be returned to *Paris*; upon one of which he got leave to ride, by promising to help dress them at Night. At the same Time falling in with some *English* Gentlemen, who were going to the same Place, he got his Expences discharged by those generous Travellers.

They arriv'd at *Paris* in the usual Time, and the Gentlemen took Lodgings in the *Faux-bourg St. Germain*, where the *English* generally quarter. *Du Vall* was willing to be as near as possible to his Benefactors, and by their Intercession he was admitted to run on Errands, and do the meanest Offices at the *St. Esprit* in the *Rue de Bourchiere*; a House of general Entertainment, something between a Tavern and an Alehouse, a Cook's Shop and a Bawdy-House. In this Condition he continued till the Restoration of King *Charles II.* in 1660. at which Time Multitudes of all Nations flocking into *England*, among them came *Du Vall*, in the Capacity of a Footman to a Person of Quality.

The universal Joy upon the Return of the Royal Family, made the whole Nation almost mad: Every one ran into Extravagances; and *Du Vall*, whose Inclinations were as vicious as any Man's, soon became an extraordinary Proficient in Gaming, Whoring, Drunkenness, and all Manner of Debauchery. The natural Effect of these Courses is want of Money; this our Adventurer experienced in a very little Time; and as he could not think of labouring

he took to the Highway to support his Irregularities. In this Profession he was within a little while so famous, as to have the Honour of being named first in a Proclamation for apprehending several notorious Highwaymen. And here we have Reason to complain that our Informations are too short for our Assistance, in writing the Life of such a celebrated Offender. However, such Stories as have been delivered down to us, we shall give our Readers faithfully, and in the best Manner we are able.

• He had one Day received Intelligence of a Knight and his Lady that were travelling with four hundred Pound in their Coach. Upon this he takes four or five more along with him, and overtakes them on the Road. The Gentry soon perceived they were like to be beset, when they beheld several Horsemen riding backwards and forwards, and whispering one another; whereupon the Lady, who was a young sprightly Creature, pulls out a Flagelet, and begins to play very briskly. *Du Vall* takes the Hint, and plays excellently well upon a Flagelet of his own, in answer to the Lady, and in this Posture rides up to the Coach Door. *Sir*, says he to the Knight, *your Lady plays excellently, and I make no doubt but she dances as well. Will you please to step out of the Coach, and let me have the Honour to dance one Courant with her on the Heath? I dare not deny any Thing*, *Sir*, the Knight readily replied, *to a Gentleman of your Quality, and good Behaviour: You seem a Man of Generosity, and your Request is perfectly reasonable*. Immediately the Footman opens the Door, and the Knight comes out; *Du Vall* leaps lightly off his Horse, and hands the Lady down. It was surprizing to see how gracefully he moved upon the Grass; scarce a dancing Master in *London*, but would have been proud to have shewn such Agility in a Pair of Pumps, as *Du Vall* shewed in a great Pair of *French* riding Boots. As soon as the Dance was over, he waits on the Lady back to the Coach, without offering her the least Affront; but just as the Knight was stepping in, *Sir*, says he, *you have forgot to pay the Music*. His Worship replied, that he never forgot such Things; and instantly put his Hand under the Seat of the Coach, and pulled out a hundred Pound in a Bag, which he delivered to *Du Vall*, who received it with a very good Grace, and courteously answered: *Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no Cause to repent your being so: This hundred Pound given so generously, is better than ten Times the Sum taken by Force. Your noble Behaviour has excused you the other three hundred Pound, which you have in the Coach with you*. After this he gave him the Word that he might pass undisturbed, if he met any more of their Crew, and then very civilly wished them a good Journey.

Another Time, as *Du Vall* with some of his Companions were patrolling upon *Blackheath*, they met with a Coach full of Ladies. One of them had a young Child in her Arms, with a Silver Sucking-Bottle. The Person appointed to act in this Adventure, robbed them very rudely, taking away their Money, Watches, Rings, and even the poor Baby's Sucking-Bottle. The Infant cried, as was natural on such an Occasion; and the Ladies intreated him only to return the Bottle; but the surly Thief refused to give any Ear to their Request, till *Du Vall*, observing he staid longer than ordinary, rode up,

up, and demanded what was the Matter. The Ladies, hereupon, renewed their Petition in Behalf of the Child, and *Du Vall* threaten'd to shoot his Companion, unless he restored what they required, adding these Words: *Sirrah, can't you behave like a Gentleman, and raise a Contribution, without stripping People; but, perhaps, you had some Occasion for the sucking Bottle; for by your Actions one would imagine, you were hardly weaned: This sharp Reproof had the desired Effect; and Du Vall took his Leave of the Ladies in a courteous Manner.*

Capt. *Smith* has been guilty of an unpardonable Blunder in his Account of this Robbery; for he tells us, that it was *Du Vall* himself, who behaved in this rustic Manner, and who was compelled by one of his Comrades to restore the Sucking-Bottle; but the Reader need only reflect on *Du Vall's* general Character, to convince him of the Captain's Error.

A little after the above-mentioned Action, another lucky Turn in *Du Vall's* Favour happened, as much as that to his Advantage. In the Course of his Rambles, he came into the *Crown-Inn*, in *Baconsfeld*, where he heard great singing, dancing, and playing upon the Hautboy and Violin. He instantly enquired into the Reason of it, and found that there was a Wake or Fair kept there that Day; at which were present most of the young Men and Maids for several Miles about. This, he thought, was a promising Place; and therefore he set up his Horse for that Evening, went into the Kitchen, and called for a Pint of Wine. Here he met with an old rich Farmer, who had just received an hundred Pounds, and ty'd it up in a Bag, putting it into his Coat Pocket. *Du Vall* was very attentive to all that pass'd, and by this Means he heard the Farmer tell an Acquaintance what Money he had about him, which our Sharper immediately put down for his own, more especially did he depend upon it, when the Countryman asked Leave to go into the Room where the Music was, to see and hear the Diversions. It was his next Business to ask the same Favour, which he as easily obtain'd, and very innocently to all Appearance, entered to see the Country-Dancing, making an Apology to the Company, when he came in, and telling them, that he hoped it would be no Offence. They replying as courteously, that he might stay there and welcome.

His Business now was more to watch the old Farmer's Bag of Money, than to Mind the Diversions of the young People; and, after considering sometime for a Way to excuse his Designs in the most dexterous Manner: He observed a Chimney with a large Funnel, which he thought would favour his Project. Having contrived the whole Affair, he went out and communicated it to the Hostler, who, being a down-right Hostler, consented for a Reward of two Guineas, to assist him. He was to dress up a great Mastiff Dog in a Cow-Hide, which he had in the Stable, placing the Horns directly on his Forehead, and then by the Help of a Ladder and a Rope to let him down the Chimney. All this he performed, while the Company were merry in the Chamber. *Du Vall* being returned from the Yard, the Dog howling as he descended, came down the Chimney, and pulling among them in this frightful Manner, they were all put into a Hurry and Confusion: The Music was silenced, the Table overthrown, and the Drink spilt; the People all the while Screaming, and crowding down Stairs as fast as they were able, every one crowding to be foremost, as they supposed the Devil would unavoidable take the Hindmost. Their Heels flew up, the Women's Coats flew over their Heads, and the Mens Noses, some of them, in their Breeches. The Pipe and the Fiddle were trod to Pieces, and some of the Company let go behind, and sent forth a very unfavourable Odour. While they were in this Condition the supposed Devil made his Way over them all, and got into the

Stable, where the Hostler instantly uncased him; so that when the Company came to examine the Matter, as they could hear no more of him, they concluded was vanished into the Air.

Now was the Time for *Du Vall* to take Care of the Farmer's hundred Pounds, which he very easily did by diving into his Pocket. As soon as he had got the Money, he took Horse, and spared neither Whip nor Spur, 'till he came to *London*, where he thought himself safe. As soon as Things were a little in order, again at the Inn, there was a dismal Outcry for the Money: All the suspicious Persons were searched, and the House was examined from Top to Bottom to no Purpose. What could they suppose after this, but that the Devil had taken it away? It pass'd in this Manner, and was looked upon as a Judgment inflicted by Permission of Providence on the Farmer for his Covetousness; the Farmer being, in Reality, a miserable Wretch, who made it his Business to get Money by all the Methods he could, whether lawful or otherwise.

One Time *Du Vall* met with Esquire *Roper*, Master of the Buck-Hounds to King *Charles II.* as he was hunting in *Windsor-Forest*. As their Rencontre happened in a Thicket, *Du Vall* took the Advantage of the Place, and commanded him to stand and deliver his Money, or else he would shoot him. Mr. *Roper*, to save his Life, gave our Adventurer a Purse full of Guineas, containing at least fifty, and *Du Vall* afterwards bound him Neck and Heels, fastened his Horse by him, and rode away a cross the Country.

The Hunting, to be sure, was over for that Time, but it was a pretty while before the Huntsman could find his Master. When the Squire was unbound, he made all the Haste he could to *Windsor*, and as he entered the Town, was met by Sir *Stephen Fox*, who asking him whether or no he had had any Sport, Mr. *Roper* replied in a great Passion, *Yes, Sir, I have had Sport enough from a Son of a Whore, who made me pay almost dear for it. He bound me Neck and Heels, contrary to my Desire, and then took fifty Guineas from me, to pay him for his Labour, which I had much rather he had omitted.*

But the Proclamation, which we spoke of at the Beginning of this Life, and the large Reward that was promised for taking him, made *Du Vall* think it unsafe to stay any longer in *England*; whereupon he retired into *France*. At *Paris* he lived very highly, boasting prodigiously of the Success of his Arms and Amours, and affirming proudly, that he never encountered with any one Person of either Sex, whom he did not overcome. He had not been long here, before he relapsed into his old Disease, Want of Money, which obliged him to have Recourse to his Wits again. He had an uncommon Talent at Contrivance, particularly at suiting his Stratagems to the Temper of the Person they were designed to ensnare, as the following Instance will prove.

A learned Jesuit, who was Confessor to the *French King*, was as much noted for his Avarice, as he was for his Politicks; by which latter he had rendered himself very eminent. His Thirst of Money was insatiable; and though he was exceeding rich his Desires seemed to increase with his Wealth. It came immediately into *Du Vall's* Head, that the only Way to squeeze a little Money out of him, was to amuse him with Hopes of getting a great Deal, which he did in the following Manner.

He put himself into a Scholar's Garb, to facilitate his Admittance into the Miser's Company, and then waited very diligently for a proper Time to make his Address, which he met with in a few Days: Seeing him alone in the Piazza of the *Fauxbourg*, he went up to him very confidently, and said: *May it please your Reverence, I am a poor Scholar, who have been several Years travelling over strange Countries, to learn Experience in the Sciences, purely to serve my native Country, to whose Advantage I am deter-*

mined



J. Bowles Sculp.

Du Vall Robbing Squire Roper, Master of y^e Buck Hounds to King Charles II.
in Windsor Forest.

mined to apply my Knowledge, if I may be favoured with the Patronage of a Man so eminent as yourself. — And what may this Knowledge of yours be? replied the Father very much pleased: If you will communicate any Thing to me that may be beneficial to France, I assure you no proper Encouragement shall be wanting on my Side. — Du Vall, upon this growing yet bolder, proceeded: Sir, I have spent most of my Time in the Study of Alchemy, or the Transmutation of Metals, and have profited so much at Rome and Venice, from great Men learned in that Science, that I can change several base Metals into Gold, by the Help of a Philosophical Powder, which I can prepare very speedily.

The Father Confessor appeared to brighten with Joy at this Relation: Friend, says he, such a Thing as this will be serviceable indeed to the whole State, and peculiarly grateful to the King, who, as his Affairs go at present, stands in some need of such a curious Invention. But you must let me see some Experiment of your Skill, before I credit what you say so far as to communicate it to his Majesty, who will sufficiently reward you, if what you promise be demonstrated. Upon this, he conducted Du Vall home to his House, and furnished him with Money to build a Laboratory, and purchase such other Materials as he told him were requisite, in order to proceed in this invaluable Operation, charging him to keep the Secret from every living Soul, till he thought proper, which Du Vall promised to perform.

The Utensils being fixed, and every Thing in a Readiness, the Jesuit came to behold the wonderful Operation. Du Vall took several Metals and Minerals of the basest Sort, and put them into a Crucible, his Reverence viewing every one as he put them in. Our learned Alchymist had prepared a hollow Stick, into which he had convey'd several Springs of pure Gold, as Black-Lead is in a Pencil: With this Stick he stirred the Preparation as it melted, which with its Heat melted the Gold in the Stick at the same Time; so that it sunk imperceptibly into the Vessel. When the excessive Fire had consumed in a great Measure all the Lead, Tin, Brass, and Powder, which he had put in for a Shew, the Gold remained pure to the Quantity of an Ounce and an Half. This the Jesuit caused to be essayed, and finding it what it really was, all fine Gold, he was immediately so devoted to Du Vall, and blinded with the Prospect of future Advantage, that he believed every Thing our Impostor could say, still furnishing him with whatever he demanded in Hopes to be at last made Master of this extraordinary Secret, the whole Fame, as well as Profit of which, he did not question would redound to him, as Du Vall was but an obscure Person.

Thus were our Alchymist and Jesuit, according to the old Saying, *as great as two Pickpockets*; which Proverbial Sentence, if we examine it a little closely, hits both their Characters. Du Vall was a professed Robber, and what is any Court-Favourite, but a Picker of the common People's Pockets? So that it was only two Sharppers endeavouring to out-sharp one another. The Confessor was as open as Du Vall could wish. He shewed him all his Treasure, and among it, several rich Jewels, which he had received as Presents from the King, hoping, by these Obligations to make him discover his Art the sooner. In a Word, he grew by Degrees, so importunate and urgent, that Du Vall began to apprehend a too close Enquiry, if he denied the Request any longer; and therefore he appointed a Day when every Thing was to be communicated. In the mean Time he took an Opportunity to steal into the Chamber, where all the Riches were deposited, and where his Reverence generally slept after Dinner, and finding him at that Time very fast, with his Mouth wide open, he gagged and bound him, then took his Keys, and unhoarded as much of his Wealth, as he could

conveniently carry out unsuspected; and so bid Farewel to both him and France.

Du Vall had several other Ways of getting Money, besides these which I have mentioned, particularly by Gaming, at which he was so expert, that few Men in his Age were able to play with him; No Man living could flip a Card more dexterously than he, nor better understood all the Advantages that could be taken of an Adversary, yet, to Appearance, no Man play'd fairer. He would frequently carry off ten, twenty, thirty, or sometimes an hundred Pounds at a sitting, and had the Pleasure commonly to hear it all attributed to his good Fortune; so that few were discovered by their Losses with him from playing with him a second, third, or fourth Time.

He was moreover a mighty Man for laying Wagers, and no less successful in this Particular than any of the former. He made it a great Part of his Study to learn all the Intricate Questions, decent Propositions, and paradoxical Assertions, that are made use of in Conversation. Add to this, the learning he had attained in all the Sciences, particularly the Mathematicks, by means of which, he frequently won considerable Sums on the Situation of a Place, the Length of a Stick, and a hundred such like Things, which a Man may practise without being liable to any Suspicion, or casting any Blemish upon his Character, as an Impostor, or even a Gentleman, which Du Vall intended to appear.

But what he was most of all celebrated for, was his Conquests among the Ladies, which were almost incredible to those who had not been acquainted with Intrigue. He was a handsome Man, and had aundance of that Sort of Wit, which is most apt to take with the Fair-Sex. Every agreeable Woman he saw, he certainly died for, so that he was ten thousand Times a Martyr to Love: *Thy Eyes of yours, Madam, have undone me — I am captivated with that pretty good natural Smile — O that I could by any Means in the World recommend myself to your Ladyship's Notice — What a peerless lovely Person art thou!* — These, and a Million of such Expressions, full of Flames, Darts, Racks, Tortures, Death, Eyes, Bubbles, Wattle, Cheeks, &c. were much more familiar to him than his Prayers, and he had the same Fortune in the Field of Love, as Marlborough had in that of War, (*viz.*) *Never to fly Siege, but to take the Place.*

Our Hero had once a Mind to try the utmost of his Influence over the Fair-Sex; and to that End, he bought a good sizeable Pocket-Book, and set out upon a Progress. It were in vain to pretend to give the Reader a Catalogue of those that fell Victims to his Address. Maids, Widows, and Wives; the Rich, the Poor, the Noble, the Vulgar, all, all submitted to the powerful Du Vall: In a Word his Pocket-Book was filled, and his Strength almost spent in less than six Months.

While he was on his Journey, he met with a young Gentleman of Wit and Humour, to whom he communicated the Occasion of his travelling. The Gentleman being also a very agreeable Person, and having been lately crossed in Love, he soon consented to try his Fortune with him. They came together to an Inn, where was a beautiful demure Girl, an only Daughter, of about thirteen Years of Age. It was soon agreed to see what they could do with the Damsel, of whose Virginity he had no Room to doubt. They soon found an Opportunity of speaking to her alone, when they promised her a Ring which they then shewed her, if she would come and lie with them every Night, while they tarried at her Father's House. The Wench made no Scruple of the Matter, after a few Words of Form. But now the great Point to be debated was who should have her Maidenhead. The Gentleman claimed it as a Thing due to his Dignity, and Du Vall as positively insisted upon it, that in such Cases there was no Respect of Persons to be observed. At last they both

consented to draw Cuts for the imaginary Treasure, and the longest Share fell to *Du Vall*.

At Night our young Innocence came and slipped in between them, when *Du Vall*, immediately, as he thought, took Possession of what was his Right, and he was entirely satisfied with what he discover'd. There is no Reason to say what further pass'd that Night; it was sufficient that *Du Vall* was very merry with his Companion in the Morning, who repined as much at his ill Fortune.

There was a young Lad, Apprentice to her Father, who had some Months before been blessed in Reality (if there be any Reality in such Blessings) with what *Du Vall* had now gotten in Imagination, and had every Night since came to the Girl's Bed. He was surpriz'd when he found his Mate had left him, and as soon as he had Opportunity, he demanded the Reason of her Slight. The poor Wench freely confess'd the whole Affair, promising, that if he would stay till the Gentlemen were gone, he should have part of what they gave her, and the entire Possession of her Person for the future. *I stay*, said the young Man, *I'll assure you Madam; no in- deed, I will have a merry Touch this Night, or, by Heaven, I will never speak to you again. Don't the Gentlemen sleep sound? Yes, when they are asleep*, said she, *but that is not often, for they seize me between them almost all the Night long. However, I will give a gentle Tap on the Bed's Tester when they are both fast, and then do you come, without saying a Word.* At proper Time the Sign was given, the Boy enter'd, and crept up between the two Gentlemen directly in the right Place. The Bed shook, the Travellers wak'd, and each thought his Companion was in the Saddle, till they both fell asleep again, being weary with waiting. And the young Man went away without being detected.

In the Morning the Companions were ready to quarrel, each being angry at the other's unreasonable Greediness. *Sure*, says the Gentleman, *you had eaten something more than ordinary yesterday. I wish*, quoth *Du Vall*, *you have no Occasion of something to strengthen your Back to Day, for I am sure you laboured hard enough.* At last it was agreed that the Girl should decide between them, who confess'd all. They laugh'd at one another, gave the Ring, and departed. Shortly afterwards, the young Virgin was married, and lost her Maidenhead for good and all, with many an artful Struggle.

At another Place on the Road our two Adventurers perform'd another Prank of almost the same Nature. They were benighted, and called at a House not an usual Place of Entertainment. The good Man told them he was willing to serve them as much as he could, but he had no more than one Chamber, with two large Beds, and a Trundle-Bed, in it. *If you please*, says he, *to accept of one of the Beds, as you look like honest Gentlemen, you shall be very welcome. I and my Wife will lay in the other, and my Daughter in the Trundle Bed.* Any Proposal, at such a Time, without Doubt, was acceptable.

The Daughter was about sixteen Years of Age, young, plump, and handsome, enough to make any Man's Mouth water. *Du Vall* took Care to ogle her pretty sufficiently in the Evening without the old People's Notice, so that she understood his meaning, and let him perceive as much. About eleven they went to Bed, and the good Landlord and Landlady as soon as our Assignators could wish. When he heard them snore, *Du Vall* slipp'd out of his own Bed into the Wench's, where we leave them for the present.

There was an Infant in a Cradle by the good People's Bed-side, and the young Gentleman who was left alone, having some Occasion to go down, ran against the wooden Machine. As he could not otherwise pass, he took and lifted it into the Middle of the Room, did what he wanted, and went to Bed again. It was not long afterwards before the Landlady had a Motion of the same Nature, and it came into her Head at the same Time to feel for the Cra-

dle. She groped about so long in the Dark, that she lost the Bed-side, and walked round about till she happened to fall on the other Bed, where the Gentleman was alone. She felt of his head, and finding there was but one Man, concluded it must be her Husband, in which confidence she went to Bed.

Our Gallant quickly discovered her mistake, and, by his Vigour, she soon perceived the same; however, she was not so ill-natur'd as to leave him immediately. We must go no farther in our Relation, because we know not how many Ladies may read it. In a Word, the old Man being still fast asleep, every one in the Room was entirely satisfied, and, getting all into their proper Places before Morning, their Satisfaction continued.

These two Stories may serve for Specimens of our Adventurer's Gallantry; all we shall add on that Head, is, that *Du Vall* has often protested, that, after he was deceived by the Inn keeper's Daughter, he could never fancy he met with a Maid above fourteen.

There's no certain Account how long *Du Vall* followed his vicious Courses in England before he was detected, after his coming from France, before he fell into the hand of Justice. All we know, is, that he was taken drunk at the Hole in the Wall in Chandis Street, committed to Newgate, arraign'd, convicted, condemn'd, and (on Friday the 21st Day of January 1669-70) executed at Tyburn, in the 27th Year of his age.

An Abundance of Ladies, and those not of the meanest Degree, visited him in Prison, and interceded for his pardon: Not a few accompanied him to the Gallows, under their Vizards, with swollen Eyes, and blubber'd Checks. After he had hang'd a convenient Time, he was cut down, and, by persons well dress'd, convey'd into a Mourning Coach. In this he was carried to the *Tangier* Tavern at *St. Giles's*, where he laid in State all Night. The Room was hung with black Cloth, the Herse cover'd with Scutcheons, eight Wax Tapers were burning, and as many tall Gentlemen attended with long Cloaks. All was in profound Silence, and the Ceremony had lasted much longer, had not one of the Judges sent to interrupt the Pageantry.

As they were undressing him, in order to his lying in State, one of his Friends put his Hand into his Pocket, and found therein the following Paper, which as appears by the Contents, he intended as a Legacy to the Ladies. It was written in a very fair Hand.

I should be very ungrateful to you, fair English Ladies, should I not acknowledge the Obligations you have laid me under. I could not have hoped that a Person of my Birth, Nation, Education, and Condition, could have had Charms enough to captivate you all; though the contrary has appeared, by your firm Attachment to my Interest, which you have not abandoned even in my last Distress. You have visited me in Prison, and even accompanied me to an ignominious Death.

From the Experience of your former Loves, I am confident that many among you would be glad to receive me to your Arms, even from the Gallows.

How mightily, and how generously have you rewarded my former Services? Shall I ever forget the universal Consternation that appeared upon your Faces when I was taken; your chargeable Visits to me in Newgate; your Shrieks and Swoonings when I was condemn'd, and your zealous Intercession and Importunity for my Pardon? You could not have erected fairer Pillars of Honour and Respect to me, had I been a Hercules, able to get fifty of you with Child in one Night.

It has been the Misfortune of several English Gentlemen to die at this Place, in the Time of the late Usurpation, upon the most honourable Occasion that ever presented itself; yet none of these, as I could ever learn, received so many Marks of your Esteem as my self. How much the greater, therefore, is my Obligation?

It does not, however, grieve me, that your Intercession for me proved ineffectual; for now I shall live with a healthful Body, and, I hope, a prepared Mind; my Confessor has shown me the Evil of my Ways, and wrought in me a true Repentance: Whereas, had you prevailed for my Life, I must in Gratitude have devoted it to your Service, which would certainly have made it very short; for had you been found, I should have died of a Consumption; if otherwise, of a Pox.

• He was buried with many Flambeauxs, amid a numerous Train of Mourners (most of them Ladies) in Covent-Garden: A white Marble Stone was laid over him with his Arms, and the following Epitaph engraven on it.

*Here lies Du Vall, Reader, if Male thou art,
Look to thy Purse; if Female, to thy Heart.
Much Havock hath he made of both; for all
Men he made stand, and Women he made fall.*

*The second Conqueror of the Norman Race,
Knights to his Arms did yield, and Ladies to his Face.
Old Tyburn's Glory, England's bravest Thief,
Du Vall the Ladies Joy! Du Vall the Ladies Grief.*



A PINDARICK ODE.
To the Happy Memory of the most Renown'd
DU VALL.

By the Author of HUDIBRAS.

I.

TIS true, to complement the Dead,
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call 'em back again.
Or, like the Tartars, give 'em Wives,
With Settlements for After-Lives.
For all that can be done or said,
Tho' ne'er so noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor understood.
All our fine Sights, and Tricks of Art,
First to create, and then adore Desert;
And these Romances which we frame,
To raise ourselves not them a Name.
In vain are stuf't with ranting Flatteries,
And such as, if they knew, they would despise:
For as those Times, the golden Age they call,
In which there was no Gold at all;
So we plant Glory and Renown,
Where it was ne'er deserv'd, nor known.
But to worse Purpose many Times,
To varnish o'er nefarious Crimes,
And cheat the World that never seems to mind,
How good or bad Men dye, but what they leave behind.

II.

*And yet the brave Du Vall, whose Name,
Can never be worn out by Fame;
That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
A great Example to Mankind:
That sell a publick Sacrifice,
From Ruin to prevent those few
Who, tho' born false, may be made true;
And teach the World to be more just and wise,
Ought not, like vulgar Ashes, rest
Unmention'd in the silent Chest,
Not for his own, but publick Interest.
He, like a pious Man, some Tears before
Th' Arrival of this fatal Hour,
Made ev'ry Day he had to live,
To his last Minute a Preparative.*

*Taught the wild Arabs on the Road
To act in a more genteel Mode,
Take Prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred Filous,
And how to hang in a more graceful Fashion,
Thane'er was known before to the dull English Nation.*

III.

*In France, the Staple of new Modes,
Where Garbs and Courts are current Goods,
That serves the ruder northern Nations
With Methods of Address and Treat,
Prescribes new Garnitures and Fashions,
And how to drink, and how to eat,
No out-of-Fashion Wine or Mear.
To understand Crews and Plumes,
And the most modish from the old Perfumes.
To know the Age and Pedigrees,
Of Points of Flanders and Venice,
Cast their Nativity, and to Day
Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay,
To affect the purest Negligences,
In Gestures, Gaits, and Mien,
And speak by Repartee Routines,
Out of the most authentick of Romances:
And to demonstrate with substantial Reason,
What Ribbands all the Year are in or out of Season.*

IV.

*To this great Academy of Mankind,
He owe'd his Birth and Education,
Where all are so ingeniously inclin'd,
They understand by Imitation;
Are taught, improve before they are aware,
As if they suck'd their Breeding from the Air,
That naturally does dispense
To all a deep and solid Confidence.
A Virtue of that precious Use,
That he whom bounteous Heav'n endues,
But with a moderate Slew of it.
Can want no Worth, Abilities, nor Wit.
In all the deep Hermetick Arts,
(For so of late the Learned call
All Tricks, if strange and mystical)
He had improv'd his nat'ral Parts,
And with his magick Rod could sound,
Where hidden Treasure might be found.
He, like a Lord o' th' Mannor, seiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his Way,
As lawful Waif and Stray,
And after, by th' Custom, kept it as his own.*

V.

*From these first Rudiments he grew
To nobler Feats, and try'd his Force
Upon whole Troops of Foot and Horse;
Whom he as bravely did subdue:
Declar'd all Caravans that go
Upon the King's High-Way, his Foe,
Made many desperate Attacks,
Upon itinerant Brigades
Of all Professions, Ranks, and Trades;
On Carriers Loads, and Pedlars Packs,
Made them lay down their Arms and yield,
And, to the smallest Piece, restore
All that by cheating they had got before.
And after plunder'd all the Baggage of the Field;
In ev'ry bold Affair of War
He had the chief Command, and led them on:
For no Man is judg'd fit to have the Care
Of other's Lives, until he's made it known,
How much he does despise, and scorn his own.*

VI.

*Whole Provinces 'twixt Sun and Sun,
Have by his conqu'ring Sword been won;*

And mighty Sums of Money laid
For Ransom upon ev'ry Man,
And Hostages deliver'd 'till 'twas paid.
Th' Excise, and Chimney-Publican,
The Jew-forestaller and Inhanfer,
To him for their Crimes did answer.
He vanquish'd the most Fierce, and fell
Of all his Foes, the Constable,
That oft had beat his Quarters up,
And routed him, and all his Troop.
He took the dreadful Lawyers Fees,
That in his own allow'd High-way,
Does Feats of Arms as great as his,
And when th' encounter in it, wins the Day;
Safe in his Garrison, the Court,
Where meaner Criminals are sentenc'd for't,
To the stern Foe he oft gave Quarter,
But as the Scotchman did to Tartar,
That he in Time to come
Might in Return from him receive his Doom.

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,
And brought his haughty Spirit down;
Have cut it off from all Relief,
And, like a wise and valiant Chief,
Made many a fierce Assault,
Upon all Ammunition-Carts,
And those that bring up Cheese and Malt,
Or Bacon from remoter Parts.
No Convoy, e'er so strong, with Food
Durst venture on the desperate Road;
He made th' undaunted Waggoner obey,
And the fierce Higler Contribution pay;
The savage Butcher, and stout Drover
Durst not to him their feeble Troops discover:
And if he had but kept the Field,
In Time he'd made the City yield.
For great Towns, like the Crocodiles, are found
Th' Belly aptest to receive a mortal Wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal Hour arriv'd,
In which his Stars began to frozen,
And had in close Cabal contriv'd
To pull him from his Height of Glory down,
When he by num'rous Foes oppress'd,
Was in th' enchanted Dungeon cast,
Secur'd with might Guards,
Lest he by Force or Stratagem,
Might prove too cunning for their Chains and them,
And break thro' all their Locks and Bolts, and Wards,
Held both his Legs by Charms committed

To one another's Charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their Fury and Revenge out-witted.
As Jewels of high Value are
Kept under Locks with greater Charge,
Than those of meaner Rates;
So he was in Stone Walls, and pond'rous Chains, and
Iron Grates.

IX.

Thither came Ladies from all Parts,
To offer up close Prisoners, Hearts,
Which he receiv'd as Tribute due,
And made 'em yield up Love and Honour too,
But in more brave Heroicks,
Than e'er were practis'd yet in Plays:
For those two spiteful Foes who never meet,
But full of hot Contest and Piques,
About Punctilio's and meer Trick,
Did all their Quarrels to his Doom submit,
And far more generous and free,
With only looking on him did agree,
Both fully satisfy'd; the one
With the fresh Lawrels he had won,
And all the brave renowned Feats
He had perform'd in Arms;
The other with his Person and his Charms:
For just as Larks are catch'd in Ners,
By gazing on a Piece of Glass;
So while the Ladies view his brighter Eyes,
And smoother polish'd Face,
Their gentle Hearts, alas! were taken by Surprise.

X.

Never did bold Knight to relieve
Distressed Dames such dreadful Feats achieve,
As fickle Damsels for his Sake
Would have been proud to undertake,
And bravely ambitious to redeem
The World's Loss and their own,
Strove who should have the Honour to lay down
And change a Life with him:
But finding all their Hopes in vain,
To move his fix'd determin'd Fate,
They Life itself began to hate,
And all the World beside disdain:
Mild loud Appeals and Moans
To less hard-hearted Grates and Stones,
Came swell'd with Sighs, and droen'd in Tears,
To yield themselves his Fellow-Sufferers:
And follow him like Prisoners of War,
Chain'd to the lofty Wheels of his triumphant Car.



The LIFE of JAMES BATSON.

THE following is the Life and Adventures of an Arch Villain, born in the first Year of the Reign of King *James I.* which we hope will prove diverting, and afford an agreeable Amusement to our Readers.

I suppose, according to Custom, the Reader will expect some Account of my Genealogy, and as I was always a mighty Admirer of Fashions, I will follow the Mode, and give some Account of my Parents and Relations; beginning with my Grandfather, who had the great Fortune to marry a Woman excellently skilled in Vaulting, and Rope-Dancing, and would play her Part with any Man. She, tho' above fifty Years of Age, and troubled with the Phthisick, died in the Air. Her Husband would not marry again, to avoid seeing other Women fly as she had done; but kept a Puppet-Shew in *More-fells*, and it was reckon'd the curiousest that ever had been seen in the City. Besides, my Grandfather was so little, that the only Difference between him and his Puppets, was, that they spoke through a Trunk, and he without one. He made such Speeches before his Shews, that the Audience could wish he had never done; for he had a Tongue like a Parrot. All the Apple-Womens, Hawker, and Fish-Women were so charmed with his Wit among his Puppets, that they would run to hear him without Leaving any Guard upon their Goods, but their Straw-Hats. Unfortunate Man! being so like a Cock-Sparrow, he took to so many Hens, that when they had devoured his Money, Cloaths, and Puppets, they consumed his Health, and left him like a naked Baby in an Hospital.

When he thought to have died soberly, he fell into a Frenzy to such a Degree, that one Day he fancied he was a *Bull* in a Puppet-Shew, and was to encounter a Stone-Cross that stood near the Hospital-Gate; and, after several Essays, he made at the same Cross, crying, *Now I have you.* This said, he run his Head so furiously against the Cross, that he dropt down, and said no more. A good Hospital-Nurse, who was one of the Family of the *Innocents*, seeing him die in that Manner, cried, *O the precious Soul, he died at the Foot of the Cross, and directing his Discourse to it.*

My Father had two Trades, 'or two Strings to his Bow; for he was a Painter, and a Gamester, and a Master much alike at both; for his Paintings would hardly rise so high as a Sign-Post, and his Slight of Hand at Play was of such an antient Date, that it would hardly pass upon the Mob. He had one Misfortune, which he intail'd on all his Children, like Original Sin; and that was, his being born a Gentleman, which is as bad as a Poet; few of whom escape Eternal Poverty, or are above Perpetual Want.

My Mother died unluckily of a Longing for Mushrooms, when they were not to be had, being then with Child by my *Father*, as she said, and departed as quiet as a Bird. She left two Daughters, great Devotees of *Venus*, tho' they were Christians, just at the Age the Doctors prescribe they are fit to eat; both very handsome and very young; and I was left very little, but much better skilled in Sharping than my Age seemed to promise. When the Funeral Ceremonies were over, and the Tears dried up, which

were not very many, my Father fell again to his *Daubing*, my Sisters to *Stitching*, and I returned to my little-frequented School, where my Posteriors paid for the Slowness of my Feet, and the Lighness of my Hands.

I had such an excellent Memory, that though my wicked idle Temper was the same it has ever since continued, yet I soon learned to read, write, and cast Accounts, well enough to have taken a better Course than I have done. I put so many unlucky Tricks upon my Master, and so often set the Boys together by the Ears, that every Body called me the little *Judas*. It was hard for any Book to escape me, and if once I cast my Eye on a Picture, it was surely my own, which cost me many a Boxing Bout every Day, or else the Complaints were carried Home to my Father and Sisters. The Eldest of them had it in Charge to reprove and convert me; she would sometimes give me a soft Cuff with her delicate white Hand; at other Times she would tell me I should be a Disgrace to the Family.

All this Nonsense, and her Reproof, signified no more to me than the Barking of a Dog, it went in at one Ear, and out at the other; so that, in short, I play'd so many unlucky Pranks, and was so full of Roguery, that I was expelled the School in as solemn a Manner, as if it had been by Beat of Drum. My Father, after currying my Hide very well, carried me to Friend of his, who was Barber to Count *Gondemar*, the *Spanish* Ambassador, then residing here, with whom he left me upon Trial, in order to be bound Apprentice. Having delivered his hopeful Son, and he returned Home, my Master ordered me into the Kitchen to my Mistress, who presently found me Employment, giving me a Basket full of Childrens Blankets, Clouts, Slabbering-Bibs, Barrows, &c. and opening the Yard Door, furnished me with about an Ounce of Soap; then shewing me the Cistern, with a great Trough under it, *Femmy*, says she, *mind your Hits, there's a good Boy; for this Work belongs to the Apprentices.* I hung down my Head, and tumbled all the filthy Clouts from the Basket into the Trough, and washed them as well as I could, and hung the Linnen to dry: I managed it very well for myself, since I was soon discarded from my Office, which, had it continued longer, there had been an End of *Femmy* in less than a Fortnight.

The next Day I went over my Task again, and what I wanted in Washing of Clouts, was made up in Running on Errands.

The third Day my Master having just given me a small Note to receive, there came into the Shop a Bully Ruffian with a Pair of Whiskers that covered his Face, and would have been worth Money to have made Brushes on; he told my Master *he would have his Whiskers turned up.* It being then so early that the Journeyman he kept was not come, he was going to turn them up himself, and bid me light a Fire, and heat the Irons. I did as I was ordered, and just as my Master had turned up one Whisker, there happened to be a Quarrel in the Street, and my Master being always a busy Man, must needs step out to see what was the Matter, leaving the stern Bravo, with one Whisker hanging quite down, and the other turned up. The Scuffle lasting long, and my Master staying to see the End of it, the su-

rious Kill-crow never ceased swearing and cursing. He asked me in a harsh Tone, *Whether I understood my Trade*; and I thinking it an undervaluing to myself to say I did not, boldly answered, *I did*. *Why then you Son of a Whore*, says he, *turn up this Whisker for me, or I shall go into the Street as I am, and kick your Master*. I was unwilling to be found in a Lye, and thinking it no hard Matter to turn up a Whisker, ne'er shew'd the least Concern, but took up one of the Irons that was at the Fire, and had been heating ever since the first Alarm of the Fray, and having nothing to try it on, but desiring to be thought Expeditious, I took a Comb, stuck it into his bristly Bush, and clapped the Iron to it: No sooner did they meet, but there arose a Smoke, as if it had been out of a Chimney, with a whizzing Noise, and all the Hair vanished. He cried out furiously, *Thou Son of a thousand Dogs, and ten thousand Whores, dost thou take me for Saint Laurence, that thou burnest me alive?* With that he let fly such a Bang at me, that the Comb dropping out of my Hand, I could not avoid in the Fright laying the hot Iron close along his Cheek, and cauterizing him on one Side of his Face: This made him give such a Shriek, as shook the very House, and at the same Time drew his Sword to send me to the other World; but I remembering the Proverb, *That one Pin of Heels is worth two Pair of Hands*, got so nimbly into the Street, and so swiftly scoured out of that Part of the Town, that though I was a good Runner, I was amazed when I found myself above a Mile from Home, with the Iron in my Hand and the Spark's Whisker sticking to it: As good Luck would have it, I was near the Person who was to pay the Note my Master gave me to receive for him, I carried it, and received the Money; but thought fit to apply it to my own Use, not daring to return Home again.

My Money lasted me for about a Month, when I began to think of returning to my Father, but I understood he was gone into the Country to receive some Money owing to him. I rejoiced at the News, and went very boldly into the House as sole Lord and Master of it. My Sisters received me very coldly giving me many a sour Look, and upbraiding me with the Money my Father was forced to pay for my Pranks. We had a thousand Squabbles every Day, particularly about their giving me small instead of strong Beer.

These Animosities ran so high, that perceiving they did not mend, I resolved to make them know me. Accordingly, one Day they having brought me sour Beer, and the Meat being on the Table, I threw the Dish at my elder Sister, and the Pot with the Beer at the Younger, overthrew the Table, and marched out of Doors on a Ramble; but accidentally met a Messenger from the Country, who informed me of my Father's Death by a Fever. At this News, I quickly went back to my Sisters, who were more compliable, finding by my Father's Will, I was left Executor without Restraint of Age: I sold the Goods, got in what Debts I could, and led a merry Life, whilst the Money lasted, keeping all the Rakes about the Town Company, who at last drain'd me of every Farthing.

They obliged me one Night to go Abroad with them, though much against my Will, and one of them having the Keys, like *St. Peter*, opened the Door of a House, whence they took several Trunks to ease the owner of *Lumber*. A Cur Dog, who was upon Guard, gave the Alarm, and the People of the House came running into the Street, which compelled my Companions to lay down their Burdens, and aſt upon the Defensive with their Swords; for my Part I stood quaking for fear before the Robbery, at the Time of the Robbery, and after the Robbery; and always kept, at a Distance, repenting that I had not been acquainted with their Way of Living before I came out of my Lodging, that I might have avoided that Danger: So that seeing my Companions fly,

the wounded Men return to their Houses, I kept my Post all in a cold Sweat, lest I should be taken up as a party concerned; and when I should have gone away, had not the Power to stir one Foot. At the Noise the Watch came in, who finding three Trunks in the Street, besides two Men dangerously wounded, and me not far off, they came up to see who I was. By the Disorder they found me in, they concluded I was one of those who had done the Mischief. They took Care of me that Night, and the next Day I was ordered to a Place where I had Occasion to try all my Friends and Acquaintance, who all proved as I deserved. In about ten Days, I was called to my Tryal, and my Excuses being very frivolous, and my Answers contradictory, I was condemn'd to be hoisted up by the Neck, and go to Heaven in a String: However, just as I was singing the last Stave, a Reprieve came, and in about two Months after, I got a full Pardon.

Frighten'd at this last Disaster, I was resolved to associate myself no more with any one, but went about the Streets, selling Wash-Balls, Tooth-Pickers, and Tooth-Powder. I play'd the Merry-Andrew myself, cried up my Rubbish, extolled the Virtues of it, and sold very dear: For whoever has a Mind to put off his Trumpery, and make a good Hand of it, must pretend his Trash comes from *Japan*, *Peru*, or *Tartary*, because all Nations undervalue their own Product and Workmanship, though never so excellent, and set a great Rate on foreign Trifles.

All my Ware tending to make fine Teeth, and white Hands, the Ladies were my best Customers, but especially the Actresses. There was at that Time one of the best Companies of Players that ever diverted *England*, and a Man at the Head of them famed for his Excellency that Way. By Virtue of my scurvy Ware, I became acquainted with his imaginary Queens, and pretended Princesses; one of whom, about eighteen Years of Age, and married to one of the Actors, told me one Day, *That she had taken a Liking to me, because I was a confident sharp forward Youth; and therefore, if I would serve her, she would entertain me with all her Heart; and that when the Company went strolling, I might beat the Drum, and stick up the Bills*. I fancied that was an easier Sort of a Life, so consented at first Word, desiring only two Days to sell my Ware off, which she courteously granted; and to encourage me, gave me a Crown.

Having sold off my Trumpery, I waited on my Mistress, who appointed me four several Employments; the first was tiresome, the second uneasy, the third sluggish, and the fourth dangerous. At Home I was her *Valet de Chambre*, folding and laying up all her Cloaths; Abroad I was her Porter, fetching and carrying her Cloaths to the Play-House: I was her Gentleman-Usher in her Attiring Room, and her trusty Secretary and Ambassador in all Places. My Master quarrelled with her every Night about me, because he supposed I was no *Eunuch*, saw I had a tolerable good Face, and thought me not so young, but that I knew *What was What*; for which Reason he was looking out for another Servant, that he might turn me off. Such a Multitude of young Beaux resorted daily to my Mistress's House, that it looked like a Fair. They all told me their Secrets, and acquainted me with their Sufferings. Some made me Presents, others promis'd Mountains, and others delivered me Copies of Verses, which being gather'd in the Morning on *Parnassus*, were buried at Night in the Necessary House. I play'd the Part of a Prime Minister, and Secretary of State and War, receiving those Memorials, and the Fees, promising every one my Favour and Interest: Some of them I dispatch'd with my Mistress, and many more considering she was so dilatory, I answered of my own Head, after this Manner: If the Petitioner was poor or niggardly, *Rejected*: If he was a young Spark near coming to his Estate, *He shall be heard another Time*: If rich and generous, *Granted*. Thus I kept them all

in Hand, absolutely dismissing none, but rather feeding them with Hopes.

When I happen'd to lose at Play, for 'tis impossible a Scoundrel should ever be wise, as I took out or laid up her Cloaths, I filled my Pocket with Ribbands and Garters, and giving them in her Name, as favours to the Gallants, they required me so plentifully, that I could make what I had filched, and enough left to game all the Week after.

The Devil, who they say never sleeps, so ordered it, that my Master and Mistress being gone a visiting, and I left at Home, two of the Servants belonging to the Play-House, and the Wardrobe-Keeper came to call me out to take a Walk, it being a leisure Day. I went away with them: We dropped into a Tavern, drank six Bottles of the best; play'd at Cards for the Reckoning, and that falling upon me, I was so nettled, that I challenged the Wardrobe-Keeper, to play with me at *Purr*; and he being no Fool at that Sport, soon stripped me of all I had. This provoked me so highly, that I told him, if he would but Stay, I would go fetch more Money. He consented, I ran Home with all Speed, took out a rich-laced Petticoat my Mistress had, and carried it to a Pastry-Cook I was acquainted with, desiring him to lend me three *Jacobus's* upon it, pretending they were for my Mistress, who wanted so much to make up a Sum to pay for a Ring she had bought, assuring him of his Money when my Master returned Home, with something for the Favour. The Pastry-Cook, finding the Pawn sufficient, delivered me the Money, with which I hurried back to play, and lost as I had done before. I got one *Jacobus* back again of the Winner, by way of Wrangling with him, as if he had not plaid fair, with which I turned out into the Street, full of Vexation, that I had lost so beneficial a Place. I went to an Inn, where I supped and lay that Night, but with little Rest or Satisfaction.

As soon as ever I discovered the first Dawn of Day, I got up full of Sorrow to think what a base Return I had made my Mistress for all her Kindness; and considering the Danger I should be in, when she missed her Petticoat, I left *London*, directing my Course towards *Colchester*.

Travelling somewhat Hastily for fear of being followed, I overtook two of those Sort of Soldiers, called *Devor Ducks*, who serve to draw in others, when there are Levies. After some Discourse, they told me they were going my Way, being informed, that at *Colchester* there was a Captain raising Men, and that none that listed under him would ever want. I travelled on with them very fairly, every one paying his Club by the Way. The next Day we got to that Town, and being kindly received by the Captain, and listed, we lived in Clover for a Fortnight, making our Landlords furnish us with Dainties, and demanding Impossibilities. At last, we received Orders to march, and having left the Town, our Captain moved like a Snail, still leaving the Quarters appointed us on one Side, and taking the contrary Way, because the Towns paid him to be exempted. He continued this Cheat three Days; but on the fourth, as we were passing by a Wood, all his Men, about thirty in Number, left him with only the Colours, Drum, Serjeant, and Ensign, and five Wenches, who went with the Baggage; for he is not likely to keep up a Company, who contrives only how to make his Advantage of them without considering, that it is very easy to find a Captain, and no less difficult to get thirty Soldiers.

However, I lik'd my Captain well enough; for he was civil to me, I stuck by him, and came to *London* with him, where he was so laugh'd at, that he resolved to quit the Kingdom, and having a good Estate, intended to go abroad a Volunteer, and desired my Company: He embarked for *Barcelona*, and in a little Time got a Company, which was ordered with several others, to sail for *Alicant*: I being a good Accomptant, and writing a fair Hand, stuck close all the while we were at Sea, to the Steward of the Ship to help him deliver out the

Allowances to the Sailors, and Landmen. He to keep up a good old Custom, and avoid being blam'd by others of his Trade, gave the Soldiers all the broken Bisket, and kept that which was whole; and so for the Fifth, they had what was rotten. As for the Bacon, he stuck a Knife into it, and if it stunk, the Soldiers had it; if otherwise, he put it up carefully: However he took Care to make much of the Officers, which made them all keep Council, and see nothing; and whilst the poor Soldiers starved hard, we lived well. At length we arrived at *Alicant*, where we were quartered, and had a Mixture of good and bad; for as soon as they had shewn us any Favour, they were over us with a *Cap de Vau*, which is that Country Oath, and out came two or three Cases of Pistols. My Captain and I were at Variance, because he had cheated me of my Pay, and I had made my Complaint to recover it. For this Reason he bore me ill-Will, there being nothing so certain as that if a Soldier does not put up any Wrong in Point of Interest, but pretends to complain, or to stand upon Terms with his Officers, all that he says, though never so true, will pass for a Lie: He will never be advanced, but rather slighted and hated. My Quarters were in a Tavern, where I was one Day a drinking with a Soldier, and happened to fall out about a Lie given, and my Sword unluckily running into his Throat, he kicked up his Heels, thro' his own Fault; for he ran upon my Point; so that he may thank his own Hastiness.

To prevent my Captain's taking Revenge, or giving him an Opportunity of satisfying his Malice, by taking upon himself to make an Example of me, I went away to *Barcelona*, and took Refuge in a Monastery: My Captain, as if I had murdered his Father, stoln his Goods, or taken away his Mistress, sent after me to have me secured, and a little *Whipper-Snapper* of his, who was the Tile Carrier of the Company, followed his Business to Clove, that in Despight of the Fathers, and in Contempt of the Church, he had me taken out of the Sanctuary, and cast into the Prison of the *Arsenal*. They put me into Irons, bolted my Hands and Feet, and so left me. I was prosecuted as a Murderer, Defenter, and Raifer of Mutinies, and without any Regard to the Pain my Mother endured when she brought me into the World, they put me into a Fright with these terrible Words: *You shall return to the Place from whence you came, and from thence to the Place of Execution, &c.*

In short, as if it had been a Thing of nothing, or but a Matter of Pastime, they gave Sentence, *That I should be led in State along the Streets, then mount upon a Ladder, kick up my Heels before all the People, and take a Swing in the open Air, as if I had another Life in my Snap-Sack.* I was made acquainted with it, by a Publick Notary, who was so nice a *Christian*, that he never asked me any Gratuity for the good News, nor any Fees for the Trial. It was impossible to avoid making some wry Faces; when I heard it, some Sighs broke loose in Spite of my Manhood, and the salt Tears trickled down my Cheeks. The Jaylor bid me make Peace with God, without the least Supply from *Bacchus* to raise my Spirits; and I considering what I had to go through, gently squeeze'd my Throat with my Hand; and tho' it was done very tenderly, I did not like the Test; but said to myself, *If the Hand, which is soft Flesh, hurts so much, what will it be when a hard hempen Rope is there.* I kneeled down, and cried to Heaven for Mercy, solemnly protesting, if I regained my Liberty, that I would do Penance for my Sins, and begin a new Life; but these were like Vows made in Storms. The News was quickly spread, and several Friends came to see me, others to condemn me; some said it was pity I should lose my Life in the Prime of my Age, others that I looked like a rank Knave; and some, that I was not come to that for my Goodness. At last, in came a *Franciscan Friar*, all in a Sweat, and full of Zeal,

Zeal, asking, *Where is the condemn'd Person?* I answer'd, *Father, I am the Man, though you don't know me.* He said, *Dear Child, it is now Time for you to think of another World, since Sentence is past; and therefore, you must employ this short Time allow'd you, in confessing your Sins, and asking Forgiveness for your Offences.* I answer'd, *Reverend Father, in Obedience to the Commands of the Church, I confess but once a Year, and that is in Lent: But if, according to human Laws, I must atone with my Life for the Crime I've committed, your Reverence being so learned, must be truly sensible, that there is no Divine Precept, which says, Thou shalt not eat or drink; and therefore, since it is not contrary to the Law of God, I desire that you will give Order that I have Meat and Drink, and then we will discourse of what is best for us both; for I am in a Christian Country, and plead the Privilege of Sanctuary.* The good Father, much disturbed to hear me talk so wildly at a Time when I should be serious, took a small Crucifix out of his Bosom, and began to make a Sermon to me on the Text of the lost Sheep, and the Repentance of the good Thief; and this with such an audible Voice, that he might be heard all over the Arsenal. I turned pale, my Heart failed me, and my Tongue was numb'd, when I heard the Charity Bells, which ring when Criminals are executed. I cleared my Apartment, and kneeling down before my Ghostly Father, disgorged a wonderful Budget of Sins, and cleared my Store-house of Iniquity; and having received his Blessing and Absolution, found myself so changed, that it only troubled me to die, because I thought myself so truly contrite, that all the Bells would ring out of themselves, the whole City would be in an Uproar, and the poor People would lose their Day's Work to come and see me.

In the Height of this Fright, which I would freely bestow on any one that could be fond of it, the Marquis *D'Este*, then Commanding Officer, ordered me to be brought before him, I having got a Petition presented to him. He like a merciful Man, being informed, that I pleaded the Privilege of Sanctuary, ordered the Execution to be respited, the Sentence of Death reversed, and me sent to the Gallies for ten Years. My Master was so much my Friend, that he oppos'd it, *alleging my Constitution was too Dainty to make a Water-Thresher; and therefore it were better to send me out of this wicked World, that I might serve as an Example to all the Army; and that it would have been never the worse had it been done three or four Years sooner.* Notwithstanding all this, I took a little Courage, finding myself backed by some Friends, and told the Marquis, it was Malice, Spight, and Hatred, made my Master so much my Enemy, that he had detain'd my Pay, upon which I threatened to complain, and he vow'd Revenge; and now would have it by my Death. The General said, *It was strange, That two Countrymen could not agree; that he would not trouble himself with my Complaints, but ordered me to be immediately discharged without paying any Fees.* I threw myself at his Feet for the Kindness he had done me, to the Disappointment of the Mob, and the Loss of the Executioner. I presently departed the Palace, and went to be blooded to prevent any ill Consequence of the Fright I had been in.

When the Bodily Fear I had been put into, was over, the Danger I had escap'd forgotten, and the Blood I let out recruited in a Tavern, I went out one Day to take a Walk upon the Mole, and understanding there was a new Regiment to be rais'd, I enquired after the Officers, and by Accident met one of them, who asked me to list, I easily consented for the sake of a little Ready-Money. My new Master seem'd to take a Fancy to me, and ordered me to his own Quarters, where it was not long before I got a new Place; for the Cook going away, I was asked, if I understood any Thing that Way, and

I always resolv'd to answer in the Affirmative, declar'd I did understand Cookery to the greatest Perfection; so that I was both Soldier and Cook.

After several Voyages by Sea to *Rosas*, and other Places, we were order'd to succour *Alsace*, and for our Winter Residence had the Woods of *Bavaria*. My Master took up his Residence in the House of one of the richest Men in those Parts, though he pretended to be very poor, because he had drove away all his Cattle, and removed the best of his Goods. This Contrivance did not serve his Turn, I got Information from the Servants. With this, in a very stately Manner, I acquainted him, *That I was my Master's Steward, Quarter-Master, and Cook; and as such must inform him, that he had a Captain of Horse in his House, who was a Person of considerable Quality; and therefore must take Care to make very much of him and his Servants, that my Master was very much fatigued, and it was Dinner Time; and he must order all Things that were necessary.* He answer'd, *I need only tell him what Provision I wanted for the Kitchen, and he would order his Servants to fetch it immediately.* I told him we always kept three Tables, the first for the Gentlemen and Pages, the second for the Butler and under Officers, and the third for the Footmen, Grooms, and other Liveries; for all which Tables, he must furnish one Ox, two Calves, four Sheep, twelve Pullets, six Capons, two Dozen of Pidgeons, six Pound of Bacon for Larding, four Pounds of Sugar, two of all Sorts of Spice, an hundred of Eggs, half a Dozen Dishes of Fish, a Pot of Wine to every Plate, and six Hogheads to stand by. He blessed himself, as if he had seen all the Devils in Hell, and answer'd, *If all that your Worship speaks of be only for the Servants Tables, the whole Village will not be able to furnish the Masters.* I reply'd, *My Master is such a worthy Person, that he had rather see the Servants made much of, than please himself; and therefore he and his Friends never put their Landlords to any more Charge, than a Dish of imperial stuffed Meat, with an Egg in it.* He asked me, *what that stuffed Meat was made of?* And I bid him order me a new-laid Egg, a Squab Pidgeon, and two Loads of Coals, and to send for a Cocker with his Nawl and Ends, and a Grave-Digger with his Spade, and then he should know what else was wanting, that he might provide it whilst we were at Work. The Landlord went and fetch'd what I demand'd, except the two Loads of Coals. I took the Egg and the Pidgeon, which I gutted, and cutting it open enough with my Knife (for I had all my Tools about me) I clapp'd the Egg into the Belly of it; then said I to him, *Sir, take Notice, this Egg is in the Pidgeon, the Pidgeon is to be put into a Partridge, the Partridge into a Pheasant, the Pheasant into a Pullet, the Pullet into a Turkey, the Turkey into a Kid, the Kid into a Sheep, the Sheep into a Calf, the Calf into a Cow; all these Creatures are to be pulled, flead, and larded, except the Cow, which is to have her Hide on; and as they are thrust one into another, like a Nest of Boxes, the Cocker is to sew every one of them with an End, that they may not slip out; and when they are all fast sew'd into the Cow's Belly, the Grave-Digger is to throw up a deep Trench, into which one Load of Coals is to be cast, and the Cow laid a Top of it; the other Load upon her, the Fuel set on Fire to burn about four Hours; more or less, when the Meat being taken out, is incorporated, and becomes such a delicious Dish, that formerly the Emperors us'd to dine upon it on their Coronation Day; for which Reason, and because an Egg is the Foundation of all that curious Mefs, it was call'd, the Imperial Egg Stuffed Meat.*

The Landlord, who stood listening to me with his Mouth open, and no more Motion than a Statue, gave such intire Credit to all I said, because I spoke so seriously, and was very earnest to have the Ingredients, that squeezing me by the Hand, he said, *Sir,*

Sir, I am very poor ; and I understanding what he would be at, answer'd, *fear nothing*. Then leading him into the Kitchen, we agreed the Matter very well between us, and I told my Master he was very poor indeed, and ruined by our Troops, having had all his Cattle stoln : My Master ordered he should not be oppress'd, and left the Management of him to me.

The other Servants observing that I had plenty of Wine in the Kitchen, and was supplied with choice Bits, suspected the Fraud, and informed my Master, who upon Enquiry found just the contrary to what I had told him. He sent for my Landlord, and discovered all my Roguery. My Master upon this paid me a Visit in the Kitchen, and taking up one of the neatest Cudgels he found about it, dusted my Jacket so curiously, that he wanted a Cook for a Fort-night.

During our Stay here we were attacked by a Parcel of *French* Scoundrels ; my Master ordered me out with the rest ; but I kept back, fearing a chance Bullet might mistake me for some Body else ; but when I heard the *French* were beaten, I ventured into the Field with my drawn Sword, hacking and hewing the dead Carcasses in a furious Manner. It happen'd as a special Instance of my Valour, that as I came up to one of the Enemies to give him half a Dozen good Gashes, thinking he was as dead as the rest, at the first Stroke I let fall, he gave such a dreadful Groan, that I was quite terrified, and thinking he made a Motion to get up to be revenged on me, I had not the Courage to stay so long to draw my Sword out again ; but faced about, and run as fast as I could to the Place our Baggage was, looking back a thousand Times for fear he should overtake me. I bought a good Sword of one who had been in the Pursuit, and some other Booty, boasting all about the Army, that I had gained it in the Fight. I met my Master, who being brought along desperately wounded, and past all Hopes, said to me, *You Scoundrel, why did you not do as I ordered you ?* I answered, *because, Sir, I was afraid to be in your Condition*. He was carried into the Town, where he soon ended his Days, for want of being so discreet as I. He left me rather out of his own innate Goodness and Generosity, than for any good Service I had done him, a Horse, and fifty Ducats : God grant him fifty thousand Ages of Bliss for his Kindness, and double that Term to any one who shall hereafter so far oblige me as to do the like.

By this Time you may suppose I was pretty remarkable ; for I had got the Name of the merry *Englishman* ; and being out of Place, spent my Money like a Lord. My Purse being exhausted, I got into the Service of Count *Picolomini* ; and a little afterwards, we were ordered to march towards *Hainault*, and in a few Days encamped under the Walls of *Mons*.

A comical Adventure befel me one Day in this Place : I happen'd to go abroad, after dining in the Town, with my Head so full, that I took Children for Men, and Blue for Black. Staggering along in this Condition, I came up to a Chandler's Shop, which was all hung about with Rows of Tallow-Candles, and I taking them for Bunches of Radishes, asked the Owner, Why he pulled the Leaves off ? He not understanding what I meant, and perceiving the Pickle I was in, made me no answer, but fell a laughing very heartily ; but I who had doubtless a drunken Longing for Radishes, put out my Hand to one of the Rows that hung upon a long Stick, and laying hold of two Candles, pulled so hard, that all the Range came down. The Shop-keeper seeing his Goods broken, took up a Cudgel, and exercised it so, you would have thought he had been beating of Stock-fish. Tho' drunk, I was so sensible of the Pain, that drawing my Sword, I charged him as my mortal Enemy. He seeing me void of Fear and Reason, fled into a Room behind the Shop, and shut the Door after him. Finding that though I made a

hundred Passes at the Door, the Smart of my Bones did nothing abate, I vented my Spleen against the Candles, and laying about me, left the whole Shop strewn with Greese.

It happened a Gang of Soldiers were passing by, and they at the Request of the Neighbours, carried me out into the Street by Force, I still crying, *What cudgel me for a Radish or two which are not worth a Farthing*. A Complaint was carried to my Master, who ordered me to be sent to Goal, and the next Day, when I awaked, I found myself in Irons.

There I suffered for the Radish-Fray, there I fasted though it was not Lent, and there was diered without any Liberty of getting drunk. At length my Mistress took Pity on me, and begged my Master to forgive me, who seeing me protected by such an Angel, ordered me to be set free, on my paying for the Damage done to the Candles. I left the Goal with a full Resolution never more to disoblige my Master.

I lived so sedate and modest for a little Time after this, that it surpriz'd my Master, who continually heaped new Favours upon me, and I leaving off drinking for the present, grew amorous. To this Purpose I made Choice of a Waiting-Maid, a Country Lass in Dress, but a Courtier in keeping her Word : She was young in Years, but old in Cunning, carried all her Fortune about her, and being fatherless, for the more Decency and Security of her Person, served an Aunt of hers, who kept a Tavern, where I was acquainted. I set my Heart on this Virgin-Pullet, and one Day putting my Hand upon her soft Bubbies she gave me such a Kick, that I defy the best *Flanders* Mare to have out-done her. She withdrew into her Chamber, and from that Time fled from me as if I had been the Devil. I was up to the Ears in Love, and knew not what to do : However, at last, I wrote a *Billet-Doux*, and accompanied it with a Present. The poor harmless Creature, who had been several Times upon Trial before, and still pleaded, *Lord, I know not what you mean*, bit at the Bait, received the Present, heard the Message, and gave me Leave, under the Pretence of quenching my Thirst, to pay her a Visit, which I did, and from that Moment she began to fleece me, and her Aunt to pluck my Feathers. Our Love grew so hot, that the Customers who used the Tavern, took Notice of it ; therefore, to save her Reputation, for she passed for a Maid, I took Lodgings for her, and by that Means got her from her Aunt. My Lady was so nice, that she could not eat Snails, because they had Horns ; nor Fish, because of the Bones ; nor Rabbits, because they had Tails : She swooned away at the Sight of a Mouse ; but rejoiced to see a Company of Grenadiers : Before me she fed by Ounces, and in my Absence by Pounds. She hated to be confined, and loved Liberty ; and, under Colour of Melancholy, was never from the Window or Door. At first, she used to receive Abundance of Visitors, pretending that all the Men were her Cousins ; but I being informed they were carnal Kindred, put her into an Inclosure, taking a Room that had no Window to the Street, and when I went abroad, left a Spy upon her Actions.

Every now and then she would be lost, and rise again the third Day, as drowned Bodies do ; though she shed Abundance of Tears, and swore a thousand Oaths to perswade me, that my ill Nature made her withdraw herself to her Aunt's ; and that she had never been out of her Doors ; nor seen by any Body, yet I did not forbear thrashing of her so severely, that she did not for a good while shew any more of her Tricks.

I was confoundedly jealous of this Creature, and not without a Reason ; for I had her not in keeping above four Months, before she very civilly tipped me a Distemper very common in *Naples*. Enraged at this, I beat her unmercifully, took away all her Cloaths, but a few Rags, and kicked her out of Doors. I advised with a Surgeon and a Physician

about my Case, who both condemned me to be appointed like a *Witch*, and to flabber like a *Natural*. But I hoping to find some Way to avoid enduring the Pains of Hell in this World, went to every Doctor of Note: I told them my Distemper, and they all unanimously told me, *That if I designed to live, I must forbear Drinking* (and they had as good have bid me cut my own Throat) *and that the Wine I had so plentifully swallowed, was to be distilled out of my Body in Water*. Perceiving they all agreed in the same Story, I resolved to get into the Hospital, and take a gentle Salvation.

I was kindly received, those good People being willing to entertain one Mad-man more in their godly House, and treating me like a Soul in Purgatory, they scalded my Intraills, and stifled me for want of Breath, keeping me always, like *Dives*, with my Tongue hanging out of my Mouth a Quarter of a Yard, still begging a Drop of Wine of some poor *Lazarus*, and preaching up the Works of Mercy; but they told me, *That Patience was a Virtue, and would carry me to Heaven; and that I must suffer for my former Excesses*. At the End of two Months, I had been in the Hospital, I was dismissed perfectly cured, but my Legs look'd like *Trap-sticks*, my Body like a *Shotten-Herring*, and my Voice like an *Eunuch*.

The first Enquiry I made, was, for the next Tavern, and there I eat every Thing I could come at, as if I had been a Man in perfect Health, making a Jest of the Doctor, and laughing at the Surgeon, bestowing a thousand Blessings on the good Man that first found out the Vine, and double the Number on those who plant and prune it. After I had got a good Refreshment, I enquired after my kind Mistress and her Aunt, both of whom had left the Place just after I had enter'd the Hospital. I was not at all sorry for it; but went to find out some of my old Comrades, whom I found merrily carousing. At last a Dispute arose among them, and Swords were drawn: I was Fool enough to concern myself, and one of the Party against me, gave me such a Blow with his Sword (but as it happen'd it was the flat Part) that he made me void a Flood of Claret at my Mouth. All the Skip Kennel Troop took to their Heels, thinking I was killed, and I believing myself not far from it, bawled out for a Surgeon, who was called, and he feeling my Pulse beat very irregular, and observing how I reached and sweated, never enquired into the Cause of my Distemper, but bid the Landlord get a Priest to prepare me for Death. The good Man being unwilling I should die like a *Heathen* in a *Christian-Country*, run in all Haste, and brought one, who being curious to see the Wound, took off my Hat, and found my Head clear from Blood, and without any other Hurt but a Bump raised by the Stroke I had received: He asked those who had seen the Fray, *Whether I had any other Wounds besides that?* And being informed I had not, says to the Master of the House, *If this Man was to make his Confession every Time he is troubled with this Distemper, he ought always to have a Chaplain along with him. Sleep is the only Thing will cure this Disorder; therefore carry him to Bed, and I will answer for his Life*. His Orders were obeyed, and the next Morning I found myself out of Danger, and went to wait on my Master, who received me with a frowning Brow, and bid me begone about my Business; that he discarded me his Service, and left me at Liberty to go where I pleased: This was a terrible Blow to me, but I was comforted the next Morning by my generous Master's sending me a handsome Present in Gold, with a Command from him to leave the Place, which I did the next Morning, resolving to go to *France*, and from thence to my native Country.

The Carrier with whom I set out, was a great

Gamester, and the second Night invited me to his Room, which was next the Stable, and there by the Light of a scurvy Lamp, I won all his Money. Enraged at his ill-fortune, he threw the Cards in my Face, and I in Return, wiped him across the Face with my Hat. He ran to a Corner to lay hold of a rusty Sword, and I discharged the Lamp at him so furiously, that he was all over Oil, and I half-dead with Fear, being in the dark, and the Door shut. However, I was so fortunate to find the Salley Port, and fled to the Watch, whether my great Carrier followed me with his rusty Tilter. A Corporal met and disarmed him, after giving each of us half a Dozen Bangs, and then inquired into the Affair, and endeavoured to reconcile us, but in vain, the Carrier refusing to consent, till I paid the Damage done to his Coat: I gave him Half his Money again, and the other Part I spent on the Corporal, Watchmen, myself, and the Carrier, drowning the Quarrel, and forgetting all Wrongs.

After travelling many a tedious Mile, I at last got to *Calais*, and from thence to *London*. Being come to the Metropolis, I went directly to my Father's House, that had been, which upon Enquiry, I found in the Hands of a Stranger. I asked for my Sisters, and was told, they were remov'd into another World. I found they had both been married, and had left Children; so that my Hopes of getting any Thing by their Death's proved abortive. Destitute of Friends, I knew not what to do, especially finding the Gout come upon me. At last, by the Advice of an Acquaintance, I took a Publick-House, and understanding several Languages, have now very good Custom from Foreigners. I intend to leave off my tooth Pranks, and as I have spent my juvenile Years, and Money in keeping Company, hope to find some Fools, as bad as myself, who delight in throwing away their Estates, and impairing their Healths.

This is all the Account he gives of himself, and all the Information we can get further of him, is that he kept an Inn in *Smithfield*, and got a considerable Fortune; but being eager to be rich at once, he jointly with his Hostler committed a most barbarous and cruel Murder; for a Gentleman who had purchased an Estate in the Country was obliged to pay the Money in *London*, and accordingly came to Town for that Purpose, putting up at *Batson's-Inn*. The Hostler, in taking the Gentleman's Baggs off, perceived they were very heavy, and acquainted his Master with it, and they two soon agreed to murder the Gentleman, and divide the Booty, the first of which was barbarously executed by the Hostler, who cut the Guest's Throat, and then they removed the Body into a Closet; but a Dispute arose in dividing the Money, which made the Hostler leave his Master with what he could get; and he getting drunk the same Night, discovered the Inhuman Deed, producing several Pieces of Gold as a Confirmation. The Neighbours at first thought it was all Fiction, till the Fellow often calling God to Witness of the Truth, and vowing Revenge on his Master (thinking by his Discovery to save himself) that a Strander-by, more penetrating than the rest, sent for a Constable, and got him secured, who being carried before a Magistrate persisted in it, and desired the House of his Master might be searched, which was accordingly done, and the Body found. In a small Time after, they were both arraigned and convicted. The Hostler died just after; but *Batson* was deservedly executed, dying penitent, and in the Communion of the Church of *Rome*, whose Principles he had imbibed by going into foreign Parts. And thus ended the Life of this detestable Villain about a Year before the Restauration of King *Charles the Second*.

The LIFE of WILLIAM NEVISON.

AS Arts and Sciences of Use and Morality admit of Improvement, so likewise those of Villainy grow up with them, the Devil being as industrious to improve his Followers in the Schools of Vice, as our best Instructors are in those of Virtue, which will be illustrated in the following Memoirs of the Life of *William Nevison*, who was born at *Pomfret* in *Torkshire*, about the Year 1639. of well-reputed, honest, and reasonably-estimated Parents, who bred him up at School, where he made some Progress as to his Learning, and in the Spring of his Youth promised a better Harvest, than the Summer of his Life produced; for, to say Truth, he was very forward and hopeful, 'till he arrived at thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, when he began to be the Ring-leader of all his young Companions to Rudeness and Debauchery.

So early as this he also took to Thieving, and stole a Silver Spoon from his Father: for which being severely punished at School, the Punishment was the Subject of the next Night's Meditation, which issued into a Resolution of Revenge on his Master, whatever Fate he met with in the Execution thereof; to which End, having hit on a Project for his Purpose, and lying in his Father's Chamber, he gets softly up before such Time as the Day appeared, and hearing that his Father slept, he puts his Hand into his Pocket, where he found the Key of his Closet, which unperceived he drew thence, and down he creeps to the said Closet, where he supplies himself with what Cash he could readily find, which amounted to about ten Pounds, and with this, knowing that his said Master had a Horse he had particular Delight for, that then grazed behind his House, he gets a Bridle and Saddle from his Father's Stable, and an Hour before Morning, arrays and mounts the said Horse onward for *London*, to which he arrived within four Days; when the Evening coming upon him, he cut the Throat of the Horse, within a Mile or two of the Town, for Fear he should prove a Means of his Discovery, if he should have carried it to an Inn.

When he came to *London*, he changed his Garb and Name, and being a lusty well-looking Lad, had put himself into the Service of a Brewer, where for two or three Years he lived, not at all changed in Mind, though Opportunity was not, during that Time, ripe to put his ill Intentions in Practice, tho' he watched all Seasons to advance himself, by having several Times attempted to rob his Master, which at last he thus effected. Taking the Advantage one Night of the Clerk's Drunkenness, who was his Master's Cashier, he got up by Stealth after him into the Compting-House, where the said Clerk falling asleep, he rifled the same of all such Cash as he could conveniently come at, which amounted to near two hundred Pounds, and fled to *Holland*, where running away with a Burgher's Daughter, that had robbed her Father of a great Deal of Money and Jewels, he was apprehended, had the Booty taken from him, and clapt in Goal; and, had he not broke out, he had certainly made his Exit beyond Sea. Having thus made his Escape, he got, after divers Difficulties, into *Flanders*, and listed himself amongst the *English* Volunteers, who were under the Command of the Duke of *York*, who about the same Time was

made Lieutenant-General of the *Spanish* Forces, under Don *John* of *Austria*, that were then designed to raise the Siege of *Dunkirk*, which was besieged by the *English* and *French* Armies, and behaved himself very well, while he was in a Military Employment; but not greatly liking it, and having got some Money whilst he was in the Service, he came over to *England*, and bought himself a Horse and Arms, and resolving for the Road, and perhaps a pleasant Life, at the Hazard of his Neck, rather than toil out a long Remainder of unhappy Days in Want and Poverty, which he was always averse to: Being thus supplied every Day, one Booty or other enriched his Stores, which he would never admit a Sharer in, chusing to manage his Designs alone, rather than trust his Life into the Hand of others, who by Favour or Misfortune might be drawn in to accuse him.

One Day *Nevison*, who went otherwise by the Name of *Johnson*, travelling on the Road, and scouring about in search of Prize, he met two Countrymen, who, coming up toward him, informed him, that it was very dangerous travelling forward, for that the Way was set, and they had been robbed by three Highwaymen, about half a Mile off; and if he had any Charge of Money about him, it were his safest Course to turn back. *Nevison*, asking them what they had lost, they told him 40 Pounds; whereupon he replied, Turn back with me, and shew me the Way they took, and my Life to a Farthing, I'll make them return you your Money again; they rid along with him till they had Sight of the Highwaymen; when *Nevison* ordering the Countrymen to stay behind them at some Distance, he rid up and spoke to the Foremost of them, Saying, Sir, by your Garb and the Colour of your Horse, you should be one of those I looked after, and if so, my Business is to tell you, that you borrowed of two Friends of mine 40 Pounds, which they desired me to demand of you, and which before we part you must restore. How! quoth the Highwayman, 40 Pounds! Damn you, Sir, what is the Fellow mad? So mad, replied *Nevison*, as that your Life shall answer me, if you do not give me better Satisfaction: With that he draws his Pistol, and suddenly claps it to his Breast, who finding then, that *Nevison* had also his Rein, and that he could not get his Sword or Pistols, he yielded, telling him, his Life was at his Mercy: No, says *Nevison*, 'tis not that I seek for, but the Money you robbed these two Men of, who are riding up to me, which you must refund. The Thief was forced to consent, and readily to deliver such Part thereof, as he had, saying his Companions had the rest; so that *Nevison* having made him dismount, and taking away his Pistols, which he gave to the Countryman, ordered them to secure him, and hold his own, whilst he took the Thief's Horse, and pursued the other two, who he soon overtook; for they thinking him their Companion, stopt as soon as they saw him; so that he came up to them in the Midst of a Common. Now now, Jack, says one of them, what made you engage with you Fellow? No Gentlemen, replies *Nevison*, you are mistaken in your Man: Thomas, by the Token of your Horse and Arms, he hath sent me to you for the Ransom of his Life, which comes to no less than the Price of the Day, which, if you presently

presently surrender, you may go about your Business, if not, I must have a little Dispute with you at Sword and Pistol. At which, one of them let fly at him, but missing his Aim, received *Nevison's* Bullet into his Right Shoulder; and being thereby disabled, *Nevison*, about to discharge at the other, he call'd for Quarter, and came to a Parly, which, in short, was made up, with *Nevison's* Promise to send their Friend, and their delivering him all the ready Money they had, which amounted to 150 Pounds, and Silver. With this, *Nevison* rides back to the two Countrymen, and releases their Prisoner, giving him their whole forty Pounds, with a Caution, for the future to look better after it, and not like Cowards, as they were, to surrender the same on such easy Terms again.

In all his Pranks he was very favourable to the female Sex, who generally gave him the Character of a civil obliging Robber; he was charitable also to the Poor, as relieving them out of their Spoils, which he took from them that could better spare it; and being a true Royalist, he never attempted any thing against that Party. One Time *Nevison* meeting with an old Sequestrator on the Road, he stop'd the Coach, and demanded some of that Money which he had thievishly extorted from poor Widows and Orphans, and ought to be returned: At which Words the old Man in a Fit of Terror, and especially to, when a Pistol was clap'd to his Breast, begun to expostulate for his Life; offering whatsoever he had about him for his ransom, which he readily delivered to the Value of 60 Broad-pieces of Gold. But this not serving the Turn, *Nevison* told him that he must come thence, and go with him about some other Affairs he had to concert with him, and beg Leave of three young Gentlemen that were also Passengers in the Coach with him, that they would spare one of the Coach-Horses for one Hour or two, which should certainly be returned that Night for the next Days Journey. So *Nevison* left them, and took his Prize with him on the Postillion, which he loos'd from his Coach, and Carried him from them in a great Fright, thinking he was now near his End, the Gentlemen pursued their Journey; about two Hours after they were got to their Inn, in comes the old Sequestrator on the Postillion's Horse before mentioned, and gave a lamentable Relation how he had been used, and forced to sign a Bill under his Hand, of 500 Pounds for his Redemption, payable by a Scrivener in *London* on sight, which he doubted not but would be received before he could prevent the same, and indeed he did not doubt amis, for *Nevison* made the best of his Way all Night, and the next Day by Noon received the Money, to the no small Vexation of him that owned it.

About the Year 1661. having one Day met a considerable Prize, to the Value of 450 Pounds, from a rich Country Grazier, with this he was resolved to set down quietly, and go back to *Pomfret*, where he was most joyfully received by his Father, who never hearing of him in his Absence of seven or eight Years, thought he had been really dead. He lived very honestly with his Father till he died, and then returned to his old Courses again, committing such Robberies, and rendered his Name the Terror of the Road; insomuch, that no Carrier or Drover that pass'd the same, but was either forced to compound for their Safety by a constant Rent, which he usually received from them at such and such Houses, where he appointed them to leave it, or they were sure to be rifled for the Failure thereof.

Committing some Robberies in *Leicestershire*, he was there taken, and committed to *Leicester* Goal, where he was so narrowly watch'd, and strongly iron'd, that he could scarce stir; yet, by a cunning Stratagem, he procured his Enlargement before the Assizes came. For one Day, feigning himself extremely ill, he sent for two or three trusty Friends, one of which was a Physician, who gave out that he was sick of a pestilential Fever; and that, unless he

had the Benefit of some open Air, in some Chamber, he would certainly infect the whole Goal, and die of the said Distemper. Hereupon, the Goaler takes off his Fetters, and removes him into another Room, to lie by himself; in the mean Time, a Nurse was provided him, and his Physician came twice or thrice a Day to visit him, who gave out there was no Hopes of his Life, and that his Distemper was extremely contagious: On which Report, the Goaler's Wife would not let her Husband, nor any of the Servants, go nearer than the Door; which gave *Nevison's* Confederates a full Liberty to practise their Intent, which they did thus: A Painter was one Day brought in, who made all over his Breast blue Spots, resembling those that are the Forerunners of Death in the Distemper commonly called the Plague; as likewise, several Marks on his Hands, Face, and Body, which are usually on such that so die: All which being done, the Physician prepared a Dose whereby his Spirits were confined for the Space of an Hour or two, and then immediately gave out that he was dead. Hereupon, his Friends demand his Body, bringing a Coffin to carry him away in. The Goaler, as customary, orders a Jury; the Nurse having formally laid him out to examine the Cause of his Death, who fearing the Contagion he was said to die of, staid not long to consider thereon; but having view'd him, seeing the Spots and Marks of Death about him, his Eyes set, and his Jaws close muffled, they brought in their Verdict that he died of the Plague; and thereupon he was put in the Coffin, and carried off.

Being thus discharged, he falls to his Trade again, and meeting several of his old Tenants the Carriers, who had used to pay him his Rents, as aforesaid, told them they must advance the same, for that his last Imprisonment had cost him a great Sum of Money, which he expected to be reimburs'd among them. They being strangely surprized at Sight of Mr. *Nevison*, after the Reports of his Death, brook'd about that his Ghost walked, and took upon him the Employment it was wont when living, which was the more confirmed by the Goaler at *Leicester*, who had brought in his Verdict of the Jury on Oath, who had examined the Body, and had found it dead, as abovemention'd; whereby he had been discharged by the Court, as to the Warrant of his Commitment. But afterwards, when the same came to be known, and the Cheat detected, the said Goaler was ordered to fetch him in, at his Peril. Whereupon great Search was made for him in all Places, and a Reward of twenty Pounds set upon his Head for any Person that should apprehend him.

Nevison, after this, was determined to visit *London*; and the Company he happen'd to fall into upon the Road, was a Crew of Canting Beggars, Pilgrims of the Earth, the Offspring of *Cain*, Vagabonds and Wanderers over the whole World, fit Companions for such who made a Trade of Idleness and Roguery, and these were at this Time fit Companions for him, who, seeing the merry Life they led, resolved to make one of their Company; whereupon, after he had a little more ingratiated himself amongst them, and taken two or three Cups more of Rum-booz, he imparted his Inventions to one of the chief of them, telling him, he was an Apprentice, who had a curst Master, whose Cruelties had caused him to run away from him; and that whatever Fortune might betide him, yet should not the most necessitous Condition he could be plunged into ever make him to return to him again: And therefore if he might be admitted into their Society, he should faithfully observe and perform what Rules and Orders were imposed upon him. The chief Beggar very much applauded him for his Resolution, telling him, that to be a Beggar was to be a brave Man, since it was then in Fashion. Do not we, said he, come into the World like arrant Beggars, without a Rag upon us? And do not we all go out of the World like Beggars, without a Rag upon us? And do not we

we all go out of the World like Beggars, without any Thing, saving only an old Sheet over us? Shall we then be ashamed to walk up and down in the World like Beggars, with old Blankets pinn'd about us? No, no; that would be a Shame to us, indeed: Have we not the whole Kingdom to walk, at our Pleasure? Are we afraid of the Approach of Quarter-day? Do we walk in Fear of Bailiffs, Serjeants, and Catch-poles? Who ever knew an arrant Beggar arrested for Debt? Is not our Meat dress'd in every Man's Kitchen? Does not every Man's Cellar afford us Beer? And the best Men's Purfes keep a Penny for us to spend.

Having by these Words, as he thought, fully fix'd him in Love with Begging, he then acquainted the Company with Nevison's Desires, who were all of them very joyful thereat, being as glad to add one to their Society, as a Turk is to gain a proselite to Mahomet; the first Question they asked him was, If he had any Loure in his Bung: He stared on them, not knowing what they meant; till, at last, one told him it was Money in his Purse. He told them he had but eighteen Pence, which he freely gave them. This, by a general Vote, was condemn'd to be spent in Bouze for his Initiation. Then they commanded him to kneel down, which being done, one of the chief of them took a Gage of Bouze, which is a Quart of Drink, and poured the same on my Head, saying, *I do by Virtue of this Sovereign Liquor, insat thee in the Roage, and make thee a free Denizon of our Ragged Regiment. So that henceforth it shall be lawful for thee to cant, and to carry a Doxy or Mort along with thee, only observing these Rules: First, that thou art not to wander up and down all Countries, but to keep to that Quarter that is allotted to thee: And, secondly, thou art to give Way to any of us that have born all the Offices of the Wallet before; and upon holding up a Finger, to avoid any Town or Country Village, where thou seest we are foraging for Victuals for our Army that march along with us. Observing these two Rules, we take thee into our Protection, and adopt thee a Brother of our numerous Society.*

Having ended his Oration, Nevison rose up, and was congratulated by all the Company's hanging about him like so many Dogs about a Bear, and leaping and shouting like so many Madmen, making such a confused Noise with their Gabling, that the Melody of a Dozen of Oyster-Wives, the Scolding at ten Conduits, and the Gossiping of fifteen Bake-houses, were not comparable unto it. At length he that instilled him, cried out for Silence, bidding the French and English Pox to light on their Throats for making such a Yelping. Then fixing their Eyes upon Nevison, he read a Lecture to him out of the Devil's Horn-Book, as followeth:

Now, saith he, *thou art entered into our Fraternity, thou must not scruple to do any Villainies, which thou shalt be able to perform, whether it be to nip a Bung, bite the Peter Cloy, the Lurries Crath, either a Bleating Cheat, Cackling Cheat, Grunting Chat, Quacking Cheat, Tib-oth-buttery, Margery Prater, or to cloy a Mith from the Crack-man's; that is, to cut a Purse, steal a Clark-Bag, or Portmanteau, convey all Manner of Things, whether a Chicken, Sucking-Pig, Duck, Goose, Hen,*

or steal a Shirt from the Hedge; for he that will be a Quier Cove, a profest Rogue, must observe this Rule, set down by an ancient Patrico in these Words:

*Wilt thou a begging go.
O per se-o, O per se-o.
Then must thou Go for ake,
And to the Devil thee betake
O per se-o, &c.*

And because thou art yet but a Novice in begging, and understandest not the Mysteries of the Canting Language, to principle thee the better, thou shalt have a Doxy to be thy Companion, by whom thou mayst receive fit Instructions for thy purpose. And thereupon he singled him out a Girl of about fourteen Years of Age, which tickled his Fancy very much, that he had gotten a young Wanton to dally withal, but this was not all, he must presently be married to her, after the Fashion of their Patrico, who amongst Beggars, is their Priest; which was done after this Manner.

They got a Hen, and having cut off the Head of it, laid the dead Body on the Ground, placing him on the one Side, and his Doxy on the other; this being done, the Patrico standing by, with a loud Voice, bid us live together till Death did us part; then one of the Company went into the Yard, and fetched a dry Cow-Turd which was broken over his Doxy's Head in Imitation of a Bride-Cake; and so flaking Hands and kissing each other, the Ceremony of the Wedding was over, and for Joy of the Marriage, they were all as drunk as Beggars; but then to hear the Gabling Noise they made would have made any one burst himself with laughing. Some were Jabbering in the Canting Language, others in their own; some did nothing but weep, and protest Love to their Mort, others swore Swords and Daggers to cut the Throats of their Doxies, if they found them tripping; one would drink a Health to the Bride till he flaver'd again; some were for singing Bawdy Songs, others were divising Oaths for Justice of Peace, Headboroughs and Constables. At last Night approaching, and all their Money being spent, they betook to a Barn not far off, where they couched a Hoghead in the Darkman's, and went to Sleep.

Nevison having met with this odd Piece of Diversion in his Journey, slept out of the Barn, when all were asleep, took Horse and posted directly away. But coming to London, and finding his Name too much noised about to induce him to stay there, he returned into the Country, and fell to his own Pranks again. Several who had been robbed by him, happened to meet him, and could not help thinking but his Ghost walk'd, considering the Report of his Pestilential Death in Lincoln Goal. In short, his Crimes became so notorious, that a Reward was offered for any that would apprehend him. This made many way-lay him, especially two Brothers, named *Fletcher*, one of whom Nevison shooting dead, he got off; from whence going into a little Village about thirteen Miles from York, he was taken by Capt. *Handcastle*, and sent to York Goal, where in a Week's Time he was tried, condemn'd, and executed, aged Forty-Five.

The LIFE of the Golden Farmer.

THE Golden Farmer was so called from his Occupation, and paying People, if it was any considerable Sum, always in Gold; but his real Name was *William Davis*, born at *Wrexham* in *Denbighshire*, in *North-Wales*; from whence he removed, in his younger Years, to *Sudbury* in *Gloucestershire*, where he married the Daughter of a wealthy Inn keeper, by whom he had eighteen Children, and followed the Farmer's Business to the Day of his Death, to shroud his robbing on the Highway, which irregular Practice he had followed for forty-two Years, without any Suspicion among his Neighbours.

He generally robbed alone, and one Day meeting three or four Stage-Coaches going to *Salisbury*, he stopped one of them who was full of Gentlewomen, one of which was a Quaker: All of them satisfied the Golden Farmer's Desire, excepting this *Percifcan*, with whom he had a long Argument to no Purpose; for upon her solemn Vow and Affirmation, she told him, she had no Money, nor any Thing valuable about her; whereupon, fearing he should lose the Booty of the other Coaches, he told her, he would go and see what they had to afford him, and he would wait on her again; so having robbed the other three Coaches, he returned according to his Word, and the Quaker persisting still in her old Tone of having nothing for him, it put the Golden Farmer into a Rage, and taking hold of her Shoulder, shaking her as a Matliff does a Bull, he cried, *You canting Bitch, if you dally with me at this Rate, you'll certainly provoke my Spirit to be damnable Rude with you: You see these good Women here were so tender hearted, as to be charitable to me, and you, you whining Whore, are so covetous as to lose your Life for the Sake of Mammon. — Come, come, you hollow-hearted Bitch, unpin your Purse-String quickly, or else I shall send you out of the Land of the Living.* Now the poor Quaker being frightened out of her Wits at the bullying Expressions of the Wicked One, she gave him a Purse of Guineas, a Gold Watch, and a Diamond-Ring, and parted then as good Friends, as if they had never fallen out at all.

Another Time this Desperado meeting with the Dutches of *Albermarle* in her Coach, as riding over *Salisbury-Plain*, he was put to his Trumps before he could assault her Grace, by reason he had a long Engagement with a Postillion, Coachman, and two Footmen, before he could proceed in his Robbery; but having wounded them all, by the discharging several Pistols, he then approached to his Prey, whom he found more Refractory than his Female Quaker had been, which made him very saucy, and more eager for Fear of any Passengers coming by in the mean while; but still her Grace denied Parting with any Thing; whereupon by main Violence he pulled three Diamond Rings off her Fingers, and snatched a rich Gold Watch from her Side, crying to her, at the same Time, because he saw her Face painted, *You Bitch incarnate, you had rather read over your Face in the Glass every Moment, and blot out Pale to put in Red, than give an honest Man, as I am, a small Matter to support him on his lawful Occasions on the Road; and then rode away as fast as he could without Searching*

her Grace for any Money, because he perceived another Person of Quality's Coach, making towards them, with a good Retinue of Servants belonging to it.

Not long after this Exploit, the Golden Farmer meeting with *Sir Thomas Day*, a Justice of Peace living at *Bristol*, on the Road betwixt *Gloucester* and *Worcester*, they fell into Discourse together, and as riding along, he told *Sir Thomas*, whom he knew, though the other did not know him, how he had like to have been robbed but a little before by a Couple of Highwaymen; but as good Luck would have it, his Horse having better Heels than theirs, he got clear of them, or else, if they had robbed him of his Money, which was about forty Pounds, they had certainly undone him for ever. Truly, quoth *Sir Thomas Day*, *that had been very hard; but nevertheless, as you had been robbed between Sun and Sun, the County, upon suing it, must have been obliged to have made your Loss good again;* But not long after this Chatting together, coming to a convenient Place, the Golden Farmer shooting *Sir Thomas's* Man's Horse under him, and obliging him to retire some Distance from it, that he might not make use of the Pistols that were in his Holsters, he presented a Pistol to *Sir Thomas's* Breast, and demanded his Money of him. Quoth *Sir Thomas*, *I thought Sir, that you had been an honest Man.* The Golden Farmer replied, *You see your Worship's mistaken, and had you had any Guts in your Brains, you might have perceived by my Face, that my Countenance was the very Picture of mere Necessity; therefore deliver presently; for I am in Haste.* Then *Sir Thomas Day*, giving the Golden Farmer what Money he had, which was about Sixty Pounds in Gold and Silver, he humbly thanked his Worship, and told him, *that what he had parted with was not lost, because he was robbed betwixt Sun and Sun, therefore the County, as he told him, must pay it again.*

One *Mr. Hart*, a young Gentleman of *Enfield*, who had a good Estate, but not over-burden'd with Wit; and therefore, could sooner change a Piece of Gold, than a Piece of Sense, riding one Day over *Finchley-Common*, where the Golden Farmer had been hunting about four or five Hours for a Prey, he rides up to him, and giving the Gentleman a Slap with the Flat of his drawn Hanger o'er his Shoulders: Quoth he, *A Plague on you how slow you are to make a Man wait on you all this Morning: Come deliver what you have, and be post to you, and go to Hell for Orders.* The Gentleman who was wont to find a more agreeable Entertainment betwixt his Mistress and his Snuff-Box, being surprized at the Rustical Sort of Greeting, he began to make several Sort of Excuses, and say, he had no Money about him; but his Antagonist, not believing him, he made bold to search his Pockets himself, and finding in them above an hundred Guineas, besides a Gold Watch, he gave him two or three Slaps over the Shoulder again, with his Hanger; and at the same Time bid him not give his Mind to Lying any more, when an honest Gentleman desired a small Boon of him.

Another Time this notorious Robber had paid his Landlord above forty Pounds for Rent, who going Home



Nicholls delin.

J. Basire sculp.

The Golden FARMER *and the* TINKER.

Home with it, the goodly Tennant disguising himself, met the old grave Gentleman, and bidding him stand: Quoth he, *Come, Mr. Gravity from Head to Foot; but from neither Head nor Foot to the Heart, deliver what you have in a Trice.* The old Man, fetching a deep Sigh, to the Hazard of losing several Buttons of his Waistcoat, said, that he had not above two Shillings about him; therefore he thought he was more [of a Gentleman, than to take a small Matter from a poor Man. Quoth the Golden Farmer, *I have not the Faith to believe you; for you seem by your Mien and Habit to be a Man of better Circumstance than you pretend; therefore open your Budget, or else I shall fall foul about your House.*—Dear Sir, replied his Landlord, you can't be so barbarous to an old Man: What! have you no Religion, Pity, or Compassion in you? Have you no Conscience? nor have you no Respect for your own Body and Soul, which must be certainly in a miserable Condition, if you follow unwise Courses.—Damn you (said the Tennant to him) don't talk of Age and Barbarity to me; for I show neither Pity nor Compassion to any. Damn you, what talk of Conscience to me! I have no more of that dull Commodity than you have; nor do I allow my Soul and Body to be governed by Religion, but Interest; therefore, deliver what you have, before this Pistol makes you repent your Obstinacy; so delivering his Money to the golden Farmer, he received it without giving the Landlord any Receipt for it, as his Landlord had him.

Not long after committing this Robbery, overtaking an old Graier at Putney-Heath, in a very ordinary Attire, but yet very rich, he takes Half a Score Guineas out of his Pocket, and giving them to the old Man, he said, *There was three or four Persons behind them, who looked very suspicious; therefore he desired the Favour of him to put that Gold into his Pocket; for in Case they were Highwaymen, his indifferent Apparel would make them believe he had no such Charge about him.* The old Graier looking upon his Intentions to be honest, quoth he, *I have fifty Guineas tied up in the fore Lappet of my Shirt, and I'll put it to that for Security;* so riding along both of them Check by Jole, for above Half a Mile, and the Coast being clear, the Golden Farmer said to the old Man, *I believe there's no Body will take the Pains of Robbing you or me to Day; therefore, I think I had as good take the Trouble of robbing you myself; so instead of delivering your Purse, pray give me the Lappit of your Shirt.* The old Graier was horridly startled at these Words, and began to beseech him not to be so cruel in robbing a poor old Man.—Pr'ythee, quoth the Golden Farmer, *don't tell me of Cruelty; for who can be more cruel than Men of your Age, whose Pride it is to teach their Servants their Duties, with as much Cruelty as some People teach their Dogs to fetch and carry?* So being obliged to cut off the Lappit of the old Man's Shirt himself; for he would not, he rode away to seek out another Booty.

Another Time, this bold Robber lying at an Inn in Uxbridge, he happened into Company with one Squire Broughton, a Barrister of the Middle-Temple, which he understanding, pretended to him, that he was going up to London, to advise with a Lawyer about some Business; wherefore, he should be much obliged to him, if he could recommend him to a good one. Counsellor Broughton, thinking he might be a good Client, he bespoke him for himself. Then the Golden Farmer telling his Business was about several of his Neighbour's Cattle, breaking into his Grounds, and doing a great Deal of Mischief, the Barrister told him, *That was very actionable, as being Damage Fesant.* Damage Fesant, says the Golden Farmer, *what's that, pray Sir?* He told him, *That it was an Action brought against Persons when their Cattle broke through Hedges, or other Fences, into other People's Grounds,*

and did them Damage. Next Morning, as they both were riding toward London, says the Golden Farmer to the Barrister, *If I may be so bold as to ask you, Sir, What is that you call Trover and Conversion?* He told him it signified in our Common Law, an Action which a Man has against another, that having found any of his Goods, refuses to deliver them upon Demand, and perhaps converts them to his own Use also. The Golden Farmer being now at a Place convenient for his Purpose. *Very well, Sir,* says he, *and so, if I should find any Money about you, and convert it to my Use, why then that is only actionable I find.*—That's a Robbery, said the Barrister, *which requires no less Satisfaction than a Man's Life.*—A Robbery! replied the Golden Farmer, *why then I must e'en commit one for once and not use it; therefore deliver your Money, or else behold this Pistol shall prevent you from ever Reading Cook upon Littleton any more.* The Barrister, strangely surpriz'd at his Client's rough Behaviour, asked him, *If he thought there was neither Heaven nor Hell, that he could be guilty of such wicked Actions.* Quoth the Golden Farmer, *Why, you Son of a Whore, thy Impudence is very great to talk of Heaven or Hell to me, when you think there's no Way to Heaven, but through Westminster-Hall.* Come, come, down with your Rins this Minute; for I have other guests Customers to mind, than to wait on your Arse all Day. The Barrister being very loath to part with his Money, he was still insinuating on the Injustice of the Action, saying, *It was against Law and Conscience to robb any Man.* However the Golden Farmer, heeding not his Pleading, he swore; *He was not to be guided by Law and Conscience any more than any of his Profession, whose Law is always furnished with a Commission to arraign their Consciences; but upon Judgment given, they usually had the Knack of setting it at large.* So putting a Pistol to the Barrister's Breast, he quickly delivered his Money, amounting to about thirty Guineas, and eleven Broad Pieces of Gold, besides some Silver, and a Gold-Watch.

One Time overtaking a Tinker on Black-Heath, whom he knew to have seven or eight Pounds about him, quoth he, *Well overtaken, Brother Tinker, Methinks you seem very devout; for your Life is a continual Pilgrimage, and in Humility you go almost bare-foot, thereby making Necessity a Virtue.*—Ay Master, replied the Tinker, *needs must, when the Devil arrives, and had you no more than I, you might go without Boots and Shoes too.*—That might be, quoth the Golden Farmer. *And I suppose you march all over England with your Bag and Baggage?*—Yes, said the Tinker, *I go a great Deal of Ground, but not so much as you ride.*—Well, quoth the Golden Farmer, *go where you will, it is my Opinion, your Conversation is unreprouceable, because thou art ever mending.*—I wish, replied the Tinker, *That I could say as much by you.*—Why you Dog of Egypt, quoth the other, *you don't think that I am like you, in observing the Statutes; and therefore had rather steal than beg in Spite of Whips or Imprisonment.* Said the Tinker again, *I'll have you to know I take a great Deal of Pains for a Livelihood.*—Yes, replied the Golden Farmer, *I know thou art such a strong Enemy to Idleness, that mending one Hole, you make three, rather than want Work.*—That's as you say, quoth the Tinker; however, Sir, *I wish you and I were farther asunder; for i'faith I don't like your Company.*—Nor I yours, said the other; *for though thou art entertained in every Place, yet you enter no farther than the Door to avoid Suspicion.*—Indeed, replied the Tinker, *I have a great Suspicion of you.*—Have you so, replied the Golden Farmer, *why then it shall not be without a Cause: Come open your Wallet forthwith, and deliver that Parcel of Money that's in it.* Here their Dialogue being on a Conclusion, the Tinker pray'd heartily, that he would not rob him; for if he did, he must be faced

to beg his Way Home, from whence he was above an hundred Miles. *Damn you, quoth the Golden Farmer, I don't care, if you beg your Way two hundred Miles; for if a Tinker escape Tyburn and Banbury, it is Fate to die a Beggar:* So taking Money and Wallet too from the Tinker, he left him to his old Custom of conversing still in open Fields and low Cottages.

After this Encounter with the Tinker, our Adventurer had but a few Pranks to play upon the Stage of human Life, his Name being now spread all around the Country, so that Hue-and-Cries were pretty numerous after him: In short, there was no Possibility to make his Escape, every one turning his

Enemy now at the last Extremity; when, if Love of Man had influenced them, they should have befriended him. He was apprehended, and carried to Goal, where, during his Confinement, he behaved with the same Alacrity, as he had spent the merry Moment of his foregoing Life; neither the Thought of the Place, nor the Apprehensions of Death in the least terrifying him. After three Weeks Imprisonment, he was tried and condemn'd, and the Gallows became the just Punishment of all the Miscalriages and Villanies he had been guilty of during his vicious Scene of Life.

The LIFE of THOMAS WILMOT.

AN excellent *Latin* Satirist has affirmed, that Virtue is the only true Nobility: Nevertheless a Man who has made any Observations upon his own Thoughts, will find, that he has always had a Sort of Secret Respect accompanying the Idea of a Gentleman: I mean, if we take the Word in its common Sense, for a Man born of an antient Family, or to a good Estate. This may be more especially observed, when any Person, who has these Advantages comes to any great Misfortune, our Pity then is of another Nature than what we conceive for a common Man, and we are more troubled to hear that a Gentleman is brought to *Tyburn* for any base Action, than we should be to hear the same Thing of twenty other Men, who were equally known to us.

I must confess, however, that this appears to me an unjust Way of thinking; for though a Gentleman has certainly some natural Advantages from his Birth, yet if his Life is even below the common Standard, he is rather to be despised for his degeneracy, than valued for his Dignity. This Inclination to esteem such People, is a Sort of Tyranny, to which Custom has inured our Minds, ever since the Times when the Nobility and Gentry were Lords both of the Persons and Fortunes of the Commonality. When a Man nobly descended falls into Distress, or suffers Death for standing up boldly in Defence of his Country, then, and then only is a Gentleman entitled to all the Honours which we pay to his Memory, and to all the Sorrow which we feel on Account of his Misfortunes.

I make these Reflections to prevent the Reader's Prejudice, and to give him a just Idea of a Man, whose Vices and Extravagancies bring Destruction upon his Head, from what Family soever he may be descended.

Thomas Wilmot, the unfortunate Subject of a few following Pages, was the eldest Son of *John Wilmot*, in the County of *Suffolk*, Esq; He was born at *Ipswich*, a noted Sea-Port, and the Capital Town of all the County. When his Father died, he came immediately into the Possession of an Estate of six hundred Pounds a Year, entirely free from all Encumbrances; which any reasonable Person would think was sufficient to support a Gentleman very handsomely.

It was but a few Years, however, before the whole was mortgaged, and soon after sold, to maintain him in his expensive Way of Living, which was only a Course of Intrigues and Debauchery. Not a beautiful Woman in the Country round, but

he was in Pursuit of, without any Regard to her Degree or Circumstances; yet was he almost always unsuccessful in his Amours; for he was very deficient in that fine Manner of Address, which recommends a Man to the Regards of the Fair-Sex, who are generally prevailed upon with splendid Appearances.

When our Adventurer had very much reduced his Estate by Attempts upon the Honour of Women of Character, he spent the last Remains of it upon those who are always to be won with Gold, and who also slighted him, when they perceived he had no more of that shining Metal.

There is a Circumstance relating to the Birth of our Hero, which I might have mentioned before; it is not necessary indeed in the Account of his Life, but as *Capt. Smith* has thought fit to amuse his Readers with it, and as the Nature of the Thing is so strange and uncommon, I shall make bold to introduce it here.

When *Tom*, by the Help of Mother Midnight, had found his Way through the narrow Passage of Nativty into the wide World, it was observed, that he had long Hair upon his Head: The Thing was wondered at; but as the Women were all in a Hurry, they examined no farther, till one of them put him to her Breast, without suspecting any Danger: She had not kept him there a Minute before the rest of the Gossips were all frightened, and almost fancied *Tom's* officious Wet Nurse was falling in Labour too, by the lamentable Shrieks which she sent forth. She endeavoured to pull him from her Nipple; but in vain; for he hung by his Teeth, like a Wolf, till the Blood ran down her Bosom. With much ado, and some Assistance, the good Woman made him quit his Hold, when they all wondered to see his Teeth so long and sharp, every one passing her Verdict upon my young Master, according to her Fancy. It was at last agreed in full Council, That these unusual Tokens prognosticated, that he would be a bold, bloody, tyrannical Man; which Prediction was afterwards verified. This Opinion was first started by the Parson's Wife, who had read *Baker's Chronicle*, and taken Notice, that the cruel crook-back'd *Richard* was born much after the same Manner.

Tom had an Education suitable to his Degree: He could write several Hands very finely, and speak the *French*, *Dutch*, *Spanish*, and *Italian* Tongues tolerably well: Nevertheless, when he found himself ruined by his Extravagancies, he could think of no other Way to support himself but the Highway, supposing

supposing it below a Gentleman to follow any honest Profession. In this Vocation he was so intrepid and desperate, as frequently to attack two or three Passengers together, without any Assistance, and his Fortune, for a long Time, was equal to his Courage.

One Time meeting a Gentleman between Chelmsford and Colchester, and saluting him with the unwelcome Words, *Stand and deliver*, the Person assaulted positively alledged, that he had not any Money about him. As it was contrary to Tom's Interest as well as to Reason, for him to think a well-dressed Man would travel on Horse-back without Money, he proceeded to search his Pockets, when he found the Gentleman's Affirmation true, or so nearly true, that there was nothing worth taking. However, as his own Coat was but indifferent, and the Gentleman's very good, he made an Exchange to keep his Hands in Exercise, and so took his Leave. But Tom had this Time better Luck than he expected; for as he rode along, he heard something gingle in his Pockets, which made him examine them. It was no disagreeable Surprise to find eighteen Guineas and a Crown Piece, in an old Steel Tobacco-Box.

Another Time, as he lay Perdue in a Thicket, between Dorking in Surrey, and Petworth in Sussex, he saw three Gentlewomen riding along the Road. He immediately rushed out upon them in a violent Manner, and demanded what they had. They gave him about eight Pounds, which was their whole Stock of Money; but one of them had a large Diamond Ring on her Finger, which Tom ordered her to deliver instantly. The poor Woman could not easily get it off; upon which our inhuman Villain pulled out a sharp Knife, and barbarously cut off Finger and all, swearing at the same Time, *That as he was now compelled to rob on the Highway thro' his former Extravagancies, which had been occasioned by his Fondness for their Sex, he was resolved in all his Actions to shew a Woman the least Favour*.

Wilmot's principal Places of Haunt for a great many Years were about the Western Roads, where at last there was scarce a Stage-Coach, or Waggon could travel in Safety long together; but he became in Time so very noted, and so much sought after, that he was obliged to fly into the North of England, where he fell into the same Way of living. Here he also continued some Time to rob by himself, till he fell in Company with several others of the same Profession.

It was agreed among these, for their mutual Safety, to form themselves into a Society; and as Tom was a Gentleman, besides his being the most experienced among them, it was unanimously agreed, that he should be their Captain. As soon as he was entered into his Commission, he called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and drew up the following Articles to be observed by their Community; obliging them all to swear to them, and subscribe their Names at the Bottom of the Paper.

We whose Names are under-written, having by mutual Agreement formed ourselves into a Society for the Support of each other, we do all solemnly engage ourselves to observe these Particulars:

- I. *To be obedient to our Captain in all his Commands, and faithful to our Companions in all their Designs and Attempts.*
- II. *To be always present at such Meetings as the Captain by his sole Authority shall appoint, except we have his Leave for the contrary.*
- III. *To stand by one another in any Danger to the last Breath, and never to fly from an equal Number of Opposers.*
- IV. *To help one another, when taken and imprisoned, in Sicknes, and in any Distress whatsoever.*

V. *Never to leave, if possibly we can help it, the Body of any Companion behind us, whether dead or only wounded.*

VI. *To confess nothing, if taken, to the Damage of our Accomplices, though punished even with Death itself for our Faithfulness.*

This our Compact, when any one of us shall break, in any one Article, may the greatest Plagues fall on him in this World, and eternal Damnation seize him hereafter.

The Oath at the Time of subscribing was in these Words:

I A. B. do swear by the Head and Soul of our Captain, to perform, to the utmost of my Ability, every Thing agreed to in this Writing: So help me Honour.

'Tis a Pity, that those who have furnished us with the preceeding Articles, have not also obliged us with some of Wilmot's Adventures in Concert with his Companions; but as we meet with nothing of this Nature, in any Account which we have seen, the Reader must content himself with being told, that the Gang held together till the Captain's Exit, which was some Years after the first Institution. In such a Series of Time, there is no doubt but their Robberies were very numerous. There are, however, two or three Stories more of our Hero himself, which are very well worth rehearsing.

He one Day met with the Lincoln Stage-Coach, in which was only the Wife of Mr. Blood, who stole the Crown of England out of the Tower in the Reign of King Charles II. and convey'd it away under a Parson's Gown. Wilmot knew her very well, and so made bold to stop the Horses, and demand her Money. Mrs. Blood seemed to be much frighted, and begged of him to use her civilly, as she was a poor defenceless Woman, and he appeared like a Gentleman. *Madam, says Tom, the Falshood of Women has been the only Cause of my Misfortunes; the only Thing that has reduced me to the wretched Necessity of seeking a Livelihood in this Manner: The whole Sex are alike: You are all false, perfidious, and perjured, at least all of you that ever received any Tenders of Love. As you are a Woman, Madam, you must expect no Favour from my Hands, who am a professed Enemy to the whole Species. Therefore, dear Mrs. Blood, be pleased to deliver your Money this Moment, or I'm afraid Blood will come of it the next.* The Gentlewoman finding he was in Earnest, and that there was no Way of coming off, but by satisfying his Demands, she offered him Half a Crown, telling him she had no more about her. *You saucy B——ch, quoth Wilmot, do you think I will be put off with Half a Crown, when nothing less than a whole one would satisfy your Husband when he robbed the King? No, no, pray let us see what you have got?* Upon this he searched her, and found about fifteen Guineas in her Pockets, besides a silver Thimble, and several Things of Value.

A little while after this, he met with another Adventure upon the Road, between Abingdon and Oxford. Mr. Molloy, a famous Council for Thieves, and Pick-pockets, was riding from one of these Places to the other, it being the Assize Time. Wilmot knew him very well, and consulted with himself some Time before he could resolve to meddle with a Man so useful to his Profession: At last he considered that Mr. Molloy was an Advocate only for the sake of a Fee; and that, as he had got so much Money by this Means, it was just that he should refund a little to supply the Necessities of one who might soon be a Client. With this thought he rode up, and commanded him to contribute. Mr. Molloy thought to have escaped by telling him who he was. But Wil-

not replied with, *Every Man to his Trade, Sir: Another Time, 'tis very possible, you may be the Receiver, and then you must make the best Market you can, as I intend to do at present.* The poor Counsellor saw there was no evading Question, and he was very sensible how dangerous it would be to oppose a brace of Pistols, *Vi & Armis*; so without any more Words, he surrendered three Pounds odd Money; and Tom. to prevent his doing any Mischief, shot his Horse, and then rode off on his own, quite across the Country, 'till he thought himself pretty well out of Danger.

Another of his Adventures was on *New-Market Heath*, where he stopped a Gentleman in his Coach-and-Six, notwithstanding he had several Servants on Horse-back to attend him. The Gentleman was obliged to order all his Men to let him alone, for Fear of his own Life, which Tom. threatened very hard, if one of them offered to stir. The Booty he now met with was very large, though we have no certain Account of the Sum. It may be imagined that the Gentleman was sufficiently irritated at being robbed in this Manner: He cursed his Servants, that they could not see the Highwayman coming, and cursed himself that he did not suffer them to fire at him afterwards; but all was now too late: The only Method to be revenged on him, was to pursue him with a Hue-and-Cry, of which *Wilmot* being aware he got off by a By-Way to *Chester*.

Here he consumed a considerable Time, without doing any Thing worthy of Notice, gaming, and living high, till he had wasted all his Ready-Cash. After this his Cloaths, his Horse, and every Thing he had valuable, were sold or lost, 'till he was reduced to extreme Necessity, and obliged to leave the Place, and seek his Fortune.

As he wandered about the Country in a miserable poor Condition, he saw one Evening a House at a Distance, to which he made: It was the Seat of an ancient Family in *Shropshire*. As he came near, his Hears were saluted with Musick and merry Songs, which gave him great Hopes of meeting with good Entertainment. In this Confidence he went to the Door, and knocked, demanding if the Master of the House was within. He was answered, *Yes*, by the Master himself, who was within Hearing, and desired to know his Business. *Wilmot* readily told him, that being a Stranger in those Parts, and destitute of Friends and Money, he made bold to intreat, that he would favour him with a Lodging for one Night. The Gentleman answered him in a very civil Manner; but said, he feared he could not grant his Request; for it was the Anniversary of his Birth-Day, and he had a great many Friends within, most of whom must be obliged to stay all Night. Tom. continued to press his Suit in very moving Terms; upon which the good Man told him, That he had one Room in his House that he could spare: *But*, continued he, *if you venture to lie there, you may chance to repent it; for 'tis ten to one, but you fall into some Misfortune, much greater than being all Night in the Fields. To tell you the Truth, Sir, 'tis haunted with a Spirit, ever since my Grandfather's Barber cut his Throat in it, for the Love of a coy Chambermaid. The Spirit appears at usual Times with a Razor in one Hand, and a Basin and Light in the other, crying in a hoarse Tone, Will you be shav'd? We have ventured to put several to Bed there, who knew nothing of the Matter; but they have been all thrown violently out of their Beds, and bruised in a strange Manner for refusing to let him shave them.*

Tom. *Wilmot* heard the Gentleman's Relation very attentively; but as he had more Wit than to believe the Reality of Apparitions, which he looked upon to be only Delusions; either the Fancies of whimsical Brains, or the Invention of crafty Men, for some sinister Purposes. He told the Gentleman in very obliging Language, That, if he pleased, he would accept of the Proffer, notwithstanding the

dreadful Report he had made: *For I know not*, says he, *but by the Learning I have attained, I may be able to give Rest to this poor distressed Ghost, and confine him to the lower Shades from whence he shall never Return to wander about the World any more.*

A Man may please himself very much with reflecting upon the unaccountable Ignorance and Superstition of some People, especially in the Country, and these, many of them, even Families of the best Fashion and Account. The Opinion in Particular concerning the Reality of Witches and Apparitions was almost universal, no longer ago than the last Age, and still prevails very much among great Numbers of the Inhabitants of this Land. It was originally neither more nor less than an Invention of the Priests to keep the Minds of the Ignorant in Awe, and to draw Money out of their Pockets, under a Pretence of securing them from Fascination, or of removing the Spirit of a departed Friend or Relation into Rest. Of this any one may be convinced, who reads the monstrous Absurdities that are this Day received in the Popish Legends; or indeed, if he only examines the general Tendency of Priest-craft towards a Belief of such idle Impostures. Why should we terrify ourselves with Notions that have no Foundation in the Nature of Things? Or, at least, that have ever been confirmed by any one Man of Sense and Probity? The Reader will not think this Digression unnecessary, when he observes, that nothing less than a Conceit of this Kind could have enabled *Tom. Wilmot* to impose upon a whole Company in such a ridiculous Manner, as we are now going to relate.

The Gentleman, upon Tom's Discovering such a Willingness to run all Hazards rather than want a Lodging, invited him into the Parlour, and desired him to sit down, and make merry with the Rest of the Company, telling all that were present what the Stranger had undertaken. They all wondered that he should venture upon such a dreadful Thing, and looked upon him to be something more than a common Man; some dissuaded him from engaging in an Affair so full of Danger, telling him, that they could not help thinking there was Presumption in the very Attempt: Others laughed in their Sleeves to think what Sport they should have in the Morning, when he related his Night's Adventure, not at all doubting but they should find him half dead, with all his Hair standing an End. Tom. answered but little to either of them, yet what he did say was with such a solemn Air, that they all began to think him either a Parson, or a Conjuror, who travelled in Disguise.

Supper being ended, the Company adjourned into a large old-fashioned Hall, and fell to Cards and Dice. As soon as Tom. saw them set, and the Stakes thrown down pretty briskly upon the Table, a merry Crotchet came into his Head, which he thus executed:

He retired into one Side of the Hall, and desired a Servant to shew him up into his appointed Lodging, because he was very weary with hard Travelling: The Fellow gave him a Candle, and such Directions as were necessary, bidding him Good-Night at the Stair Foot; for, though he was a lusty Lubber, he was so terrify'd with what our Hero had undertaken, that he could not have ventur'd himself any farther for the World. Tom. expected the Goblin in vain, at least for two Hours; and then resolv'd to performate him, that such an ancient Member of the Family might not be wanting at a Time of general Joy. Thus concluding, he rubbed over his Face with the White of the Wall, and then tying a Knot at one End, to place directly upon his Head, he covered himself with a Sheet. He had a Razor in his Pocket, and the Pewter Chamber-Pot he concluded, would serve by the Glimmering of the Candles for a Basin. Thus accoutred he softly descended the Stairs.

By the Noise they made, he perceived that the Wine was pretty well got into the Noddles of all the Company, which made him proceed in his Ghostly Expedition with the more Courage. They were so busy at Gaming, that he was almost upon them before he was seen; at last a Servant who attended, looking up, started several Yards backwards, and cry'd out, *The Ghost! the Ghost!* running out of the Room in an Instant. This alarm'd the whole Company, who turning round, Tom. advanc'd with his Piss-Pot, and Razor, (which he had made all bloody by cutting his Finger) and in a hoarse and dreadful Tone repeated the Words he had been taught, *Will you be shaw'd?* Immediately they all rose from their Seats without any Regard to the Money upon the Table, and endeavour'd to make the best of their Way off the Ground. It was now every one for himself, and God for us all, with a Witness: They tumbled over each other, and happy was he that could get before his Companion by treading on him. Tom. pursued them, repeating the same terrible Words, till he had clear'd the Hall of every Soul of them. Some got into the Cellars, others into the Stables and Out-Houses; every one keeping his Castle till Morning; so strongly had their Fears enchanted them. When our Ghost perceiv'd all still, he went and lin'd his visionary Pockets with the material Money, and then departed to Bed, and put out his Candle.

The next Morning, as soon as he heard any Body stirring below, Tom. came down Stairs, and gave a woful Relation of what he had suffer'd in the Night. *The Ghost*, says he, *came to me exactly in the Manner you told me he used to appear; and upon my refusing to let him shave me, he attempted to cut my Throat; but, as Providence would have it, I so defended myself with my Hands, that he only cut one of my Fingers.* Then he shewed them the Finger which he had cut on Purpose to make the Razor bloody. Afterwards, continued he, *he went down Stairs, and in about five Minutes returned, rattling something in his Hands.*—Pox on him, says one of the Company, *then that was our Money, which he stole off the Table I suppose.* Upon this they fell into a Dispute about a Spirit's taking Money; some of them, who were well read in the History of Apparitions, affirming that a Ghost never meddled with any Thing, but often discover'd hidden Treasures for the Advantage of others. To this Tom. smartly reply'd, *It may be, Gentlemen, that some of your Forefathers owed him Money for Trimming, and he took this Opportunity to come and collect his Quarteridge.* At this they all smiled, and so the Matter pass'd off without farther Enquiry.

The Collection which *Wilmot* made in his Ghostly Capacity, set him up for a Highwayman again: He bought a Horse, and a Pair of Pistols, and went on after his old Manner, robbing every one that came in his Way: But there is so little Diversity in the Manner of committing a Robbery on the Highway, that it would be rather tiresome than pleasant to the Reader, if we were to give him the Particulars of every Action. If this were required, a Man who writes the History of Highwaymen, had need have a Fancy as fruitful as the celebrated *Homer*, who discovers his great Genius in nothing more than in the various Manners of giving up the Ghost, which he describes in the Deaths of his Heroes; whereas the Act of Dying is in itself altogether simple, and capable of little Variety.

There is an Adventure related of this *Tom. Wilmot*, which is not in Captain *Smith's* Account: However, as we are certain from the Circumstances, that it must come after the foregoing; and as there is something diverting in it, we rather chuse to introduce it here than totally omit it.

One of the Times that *Tom.* was obliged to abscond on Account of his many bold Actions, having a considerable Quantity of Money to spend, he liv'd in pretty good Credit among the Neighbourhood where he chose to settle: Here he would often re-

late the Story of the abovesaid Apparition, in a very serious Manner, as though the Ghost had really come to him, and that he by his Art (for he pretended to be a Conjuror) had preserved himself, and sent the Fiend into the lower Regions.

As these Things were, at that Time of Day, generally believed, all the People round about thought Mr. *Wilmot* a very extraordinary Man, and he subsisted some Weeks after his Stock was spent upon the Benevolence of those who came to have Questions resolved, or their Fortunes told, which, as usual, was principally the Fair-Sex.

Among his many Clients, was a young Gentlewoman of the same Street where he lived, who visited him very often, with frivolous Stories, so often, that *Tom.* began to suspect there was something more in the Matter than he at first imagined, and he managed the Affair so artfully, as to get out of her a particular Account of her Case.

She had been married against her Consent to a rich, jealous, fumbling, old Miser in the Neighbourhood, who had used her so barbarously, that she had made a Resolution to cuckold him in his own House, when he was present, purely that she might be revenged in an uncommon Manner; for as to cuckolding him otherwise, it was what she had made a Practice of, ever since she had been married. *Tom.* in a Word, undertook to do the Job, gave her necessary Instructions, and proceeded to compleat the Contrivance.

The old Dotard was as full as any one living, of the Notions of Spirits, and there was no Body could persuade him but his own House was infested with one of them: Madam, according to Direction, now fell in with his Whimsies, though she had before often incurred his Displeasure for laughing at them, and seemed as much convinced of Mr. *Ghost's* nightly Visitations, as he could wish. By this Compliance she won the old Gentleman's Heart, so far as to persuade him to disburse a little Money for the Cunning Man, who was now sufficiently famous, to come and lay the Spirit. Accordingly he was invited by Mr. *Miser's* Direction.

When the solemn Night was come, *Wilmot* appear'd: They desired him to perform his Operation as carefully as he could, which he promised to do, and then spoke as follows:

My Friends, in order to our doing every Thing as safely as possible, 'twill be proper for you both to lie down in a Circle with your Eyes bound, while I go through with the Charm: Above all, be sure not to stir nor speak, till I command you.

They consented, the old Man trembled, and his dear Wife sham'd over two or three Fits very artfully.

Up Stairs they go into the appointed Room: *Wilmot* makes a Circle, our loving Couple bind up each other's Eyes, and lie down it, yet so as not to touch one another. *Tom.* mutters over his *Abacadabra* three or four Times, then spoke to himself with a hollow Voice, and so continued responding, till the Spirit departed according to Form and Good-Manners.

The old Man, it has been observed, was not to move till commanded; so that *Tom.* and Madam had now a fair Opportunity of doing all that Love and Spite could prompt 'em to. We shall examine the Affair no further; but suppose they did all in their Power. The old Man got up when Mr. Conjuror ordered him, and slept afterwards, all his Life long, without any Dread of Spirits. All Parties were satisfy'd, and *Tom* wrote the following Lines on this Adventure.

*Let Sixty with Sixteen fortify
To seek those Joys it cannot share;
Confessing though the Fair explode,
Intreuing always is the Mode:
Some Way all Wives must have their Fill;
For Women will be Women still.*

Wilmot

Wilmot did not forget his Trade; for having by this Night's Work got sufficient Knowledge of the House, he took an Opportunity to rob it afterwards of Money and Plate enough to carry him out of the Country in a handsome Manner.

Tom. again followed his Trade so closely, that he found himself in great Danger, from the many Descriptions of his Person, that were sent all over the Kingdom, and the large Rewards that were offered daily, for apprehending him. He skulked about from Place to Place, but was in continual Fear, till at last he concluded, that it was no longer safe for him to continue in *England*. In this Opinion he gather'd together all his Substance, and took shipping for *France*, from whence he proceeded to *Switzerland*, as a Country more likely to conceal him.

Here he committed an Action, which from the general Account we have of it, appears to be the most bloody of his whole Life. We are told, that he broke into the House of an honest Country Gentleman, and murdered both him, his Wife, three Children, and a Maid-Servant, carrying off every Thing that was valuable, and getting it privately convey'd it out of the Country before the Tragedy was discovered. What makes this Story appear yet more horrible, is, That he staid in the same Province long enough to see two innocent Persons executed for this inhuman Fact.

Wilmot's Reign, after he returned into *England*, was but very short: One of the first Persons that he attempted to rob, was *George Villers*, late Duke of *Buckingham*, a Nobleman who made himself sufficiently famous by his Extravagancies in the last Age. He succeeded in that bold Adventure so far as to get off for the present, with above two hundred Guineas, but the Action made so much Noise, that it was not many Days before he was taken in the County of *Northampton*, where the Robbery was committed. At the next Assizes he was condemned, and on *Saturday* the 20th of *April*, 1671. was hanged, being thirty eight Years of Age.

The following Speech was taken in *Short-Hana* from his own Mouth, at the Place of Execution.

Friends and Countrymen,

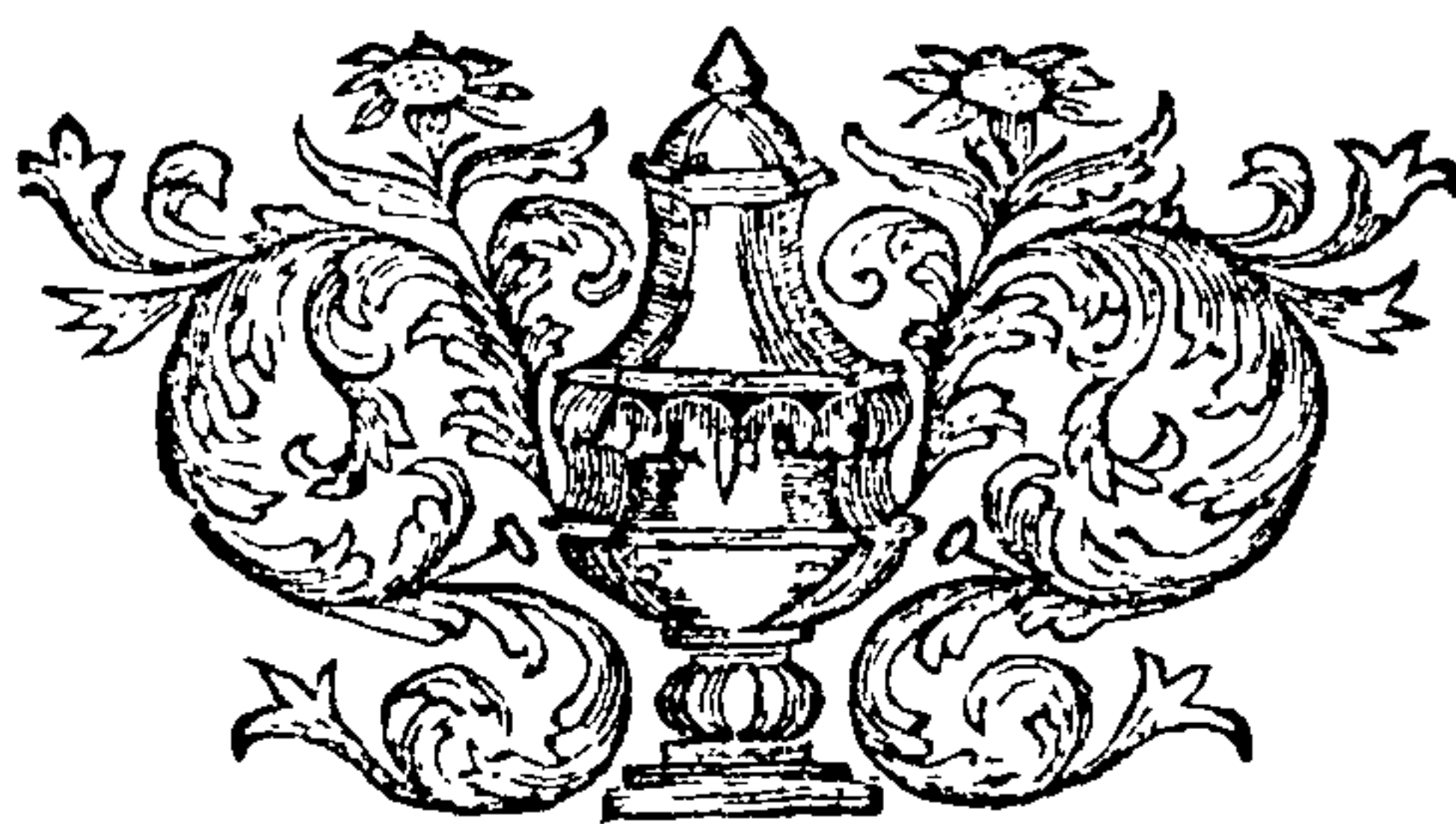
I Am come, by the Appointment of the Law, to suffer a shameful Death for the Crimes of which I stand convicted. The Laws are just, and I acquiesce in the Sentence pass'd upon me.

As the Vices of my Youth were the immediate Springs of all my irregular Actions since, and the unhappy Causes of my present Misfortune, I shall address a few Words to the Young, who are as yet under the Care of Parents or Masters, and have never been trusted with the Direction of their own Actions.

The Time of your Entrance into the World is the most important Part of your Lives: Look round you before you begin to give a Loose to your Inclinations, and take a View of Virtue and Vice in their proper Colours: Your Appetites are now very strong, and must be put under the Restraint of Reason, or they will certainly plunge you into Destruction.

Love, in particular, of the Fair-Sex, is now very powerful; and if it be not properly directed, will carry you headlong into such Circumstances, as you will never disengage yourself from: I speak this by Experience; it was to gratify this Inclination that I spent a good Estate, and reduced myself to such a Necessity as tempted me to the Way of Life, for which I am going to suffer.

It is not now a proper Time to make a long Discourse. The few Moments I have to live must be spent in pious Exercises of Devotion. A Word or two from a dying Man, 'tis to be hoped, will have more Effect than a tedious Harangue from one who may be suspected of pursuing the Interest of this Life. Pray earnestly for my Departing Soul, and remember to follow my Advice, but not my Example.



The

The LIFE of ISAAC ATKINSON.

THIS unhappy Person is a plain Instance, how far a vicious Disposition will prevail over the most liberal Education; and that no Rules of Morality are sufficient to restrain a Mind not formed to receive them.

I would not seem to intimate that the divine Being has withheld the Power of being virtuous from any one of his Creatures; what I mean by a vicious Disposition, and a Mind not formed to receive the Dictates of Morality, is only that Habit and Temper of the Soul contracted in a Person's Infancy, from his beholding Things at first in a wrong Light, which it generally afterwards requires more Pains to divest ourselves of, than we are willing to take. This ought to caution Parents against suffering their Children to discover any Pleasure at seeing or hearing such Things as tend to corrupt their Inclinations; for 'tis frequently the being indulged in such a wrong Sort of Satisfaction, that makes the Occasion seem delightful, and encourages them in Time to practice what they were so young pleased with the Rehearsal of.

Isaac Atkinson was the only Son of a Gentleman of a good Estate at Faringdon in Berkshire: His Father took Care to put him to the most celebrated Schools in the Country, where, with the Doctrines, he imbib'd the Vices, which are too apt to prevail in large Seminaries. At sixteen Years of Age he was sent to *Brazen-Nose College* in Oxford, together with others of his School-Fellows, where he soon learned to rail at the Statutes of the University, and lampoon the Rulers; to wear his Cloaths after the Mode; to curse his Tutor, and sell his Books: In a Word, he forgot in the second Year after his Admittance, what for Form's sake he had condescended to learn in the first, concluding still, That he had Knowledge enough for himself and his Posterity after him for ever.

Whilst he was in this famous Academy, his Father came to see him, and to enquire how he improved. As the old Gentleman himself had some superficial Learning, he thought he could examine him the better: Son, says he, *what Book do you read most?* Isaac looked as demurely as an Innocent of five Years old, answer'd, *Tully, Sir.* — *A very good Book, indeed, Son,* replied the Father almost transported, *but are you perfect in it? Do you understand what you read? I believe,* said Isaac, *I do, Sir, at least I endeavour to understand as much as I can; for there is scarce a Day passes over my Head, but I read several Pages of that excellent Author.* The old Gentleman was so well satisfied with his Son's Responses, that he could almost have eat him up for Joy; and that such a hopeful young Man might not want suitable Encouragement, he put five Broad-Pieces of Gold privately between the Leaves of his *Tully*, that he might find them the next Time he read his favourite Author; and then departed with Tears in his Eyes.

No sooner had the overjoy'd Parent taken his Leave, but our graceless young Academician forgot both him, and the old Roman Orator at the same Instant, and fell into the Pursuit of his Pleasures again as usual.

N^o. 15.

In about half a Year's Time comes the 'Squire again to visit his dear Child, and give him such farther Encouragement as might be needful: *Well Isaac,* says he, *and how do Tully and you agree now? O never better, Sir, never better: We have conversed together every Day since you have been gone: I have perused him not only with a great Deal of Delight, but also with Abundance of Profit.* The old Gentleman hugged himself at hearing the Word Profit, concluding that it alluded to the five Broad-Pieces. He was at the same Time charmed with his Son's fine gentle Way of returning him Thanks. Never were more Endearments between Father and Son, than now passed between Isaac and the good old 'Squire. They drank a Bottle together, talk'd over all the Affairs of the Country; and the old Man repeated it an hundred Times, that it was the greatest Comfort of his Age that he had so deserving a Son to leave in Possession of his Wealth: Telling him, that his Estate was free from all Incumbrances, that there was so many hundred Pounds Worth of Timber upon it, and that he did not Question but it would be deliver'd down to Posterity with very considerable Improvements from the Industry of a Son so promising.

'Twas now Time for the good old Man to depart, and he was resolv'd to double his Benevolence, as he believed his Son had done his Diligence. To this End he took an Opportunity of slipping into young Isaac's Study. Down comes dusty *Tully* for the first Time these six Months, and out tumbles the Broad Pieces. *Isaac, you graceless young Dog, come hither:* Poor Isaac was within hearing, and almost frightened out of his Wits to hear the old Gentleman call in such a Passion: He goes trembling, and was saluted with, *Are not you a lying Son of a Whore? My Mother knows that best, Father,* quoth Isaac. — *Your Mother knows! But are not you an impudent Puppy to tell me that you have read Tully every Day in my Absence, when here's visible Proof that you have never touch'd him since I was here last, and put this Money between the Leaves?* With that the old Gentleman turned about upon his Heel, and left our young Student in the utmost Confusion: He scratched his Head, and called himself an unfortunate poor Devil an hundred Times over: Not so much for his having given just Occasion for his Father's Anger, as because he had missed the Money, which, he said, would have done several pretty Things, and have pleas'd him better than reading *Tully* or any other Book in his Collection.

Every one may imagine the Grief, which the good old Gentleman went through: There was no Hopes, after such a Discovery as this, that his Son would ever get any Advantage by being at School; so that, though he would have given half his Estate to make young Isaac what in Reality what he once took him to be, he thought 'twas better to take him Home, and employ him in the Management of his rural Affairs, than suffer him to spend such a large Income to no Purpose. Accordingly he sent to the Heads of the College, and procur'd his Discharge, taking him

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now into his own Care, and constituting him Steward in Ordinary.

Had there been the least Spark of Grace left in young *Atkinson*, his Father's Indulgence in not punishing his Neglect at the University more severely, must have had some Effect on him, and have made him at least more dourful for the future; but he had hardened himself before he was aware, against every tender Sentiment, as 'tis frequently the Case with young Extravagants; so that this Removal from the Accademy was but the Forerunner of greater Misfortunes to this unhappy Youth. In the Country he gave himself up to all Manner of Sports and Diversions, to the entire Neglect of his Father's Affairs. Nor did he only pursue Pastimes, in themselves innocent, to Excess; but abandoned himself to all Manner of lawless Delights: Not a Maid-Servant could live with the old Gentleman for the Son's Importunity, unless she gave up her Honour to his Desires: Not a handsome Wife or Daughter in the Neighbourhood, but either submitted to his Pleasure or complained of him to his Father. The Scandal of these Things was not all; for the old Gentleman perceived (what with Bastard Children, and paying for other mischievous Actions, besides a continual Round of Expences,) he should let his Son spend all the Substance of the Family before his Eyes, unless he found some Way to put a Stop to these unwarrantable Courses.

The last Resource of an injured abused Father, was the only one left for poor old *Atkinson*, which was to turn his only Son out of Doors, and disinherit him. This to be sure was hard Work to a Parent, who hardly knew till lately, what it was to be angry with his Child. However, after frequent unsuccessful Remonstrances, rather than be entirely ruined, he put the first Part of this Sentence in Execution upon him, and threatened him very hardly with the other; though in his Mind he was determined to defer it, till he saw what Effect his Exile would have upon *Isaac's* Behaviour.

Now was our young Hero turned into the wide World, with but a very small Matter of Money in his Pocket, and not a Friend to apply to; such was the Character which his Extravagancies had procured him amongst his Relations. These desperate Circumstances determined him, when the little he had was gone, to get possessed of more by any Means whatsoever, whether lawful or unlawful. As to the procuring a Subsistence in a lawful Manner, he saw no Prospect of it; for he had no Notion of turning his Mind to Business, which is generally the unhappy Case of reduced Gentlemen. His Necessity would not permit him to be long in Suspence; so the first Prize that he could think of carrying off with Impunity was condemned to his Use. It happened to be a Robbery of the merriest Sort; and therefore we shall relate it the more particularly.

A Nobleman of a very large Estate, whose Head was not turn'd for Contrivance, and who was consequently not fit for the Court, spent most of his Time at his Country Seat, in the Embraces of his Wife, a beautiful young Lady altogether as foolish as himself. His House was pretty far from any Town or Village, and *Atkinson* had got his Lordship's Character pretty perfectly, both with Respect to his Fortune, and his Wit. *Isaac* went in the Day Time to take a View of the Place, when he beheld several Ladders lying in the Court Yard, which had been left by Bricklayers, who had lately repaired his Lordship's Mansion. This immediately put the Thought of a Scalado into his Head, which he accordingly perform'd as follows:

About Midnight he comes again as silently as he was able, and observing the Window where there appeared most Light; he chose out a Ladder which he thought would reach it, and ascended. The Wind blow'd so much, as to render the little Noise he made undistinguishable. When he came to the Window, he soon found himself right, by the Con-

versation which he heard between my Lord and his Lady. He had not been there many Minutes before an amorous Fit seiz'd his Honour, and he mounted the Saddle for the Performance of Family Duty: Though his Lordship was in a Road, which he had travelled so often in before, yet he could not readily find his Way: Upon which *Atkinson* heard him say, *I vow, Madam, I would give the Five Hundred Pounds, which I received to Day of my Tennant, Goodman Reynolds, and which now lies in my Escritoire, provided I could have your Tow-wow mov'd but one Inch higher.* This our Adventurer thought was enough for one Night; so he descended the Ladder, put it in its Place, and went away.

Early the next Morning *Atkinson* goes again, and loiters about his Lordship's House, till he saw his Honour and all his Men-Servants ride out a Hunting. Near the same Time he observed also that two or three of the Maids came out, and went, as he supposed, towards the next Market-Town. Now he thought the Coast was clear, so up to the Door he goes, and knocks very boldly. Who should come but the Chamber-Maid? for there was no Body at Home but the Lady, her Chamber-Maid, and Cook-Maid. She demanded his Business, and he told her he was come with a special Message from the Earl, which he must deliver to no Body but my Lady. The Maid perceiving both by his Dress, and Mien, that he had the Appearance of a Gentleman, she went and Acquainted her Lady with the Matter, who being in Bed, order'd the Messenger to be brought up into her Chamber.

I make no doubt but the Reader will think the remaining Part of this Story very odd, and perhaps a little improbable. However, if he considers the Characters of the Persons concern'd in the Adventure, he will find nothing related but what may be supposed to have been really acted. *Boccace, La Fontaine*, and other celebrated Writers have met with universal Applause for Histories less reconcileable to Truth than this. But, be that as it will, no reasonable Man can be angry with an Author for giving what he has received. The Writers of the Lives of Highwaymen who have gone before, are a sufficient Apology for this and many other unaccountable Relations, which must of necessity be interspersed in this Work. A Reader that cannot relish these Passages, will find enough for his Diversion without them, and those who have a pretty deal of Faith may easily stretch it to our Standard. At least what will not pass for real Truth, may please by the same Rules as many of our modern Novels, which are so much admired.

No sooner had *Atkinson* entered the Lady's Chamber, and she demanded his Business; but he said as follows: *Madam, your Ladyship must understand that I am by Profession a Tow-wow Setter, and having the Good-Fortune to meet your Lordship just now, he gave me Orders to come and remove yours one Inch higher than it is at present. For which you are to give me five hundred Pounds out of his Lordship's Escritoire.* Circumstances agreed so well with what her Lord had said over-Night in the Midst of their Embraces, that the poor Innocent believing every Tittle, made this Reply, *O dear! my Lord was talking of such a Thing last Night; and are you then the Tow-wow Setter?* — *Yes Madam,* quoth *Isaac*, *I am he, instead of a better.* — *Why then,* said the Lady, *you may come, Sir; and do your Work as soon as you please, since 'tis his Lordship's Order, and I'll pay you accordingly.* — *Isaac*, upon this, undressed himself, and went into Bed. The Reader must dispense with a particular Account of his Procedure: 'Tis sufficient that he performed his Office in the best Manner, so that a Lady of the prime Quality in *England* had no Room to complain. When the Operation was over he arose, dressed himself, pulled all the Bed-cloaths off at Feet, then put her Ladyship's Smoak over her Face, and said, *You must lie in that Posture, Madam, for two Hours,*

Hours, that my Endeavours may have the desired Effect. The Lady promised to observe punctually what he enjoin'd her, and directed him where he should take the five hundred Pounds himself, which he instantly secured.

We are farther told, that as soon as he came out of the Lady's Chamber, her Chamber-Maid pulled him by the Sleeve, and said: *Sir, I understand you are a Tow-wow Setter; now Thomas the Coachman has informed me, that mine is not as it should be; if, therefore, you could rectify it a little, I would willingly give you all the Money that I have by me, which is about twenty Pounds. You'll please to consider, Sir, the Difference between my Lady and me: Twenty Pounds is more in my Pocket than five hundred in hers.* — Atkinson was willing to make all he could of his Trade, while he had one; and therefore did not use many Words, but having received the Money, laid Mrs. Abigail down upon the Head of the Stair-Case, and did her Business. As soon as he had done, he threw her Petticoats and Shift over her Face, and gave her the same Directions as he did the Lady, which she as punctually promised to follow.

The History informs us, that after this he had another Job with the Cook-Maid, who, as well as the Chamber-Maid, had listened to all that passed between him and the Lady; and thereupon conceived that her Tow-wow, forsooth, was out of Order also. Having learn'd, *Sir*, quoth she, *what your Occupation is, I should be very glad to employ you in the same Manner as my Lady and Abigail have done, if you would be so kind and charitable as to accept of five Pounds for the Performance, which is all I have in the World, being but a poor inferiour Servant.* Quoth Isaac, *I don't make a common Practice of rectifying Tow-wows for such a small Sum; however, I consider your Circumstances, and as what I shall perform may be of Service to you, I would not deny such a Favour, if you had nothing to bestow.* The Girl was ravished with his Generosity, and pressed him very hard to accept of what she had, which he did, and laid her upon a Dresser, and did his Office. After the Work was over, he put her in the same Position as Madam and Abigail were in before, giving her the same Orders. Just as he was going away, he saw a Calf's Skin under the Table, the Tail of which he cut off, and put one End of it into her Tow-wow, leaving the other Half out, with a Pretence that it would better the Operation.

Our Artist had not been departed many Minutes from the House before the Right Honourable Cuckold came Home from his Diversion, upon Account of a sudden Rain that had interrupted the Pastime. A long Time he knock'd at the Door, and no Body appear'd; for though they all heard within, not one of them would stir for fear all their Money should be bestow'd in vain, as they really believ'd it would be unless they punctually observed every Particular of what the Tow-wow Setter had commanded. At last his Lordship began to be in a Passion: *What*, quoth he, *can be the Meaning of all this? I hope no Rogues have robb'd the House in my Absence, and bound my Lady and the Servants.* Here Jack, get through the Kitchen Window, and come round, and let us in. Accordingly Jack got into the Kitchen, where seeing the Cook-Maid lying in that strange Posture, with the Calf's Tail hanging out of her Tow-wow, he baul'd out, before he could open the Door: *Oh, my Lord! my Lord! Our Cook-Maid Nell is with Calf.* — *With Calf!* says his Lordship, *you silly Dog, come and open the Door that we may see what you mean.* As soon as his Lordship enter'd, and cast his Eyes upon poor Nell, 'Zounds, quoth he, *why the Bitch is with Calf indeed, I think.* Pr'ythee, Jack, try if you can't pull it from her. — Jack pulled with such Violence, that he fell backwards upon his Breech, crying out, *Here's the Tail, my Lord, but we have left the Calf behind.*

My Lord proceeded to the Stair-Head, where he beheld the Chamber-Maid in the same Condition. *What the Devil*, says he, *is there more of you with Calf?* While he spoke, he rais'd her up, and gave her such a Kick, as sent her to the Bottom of the Stairs. Going directly forwards to my Lady's Chamber, he was no sooner enter'd, but her Ladyship began to cry out: *Pray, my Lord, don't disturb me, before my two Hours are expir'd.* *What two Hours does the Woman mean?* his Lordship replied a little hastily. Madam answer'd very coolly, *The Tow-wow Setter has been here, according to your Lordship's Orders, and has set mine an Inch higher than it was, according to your Wish. I have given him the five hundred Pounds, which you had set apart for that Purpose, and he is this Minute gone.* At naming the five hundred Pounds, his Honour was ready to run mad: He rav'd, he stamp'd, he cursed, he swore, he called his Wife a filly Whore, and all the hard Words, and ill-natur'd Phrases that are to be met with, were levelled at her.

The only Method of Revenge that was left his Lordship was to pursue the Impostor, and seize him. To this End, he ordered all the Horses that were just come from Hunting to be brought out again, and having got as good a Description of Isaac as he could, away he rides one Way, sends a Servant another, and, in a Word, ordered every one of his Domesticks in such a Manner, that it was next to impossible for poor Atkinson to escape.

The Manner how our Adventurer got out of this Scrape is as odd as any Part of the Story. His Lordship happened to take the right Road, and Isaac saw him at a Distance, and guess'd his Business. What was now to be done? A lusty old Woman was going along on the Field Side of the Hedge, that fenced the Road, with a large Truss of Straw on her Back. Immediately Isaac went over to her, and told her, he would give her a Guinea, if she would lie down instantly, under her Straw, so as to be concealed, and let him put his Finger into her Tow-wow. He pulled out the Guinea, and the old Woman ask'd no Questions; so that all was right when the Earl came up. His Lordship seeing a Man sit with his Hand under a Truss of Straw, did not suspect him to be the Tow-wow Setter, but very innocently ask'd him, whether he did not see such a Man come that Way in Haste? Adding withal, that he had been robb'd, and was in Pursuit of the Villain. Isaac replied, *Yes, Sir, I saw a Man make into that Wood yonder, every Part of which, I know as well as I do my Right Hand from my Left.* If you think you can bring him to me, says his Lordship, I'll lend you my Horse; and give you fifty Guineas for your Pains, if you succeed. Isaac excused himself by saying he had a Cask of Vinegar under that Straw, the Cork of which was lost; so that he was obliged to stop the Hole with his Finger, till a Friend who was gone to the next Village, came back with another Cork.

His Lordship immediately proffer'd the Use of his Finger, till either Isaac, or his Friend returned; so without examining any Thing, he suffered our Arch-Wag to direct it to the proper Place. No sooner was he fix'd, but Isaac mounted his Horse, and rode Post after Mr. Tow-wow Setter. A long Time his Lordship waited in vain, till the old Woman happen'd to break Wind: So, quoth his Honour, *there's one Hoop broke already.* Again the old Woman discharg'd her Flatus. *There goes another*, says my Lord. *The Devil, I shall have all the Man's Vinegar run out, before he comes back.* At these Words the old Woman burst out a laughing; and his Lordship suddenly turned the Straw off the Cask: But how was he surpriz'd, when he perceived what Sort of a Bung his Finger had been in all this while? In short, his little Glimmering of Sense now inform'd him, that he had let the Bird fly, which he should have secured, and so he returned quietly home without either Money or Horse.

Thus

Thus have we gone thro' one of the most extravagant, and yet one of the merriest Stories that are any where to be met with. The only Remark we shall make upon it, is, That it gives a just and lively Picture of the brutal Ignorance that reigns in some Minds, and makes them liable to be every Day grossly imposed on.

After this extraordinary Success in *Tow-woe* Setting, *Atkinson* came up to *London*, where the Vices of the Place soon drained him of all his Money. Now was he so put to his Shifts again, that he was obliged to return into the Country, where he committed several petty Robberies to support him till he came to his Father's House. He had been long sensible that he must never expect to re-enter those once hospitable Doors with his Father's Consent, at least till he had given manifest Proof of a thorough Reformation.

To enter the Windows therefore, without asking any Leave at all, was now his Resolution. In order to this, he skulk'd about unobserv'd till the Family was gone to Bed, and then very easily got into the Kitchen, as there were no Shutters to oppose him. He found Means here to get possessed of about fifty Pounds in Silver, and one hundred and twenty broad Pieces of Gold; five of the latter, he wrapped up in a Copy of Verses, which were ready written in his Pocket, and put them into his Father's clasped Bible. The Verses were:

*Sir, you your Son did often bully,
Because he never read in Tully;
What Parents teach they ought to practise,
And I confess your Test exact is;
'Tis just to turn it on yourself:
Your Bible stands upon the Shelf;
The Gold is yours, if you unfold it;
Else I shall find the dear Deposit,
Safe in a Place by all forgotten,
When you, good Man, are dead and rotten.*

What a graceless, hopeless young Heir was here! first to rob his Father, and then to banter him in this ludicrous Manner. Any one may imagine what was the Consequence of all this, as soon as the old Gentleman discovered the Writing. A Lawyer was sent for, and the Estate was given, after old *Atkinson's* Demise, to a near Kinsman, who had a very large Income before, and knew how to make Use of it to his own Advantage, as well as any Man in *England*. Shortly after this, the old Gentleman died with Grief, and *Isaac* had the Mortification to see another in Possession of what he had forfeited by his Extravagancies.

Besides the Money, he took the best Horse in his Father's Stable to bring him to *London*. It happened to be Sunday when he came through *Uxbridge*, and a Whim came into his Head, that he would put up his Horse, and go to Church. The Parson took for his Text these Words of the Apostle *Paul*, *For ye know that the Day of the Lord cometh as a Thief in the Night*, 1 Thes. v. 2. The Sermon was full of zealous and pious Exhortations to a timely Preparation for the great and terrible Day; so that any Man less harden'd in Impiety than *Atkinson* was, must have gone away deeply affected. But he, instead of that made it his Business to dog the Parson Home after Church was done; and was very well pleased when he saw him go across the Fields alone, About half a Mile out of Town *Isaac* stops the Reverend Priest, and demands his Money. The good Man was sufficiently surpris'd, and desir'd to know his Meaning. *I mean*, says *Isaac*, *to let you know that all Thieves do not come in the Night; so the next Time you preach, you may tell the People, That the Day of the Lord cometh like a Thief at Noon, which, in my Opinion is a much better Simile. For at Night we are apt to expect Thieves; but who the Devil ever fear'd being robbed at Noon-Day so near a Town?* The Parson, notwithstanding his Logick,

was obliged to concede both to his Argument and Demand. A good Silver-Watch, and about one Pound eighteen Shillings were deliver'd. After which *Atkinson* carried his Reverence as far as he could out of the Path, and there bound him, and left him, while he got off towards *London* unsuspected.

Another Time he met with the famous Noy, Attorney-General to King *Charles I.* on Horseback; as he knew him very well, he was resolved to accost him in his own Language: *Sir*, says he, *I have a Writ of Capias ad Computandum against you, which requires an Account of all the Money in your Pocket.* Noy was a merry Man naturally, and he was sure it would do him little Service to be sour upon this Occasion, so he pleasantly ask'd our Desperado by what Authority he acted. *Isaac*, upon this, pulled out a Brace of Pistols, and told him, *That those Weapons had as much Authority in them, as any Tipstaff in England, which he should be convinced of, if he made any Delays.* The Attorney-General had no more to say, but very contentedly gave him a Purse well lin'd, and then they parted with mutual Compliments.

Atkinson was in general the greatest Plague to the Lawyers of any Highwayman that ever was in *England*. He had the Impudence to follow the Circuits, and rob all of that Profession that ever came in his Way. It is reported that once in less than eight Months, he stopped above one hundred and sixty Attorneys only in the County of *Norfolk*, and took from them upwards of three thousand Pounds. He was so intrepid as frequently to assault three, four, or five Men himself, and so successful as always to escape, 'till the unfortunate Action that brought him to *Tyburn*. But almost all our celebrated Robbers have been taken in a very silly Manner.

He met a Marker-Woman upon *Turnham-Green*, with a Bag of Half-Pence in her Lap. He ey'd the Bag as he pass'd by her, and supposing it to be a larger Booty, than it really was, return'd and bid her deliver. The Woman being of a bold daring Spirit, immediately toss'd the Bag over a Hedge on the Road Side, and made the best of her Way towards *Brentford*. *Atkinson* thought it much better to secure the Money, than to be revenged on the Woman; so alighting, and hanging his Horse's Bridle to a Stump, he went over the Hedge. It seems the Horse had taken a Fancy to the poor Woman's Mare, for he instantly got loose, and ran after her, neighing, and snuffing up the Wind. The Marker-Woman look'd back, and observed the Particulars, which she related as soon as she came into *Brentford*. Half a Score Men immediately went out after poor *Isaac*, and it was not long before they found him in a Field, unable to make his Escape by Reason of a great Pair of Jack-Boots, which he could not get off; nor had he any Knife to cut them down. When he saw himself surrounded, he pulled out several Pocket Pistols, and discharged them; so that he killed four of the Men on the Spot, and afterwards mortally wounded another with a Hanger, which he wore by his Side. But there were still enough left to secure him, which at last they did.

Being carried before a Magistrate, he was committed to *Newgate*, where, and at the *Old-Bailey*, he behaved with intolerable Insolence. After Condemnation, he continued to scoff at the Ordinary, and turn all his wholesome Admonitions into Ridicule.

When the Day for his Execution was come, he desperately stabbed himself with a Pen-Knife; but the Wound not proving Mortal, he was afterwards carried to *Tyburn*, and hang'd in the Year 1640. being 26 Years of Age.

As he was such a noted Highwayman, and was besides known to be a Gentleman, and a Scholar, it was generally expected he would at least have left a Speech behind him in Writing; but instead of that, he only stood up at the Gallows, and said, *Gentlemen, there's nothing like a merry Life, and a short one.*

The LIFE of Colonel JACK.

IN this Account of the Life of Colonel *Jack*, as written by himself, there is Room for just and copious Observations on the Blessings and Advantages of a sober and a well-govern'd Education, and the Ruins of many thousands of Youths of all Kinds for want of it : Also how much Publick-Schools and Charities might be improv'd to prevent the Destruction of so many unhappy Children, as in this City are every Year bred up for the Gallows. The miserable Condition of unfortunate Children, many of whose natural Tempers are docible, and would lead them to learn the best Things rather than the worst, are truly deplorable, and is abundantly seen in the History of this Man's Childhood, where though Circumstances form'd him by Necessity to be a Thief, a strange Rectitude of Principles remain'd with him, and made him early abhor the worst Part of his Trade, and at last wholly leave it off. If he had come into the World with the Advantages of Education, and been well-instructed how to improve the generous Principles he had in him, what a Man might he not have been ?

The various Turns of his Fortune in the World, make a delightful Field for the Reader to wander in. Every wicked Reader will be here encouraged to a Change, and it will appear, that the best and only good End of a wicked mispent Life is Repentance. While these Things, and such as these are the End and Designs of the Undertakers of this present Book, I think no Apology need be made for any single Life, No, nor for the whole, if discouraging every Thing that is evil, and encouraging every Thing which is virtuous and good : I say, if these appear to be the Scope and Design of publishing such Stories, no Objection can be against it, neither is it of the least Moment to inquire whether the Colonel hath told his own Story true or not. If he has made it a History, or a Parable, it will be equally useful and capable of doing good, and in that it recommends itself without any further Introduction.

Seeing my Life has been such a Chequer-Work of Nature, and that I am able now to look back upon it, from a safer Distance, than is ordinary to the Fate of the Clan, to which I once belong'd, I think my History may find a Place in the World, as well as some, who I see are every Day read with Pleasure, though they have in them nothing so diverting or instructing, as I believe mine will appear to be.

My Original may be as high as any Bodies, for ought I know ; for my Mother kept very good Company ; but that Part belongs to her Story more than to mine : All I know of it is by oral Tradition thus : My Nurse told me my Mother was a Gentlewoman ; that my Father was a Man of Quality, and she (my Nurse) had a good Piece of Money given her to take me off his Hands, and deliver him and my Mother from the Importunities that usually attend the Misfortune of having a Child to keep that should not be seen or heard of.

My Father, it seems, gave my Nurse something more than was agreed for, at my Mother's Request, upon her solemn Promise, that she would use me well, and let me be put to School ; and charged her, that if I lived to come to any Bigness, capable to understand the Meaning of it, she should always take Care to bid me remember, that I was a Gentleman ;

and this, he said, was all the Education he would desire of her for me ; for he did not doubt, but that some Time or other, the very Hint would inspire me with Thoughts suitable to my Birth ; and that I would certainly act like a Gentleman, if I believ'd myself to be so.

But my Disasters were not directed to end as soon as they began ; 'tis very seldom that the unfortunate are so but for a Day, as the Great rise by Degrees of Greatness to the Pitch of Glory in which they shine, so the miserable sink to the Depth of their Misery by a continued Series of Disasters, and are long in the Tortures and Agonies of their distressed Circumstances before a Turn of Fortune, if ever such a Thing happens to them, gives them a Prospect of Deliverance.

My Nurse was as honest to the Engagement she had enter'd into, as could be expected from one of her Employment ; and particularly as honest as her Circumstances would give her Leave to be ; for she bred me up very carefully with her own Son, and with another Son of Shame, like me, who she had taken upon the same Terms.

My Name was *John*, as she told me ; but neither she nor I knew any Thing of a Surname that belonged to me ; so that I was left to call myself Mr. any Thing what I pleased, as Fortune and better Circumstances should give Occasion. It happen'd, that her own Son (for she had a little Boy about one Year older than I) was called *John* too, and about two Years after, she took another Son of Shame, as I call'd it above, to keep, as she did me, and his Name was *John* too. But my Nurse, who may be allow'd to distinguish her own Son a little from the rest, would have him call'd Captain, because forsooth he was the Eldest.

I was provok'd at having this Boy called Captain, and cried and told my Nurse I would be called Captain ; for she told me I was a Gentleman, and I would be a Captain, that I would. The good Woman, to keep the Peace, told me, *Ay, ay, I was a Gentleman, and therefore I should be above a Captain, for I should be a Colonel, and that was a great Deal better than a Captain : For, my Dear, say, she, every Tar-paulin, if he gets but to be Lieutenant of a Press-Smack, is call'd Captain ; but Colonels are Soldiers, and none but Gentlemen are ever made Colonels : Besides, says she, I have known Colonels come to be Lords, and Generals though they were Bastards at first ; and therefore you shall be call'd Colonel.* Well I was hush'd indeed, with this for the present, but not thoroughly pleased, till a little while after, I heard her tell her own Boy, that I was a Gentleman ; and therefore he must call me Colonel ; at which her Boy fell a Crying, and he would be called Colonel too ; so then I was satisfy'd that it was above a Captain. So universally is Ambition seated in the Minds of Men, that not a Beggar Boy, but has his Share of it. Before I tell you much more of our Story, it would be very proper to give something of our several Characters, as I have gather'd them up in my Memory, as far back as I can recover Things either of myself, or my Brother *Jacks*, and they shall be brief and Impartial.

Capt. *Jack*, the Eldest of us all by a whole Year, was a squat, big, strong made Boy, and promised to be stout when grown up to be a Man, but not tall.

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He was an original Rogue; for he would do the foulest and most villainous Things even by his own Inclination; he had no Taste or Sense of being honest, no not even to his Brother Rogues, which is what other Thieves make a Point of Honour of; I mean that of being honest to one another.

Major *Jack* was a merry, facetious, pleasant Boy, and had something of a Gentleman in him: He had a true manly Courage, fear'd nothing, and yet, if he had the Advantage, was the most compassionate Creature alive, and wanted nothing but Honesty to have made him an excellent Man. He had learnt to write and read very well, as you will find in the Process of this Story.

As to myself, I pass'd among my Comrades for a bold resolute Boy; but I had a different Opinion of myself; and therefore shun'd fighting as much as I could. I was wary and dexterous at my Trade, and was not so often caught as my Fellow-Rogues. I mean while I was a Boy, and never after I came to be a Man, no not once for twenty six Years, being so old in the Trade, and still unhang'd.

I was almost ten Years old, the Captain eleven, and the Major eight, when our good old Nurse died, her Husband was drown'd a little before in the *Gloucester* Frigate, which was cast away going to *Scotland* with the Duke of *York*, in the Reign of King *Charles II.* and the honest Woman dying very poor, the Parish was obliged to bury her. The good Woman being dead, we were turned loose to the World, rambling about all three together, and the People in *Rosemary-Lane* and *Ratcliffe*, knowing us pretty well, we got Victuals easy enough; as for Lodging, we lay in the Summer-Time on Bulk-Heads, and at Shop-doors, as for a Bed, we knew nothing what belong'd to it for many Years after my Nurse died; but in Winter got into the Ash-Holes, and Nealing-Arches in the Glass-Houses, where we were accompanied by several Youngsters like ourselves; some of whom persuaded the Captain to go a Kid-napping with them, a Trade at that Time much followed: The Gang used to catch Children in the Evening, stop their Mouths, and carry them to such Houses, where they had Rogues ready to receive them, who put them on Board Ships bound to *Virginia*, and when they arrived there, they were sold. This wicked Gang were at last taken, and sent to *Newgate*; and Capt. *Jack*, among the rest, though he was not then much above thirteen Years old, and being but a Lad, was ordered to be three Times whipped at *Bridewell*, the Recorder telling him, it was done in order to keep him from the Gallows: We did what we could to comfort him; but he was scourged so severely, that he lay sick for a good while; but as soon as he regain'd his Liberty, he went to his old Gang, and kept among them as long as that Trade lasted; for it ceased a few Years afterwards.

The Major and I, though very young, had sensible Impressions made on us for some Time by the severe Usage of the Captain; but it was within the Year, that the Major, a good-condition'd easy Body was wheedled away by a Couple of young Rogues to take a Walk with them. The Gentlemen were very well matched for the oldest of them was not above fourteen, the Business was to go to *Bartholomew-Fair*, and the End of going there was to pick Pockets.

The Major knew nothing of the Trade, and therefore was to do nothing, but they promised him a share with them, for all that, as if he had been as expert as themselves; so away they went. The two dexterous Rogues managed it so well, that by about eight o'Clock at Night, they came back to our dusty Quarters at the Glass-House, and sitting them down in a Corner, they began to share their Spoil by the Light of the Glass-House Fire: The Major lugg'd out the Goods, for as fast as they made any Purchase, they unloaded themselves, and gave all to him, that if they had been taken, nothing might be found about them. It was a Devilish lucky Day to them;

the Devil certainly assisting them to find their Prey, that he might draw in a young Gamester, and encourage him to the Undertaking, who had been made backward before by the Misfortune of the Captain. The List of their Purchase the first Night was as follows:

1. *A white Handkerchief from a Country Wench, as she was staring up at a Jack-Pudding: There was three Shillings and Six-Pence, and a Row of Pins tied up in one End of it.*
2. *A coloured Handkerchief out of a young Country Fellow's Pocket, as he was buying a China Orange.*
3. *A Ribband-Purse with eleven Shillings and three Pence, and a Silver Thimble in it, out of a young Woman's Pocket, just as a Fellow offered to pick her up. — N. B. She mis'd her Purse presently; but not seeing the Thief, charged the Man with it that would have pick'd her up, and cried out, A Pick-pocket! and he fell into the Hands of the Mob, but being known in the Street, he got off with great Difficulty.*
4. *A Knife and Fork that a Couple of Boys had just bought, and were going Home with; the young Rogue that took it, got it within the Minute after the Boy had put into his Pocket.*
5. *A little Silver-Box with Seven Shillings in it, all in small Silver, 1 d. 2 d. 3 d. 4 d. Pieces.*
6. *Two Silk Handkerchiefs.*
7. *A Fointed-Baby, and a little Looking-Glass, stoln off a Toy-Seller's Stall in the Fair.*

All this Cargo to be brought Home clear in one Afternoon, or Evening rather, and by only two little Rogues, so young, was; it must be confessed, extraordinary; and the Major was elevated the next Day to a strange Degree; for he came to me very early, and called me out into a narrow Lane, and shewed me almost his little hand full of Money. I was surpriz'd at the Sight, when he puts it up again, and bringing his Hand out, *Here, says he, you shall have some of it,* and gives me a Six-Pence and a Shilling's Worth of the small Silver Pieces. This was very welcome to me, who never had a Shilling of Money together before in all my Life, that I could call my own. I was very earnest to know how he came by this Wealth; he quickly told me the Story; and that he had for his Share Seven Shillings and Six-Pence in Money, the Silver-Thimble, and a Silk-Handkerchief.

We went to *Rag-Fair*, and bought each of us, a Pair of Shoes and Stockings, and afterwards went to a Boiling Cooks in *Rosemary-Lane*, where we treated ourselves nobly; for we had boil'd Beef, Pudding, a Penny-Brick, and a Pint of Strong-Beer, which cost us Seven-Pence in all. That Night the Major triumph'd in our new Enjoyment, and slept in the usual Place, with an undisturb'd Repose: The next Day the Major and his Comrades went abroad again, and were still successful, nor did any Disaster attend them for many Months; and by frequent Imitation and Direction, Major *Jack* became as dexterous a Pick-Pocket as any of them, and went through a long Variety of Fortune, too long to enter upon now, because I am hast'ning to my own Story, which at present is the main Thing I have to set down.

Overcome by the Persuasions of the Major, I enter'd myself into his Society, and went down to *Bil-lingsgate* with one of them; which was crouded with Masters of Coal-Ships, Fish-Mongers, and Oyster-Women. It was the first of these People my Comrade had his Eye upon: So he gives me my Orders, which was thus: *Go you, says he, into all the Ale-Houses as we go along; and observe where any People are telling of Money; and when you find any, come and tell me.* So he stood at the Door, and I went into the Houses. As the Collier-Masters generally

rally sell their Coals at the Gate, as they call it; so they generally receive their Money in those Ale-Houses, and it was not long before I brought him Word of several: Upon this, he went in and made his Observations; but found nothing to his Purpose. At length I brought him Word, that there was a Man in such a House, who had received a great Deal of Money of somebody, I believed, of several People; and that it lay all upon the Table in Heaps, and he was very busy writing down the Sums, and putting it up in several Bags: *Is he, says he, I'll warrant him, I will have some of it;* and in he goes, walks up and down the House, which had several open Tables and Boxes in it, and listen'd to hear, if he could learn what the Man's Name was, and he heard somebody call him *Cullam*, or some such Name, then he watches his Opportunity, and steps up to him, and tells him a long Story, *That there was two Gentlemen at the Gun-Tavern sent him to enquire for him, and to tell him, they desired to speak with him.*

The Collier-Master had got his Money before him just as I had told him, and had two or three small Payments of Money, which he had put up in little black dirty Bags, and laid by themselves; and as it was hardly broad Day, he found Means in delivering his Message, to lay his Hand upon one of those Bags, and carry it off perfectly undiscover'd. When he had got it, he came out to me, who stood but at the Door, and pulling me by the Sleeve, *Run, Jack, says he, for our Lives;* and away he scours, and I after him, never resting, or scarce looking about me, till we got quite into *Moorfields*. But not thinking ourselves safe there, we run on till we got into the Fields, and finding a By-Place, we sat down, and he pulls out the Bag, *Thou art a lucky Boy, Jack, says he, thou deservest a good Share of this Job, truly; for 'tis all along of thy lucky News;* So he pours it all out into my Hat; for, as I told you, I now wore a Hat.

How he did to whip away such a Bag from any Man who was awake and in his Senses, I can't tell: There was about seventeen or eighteen Pound in the Bag, and he parted the Money, giving me one Third, with which I was very well contented. As we were now so rich, he would not let me lie any longer about the Glass-House, or go naked and ragged, as I had done; but oblig'd me to buy two Shirts, a Waistcoat, and a Great-Coat; for a Great-Coat was more proper for our Business than any other. So I cloathed myself, as he directed, and we lodged together in a little Garret.

Soon after this, we walk'd out again, and then we tried our Fortune in the Places by the Exchange a second Time. Here we began to act separately, and I undertook to walk by myself, and the first Thing I did accurately, was a Trick I play'd that argued some Skill for a new Beginner; for I had never seen any Business of that Kind done before, I saw two Gentlemen mighty eager in Talk, and one pulled out a Pocket-Book two or three Times, and then flipt it into his Coat-Pocket again, and then out it came again, and Papers were taken out, and others put in, and then in it went again; and so several Times, the Man being still warmly engaged with another Man, and two or three others standing hard by them the last Time he put his Pocket-Book into his Pocket with his Hand, and the Book lay End-Way, resting upon some other Book, or something else in his Pocket; so that it did not go quite down, but one Corner of it was seen above his Pocket. When seeing the Book pass and repass, I brushed smoothly, but closely by the Man, and took it clean away, and went directly into *Moorfields*, where my Fellow Rogue was to meet me. It was not long before he came: I had no Occasion to tell him my Success; for he had heard of the Action among the Crowd. We searched the Book, and found several Goldsmith's and other Notes: but the best of the Booty was in one of the Folds of the Cover of the Book: There was a Paper

full of loose Diamonds. The Man, as we understood afterwards, was a Jew, and dealt in those glittering Commodities.

We agreed that *Will* (which was my Comrade's Name) should return to the Change to hear what News was stirring, and there he heard of a Reward of one hundred Pound for returning the Things. The next Day he went to the Gentleman, and told him he had got some Scent of his Book, and the Person who took it, and who, he believed, would restore it, for the sake of the Reward, provided he was assured that he should not be punish'd for the Fact. After many Preliminaries, it was concluded, that *Will* should bring the Book, and the Things lost in it, and receive the Reward, which on the third Day, he did, and faithfully paid me my Share of it.

Not long after this, it fell out, we were strolling about in *Smithfield* on a Friday: There happened to be an old Country Gentleman in the Market, selling some very large Bullocks; it seems they came out of *Suffex*, for we heard him say, there were no such Bullocks in the whole County of *Suffex*. His Worship, for so they call'd him, had received the Money for these Bullocks at a Tavern, whose Sign I have forgot now, and having some of it in a Bag, and the Bag in his Hand, he was taken with a sudden Fit of Coughing, and stands to cough, resting his Hand with the Bag of Money in it, upon a Bulk-Head of a Shop, just by the *Cloyster-Gate* in *Smithfield*, that is to say, within three or four Doors of it: We were both just behind him, says *Will* to me, *Stand ready:* Upon this, he makes an artificial Stumble, and falls with his Head just against the old Gentleman in the very Moment when he was coughing ready to be strangl'd and quite spent for want of Breath.

The Violence of the Blow, beat the old Gentleman quite down; the Bag of Money did not immediately fly out of his Hand, but I ran to get hold of it, and gave it a quick Snatch, pulled it clean away, and run like the Wind down the *Cloyster* with it, till I got to our old Rendezvous. *Will* in the mean Time, fell down with the old Gentleman, but soon got up. The old Knight, for such, it seems he was, was frighted with the Fall, and his Breath so stopp'd with his Cough, that he could not recover himself to speak 'till some Time, during which, nimble *Will*, was got up again, and walk'd off; nor could he call out stop Thief, or tell any Body he had lost any Thing for a good while; but coughing vehemently till he was almost black in the Face, he at last brought it out, *The Rogues have got away my Bag of Money.*

All this while the People understood nothing of the Matter; and as for the Rogues indeed, they had Time enough to get clear away, and in about an Hour, *Will* came to the Rendezvous; there we sat down on the Grass again, and turned out the Money, which proved to be eight Guineas, and five Pounds eight Shillings in Silver: This we shar'd upon the Spot, and went to work the same Day for more; but whether it was, that being flush'd with our Success, we were not so vigilant, or that no other Opportunity offer'd, I know not, but we got nothing more that Night, nor so much as any Thing offer'd itself for an Attempt.

The next Adventure was in the Dusk of the Evening, in a Court which goes out of *Grace-Church-Street* into *Lombard-Street*, where the *Quaker's Meeting-House* is, there was a young Fellow, who, as we learn'd afterwards, was a *Woollen-Draper's* Apprentice in *Grace-Church Street*, it seems he had been receiving a Sum of Money, which was very considerable, and he comes to a Goldsmiths in *Lombard Street* with it, paid in the most of it there, inso-much that it grew Dark; and the Goldsmith began to be shutting in Shop, and Candles to be lighted, we watched him in there, and stood on the other side of the Way, to see what he did, when he paid in all the Money he intended, he stayed a little longer to take Notes for what he had paid. At last he comes

comes out of the Shop with still a pretty large Bag under his Arm, and walks over into the Court, which was then very dark, in the middle of the Court is a boarded Entry, and at the End of it a Threshold, and as soon as he had set his Foot over the Threshold, he was to turn on his Left Hand into *Grace-Church Street*.

Keep up, says *Will* to me, be nimble, and as soon as he had said so, he flies at the young Man, and gives him such a violent Thrust, that pushed him forward with too great a Force for him to stand; and as he strove to recover the Threshold, took hold of his Feet, and he fell forward. I stood ready, and presently fell out the Bag of Money, which I heard fall, for it flew out of his Hand. I went forward with the Money, and *Will* finding I had it, run backward. And as I made along *Fenchurch-street* overtook me, and we scoured Home together. The poor young Man was hurt a little with the Fall, and reported to his Master as we heard afterwards, that he was knocked down: His Master was glad the rest of the Money was paid in to the Banker, and made no great Noise at the Loss, only cautioned his Apprentice to avoid such dark Places for the Future,

This Booty amounted to 14l. 18s. apiece, and added extremely to my Store; which began to grow too big for my management; but still I was at a Loss with whom to trust it. A little after this, *Will* brought me into the Company of two more young fellows; we met at the Lower part of *Gray's-Inn Lane*, about an Hour before Sun set, and went out into the Fields, towards a Place called the *Pindar of Wakefield*, where are abundance of Brick-Hills; here it was agreed to spread from the Field Path, to the Road-way, all the Way towards *St. Andrew's Church*, to observe any Chance Game; which, as they called it, they might shoot Flying. Upon the Path within the Bank on the side of the Road going towards *Kentish Town*, two of our Gang, *Will*, and one of the other met a single Gentleman, walking apace towards the Town, being almost Dark, *Will* Cryed, *Mark, ho*, which, it seems was the Word at which we were all to stand still at a Distance, come in if he wanted Help, and give a Signal if any thing appeared that was Dangerous.

Will steps up to the Gentleman, stops him, and put the Question, that is, *Sir, your Money*; the Gentleman seeing he was alone, struck at him with his Cane, but *Will* a nimble strong Fellow, flew in upon him, and with Struggling got him down, then he begged for his Life. *Will* having told him with an Oath, that he would cut his Throat in that Moment. While this was doing, comes a Hackney Coach along the Road, and the fourth Man who was that Way cries *Mark, ho*, he which was to intimate that it was a Prize, not a Surprise, and accordingly the next Man went up to assist him, where they stop'd the Coach, which had a Doctor of Physick, and a Surgeon in it, who had been to visit some considerable Patient, and I suppose had considerable Fees; for here they got two gold Purfes, one with 11 or 12 Guineas, the other Six, with some pocket Money, two Watches, one Diamond Ring, and the Surgeon's Plaster Box, which was most of it full of silver Instruments.

While they were at this Work *Will* kept the Man down, who was under him, and tho' he promis'd not to kill him, unless he offered to make a Noise, yet he would not let him stir, till he heard the Noise, of the Coach going on again, by which he knew the Jobb was over on that side. Then he carried him a little out of the Way, ty'd his Hands behind him, and bid him lie still and make no Noise, and he would come back in half an Hour, and untie him upon his Word, but if he cry'd out he would come back and kill him. The poor Man promis'd to lie still and make no Noise, and did so, and had not above 11s. 6d. in his Pocket, which *Will* took, and came back to the rest; but while they were together, I who was on the side of the *Pindar of Wakefield*, cry'd *Mark, ho*, too.

What I saw was a couple of poor Women, one a kind of a Nurse, and the other a Maid-Servant, going for *Kentish Town*. As *Will* knew I was but young at the Work, he came flying to me, and seeing how easy a Bargain it was, he said *Go Col.* fall to work. I went up to them, and speaking to the Elderly Woman, Nurse said I, don't be in such haste, I want to speak with you, at which they both stopp'd, and looked a little frighted, don't be frighted Sweet-heart said I to the Maid, a little of that Money in the Bottom of your Pocket, will make all easy, and I'll do you no harm; by this Time *Will* came up to us, for they did not see him before, then they began to scream out, hold says I, make no Noise, unless you have a Mind to force us to Murder you whether we will or no, give me your Money presently, and make no Words, and we shan't hurt you. Upon this the poor Maid pull'd out 5s. 6d. and the old Woman a Guinea and a Shilling, crying heartily for her Money, and said it was all she had in the World; well we took it for all that, tho' it made my Heart Bleed to see what Agony the poor Woman was in at parting with it; and I ask'd her where she lived, she said her Name was *Smith*, and she lived at *Kentish Town*, I said nothing to her, but bid them go on about their Business; and I gave *Will* the Money; so in a few Minutes we were all together again; says one of the other Rogues come this is well enough for one Road, it's time to be gone. So we jog'd away, crossing the Fields out of the Path towards *Tottenham-Court*; but hold says *Will*, I must go and untie the Man—m him, says one of them, let him lye, no says *Will*, I won't be worse than my Word, I will untie him. So he went to the Place, but the Man was gone; either he had untied himself, or some-Body had pass'd by, and he had called for Help, and so was untied, for he could not find him, nor make him Hear, tho' he ventured to call twice for him aloud.

This made us hasten away the faster, and getting into *Tottenham-Court Road*, they thought it was a little too near, so they made into the Town at *St. Giles's*, and crossing to *Piccadilly* went to *Hyde Park Gate*; here they ventured to rob another Coach, that is to say, one of the two other Rogues and *Will*, did it between the *Park Gate* and *Knights-bridge*; there was in it only a Gentleman and a Whore that he had pick'd up it seems at the Spring-Garden a little farther, they took the Gentleman's Money, and his Watch, and his silver hilted Sword; but when they came to the Slut, she damn'd them and cursed them for robbing the Gentleman of his Money, and leaving him none for her; as for herself she had not one Sixpenny-piece about her, tho' she was indeed well enough dressed too. Having made this Adventure, we parted, and went each Man to his Lodging.

Two Days after this, *Will* came to my Lodging, for I had now got a Room by Myself, and appointed me to meet him the next Evening at such a Place. I went, but to my great Satisfaction miss'd him; but met with the Gang at another Place, who had committed a notorious Robbery near *Hounslow*; where they wounded a Gentleman's Gardner, so that I think he died, and robbed the House of a very Considerable Sum of Money and Plate. This, However, was not so clean'd carried, but the Neighbours were alarm'd, the Rogues pursued, and being at *London* with the Booty, one of them was taken; but *Will* being a dextrous Fellow made his Escape with the Money and Plate. He knew nothing that one of his Comrades were taken, and that they were all so closely pursued that every one was obliged to shift for himself. He happened to come home in the Evening, as good Luck then directed him. Just after Search had been made for him by the Constables, his Companion who was taken, having upon promise of Favour, and to save himself from the Gallows, Discovered his Confederates; and *Will*

among



Colonel Jack Robbing Mrs. Smith going to Kentish Town.

J. Basire. sculp.

among the rest, as the Principal Party in the whole undertaking, he got Notice of it, and left all his Booty at my Lodging, hiding it in an old Coat that lay under my Bed, leaving Word he had been there, and had left the Coat that he borrowed of me, under my Bed. I knew not what to make of it, but went up Stairs, and finding the Parcel, was Surprized to see wrapped up in it, above a hundred Pounds in Plate and Money, and heard nothing of Brother *Will*, as he called himself, for three or four Days, when we sold the Plate after the Rate of two Shillings *per Ounce*, to a Pawn-Broker near *Clorb-Fair*.

About two Days afterwards, going upon the Strole, who should I meet but my former Brother Captain *Jack*? When he saw me, he came close to me in his blunt Way, and says, *Do you Lear the News?* I asked him, *What News?* He told me, *My old Comrade and Teacher was taken, and that Morning carried to Newgate; that he was charged with a Robbery and Murder, committed somewhere beyond Brentford; and that the worst was, he was impeached.* I thanked him for his Information, and for that Time parted; but was the very next Morning surpriz'd, when going cross *Rag-Fair*, I heard one call *Jack*? I look'd behind me, and immediately saw three Men, and after them a Constable, coming towards me with great Fury, I was in a great Surprise, and started to run; but one of them clapped in upon me, got hold of me, and in a Moment the rest surrounded me, and told me they were to apprehend a known Thief, who went by the Name of one of the *Three Jacks of Rag-Fair*; for that he was charged upon Oath, with having been a Party in a notorious Robbery, Burglary, and Murther, committed in such a Place, and on such a Day.

Not to trouble the Reader with an Account of the Discourse that pass'd between the Justice, before whom I was carried, and myself. I shall, in brief, inform him, that my Brother Capt. *Jack*, who had the Forwardness to put it to me, whether I was among them or no; when in Truth he was there himself, had the only Reason to fly, at the same Time that he advised me to shift for myself; so that I was discharged, and in about three Weeks after, my Master and Tutor in Wickedness, poor *Will*, was executed for the Fact.

I had nothing to do now but to find out the Captain, who, though not without some Trouble, I at last got News of, and told him the whole Story: He presently discover'd by his Surprise, that he was guilty, and after a few Words more, told me, *It was all true, that he was in the Robbery, and had the greatest Part of the Booty in Keeping; but what to do with it, or himself he did not know; but thought of flying into Scotland, asking me, if I would go with him?* I consented, and the next Day he shew'd me twenty two Pound he had in Money. I honestly produced all the Money I had left, which was upwards of sixteen Pounds. We set out from *London* on Foot, and travelled the first Day to *Ware*; for we had learn'd so much of the Road, that our Way lay thro' that Town; from *Ware* we travelled to *Cambridge*, though that was not our direct Road: The Occasion was this: In our Way through *Puckridge*, we baited at an *Inn*, and while we were there, a Countryman came and hung his Horse at the Gate, while he went in to drink: We sat in the Gate-way, having called for a Mug of Beer, we drank it up; we had been talking to the Hostler about the Way to *Scotland*, and he bid us ask the Road to *Roxton*: But, says he, *there is a turning just here a little farther, you must not go that Way; for that goes to Cambridge.*

We had paid for our Beer, and sat at the Door only to rest us, when on the sudden comes a Gentleman's Coach to the Door, and three or four Horsemen rode into the Yard, and the Hostler was oblig'd to go in with them: Says he to the Captain, *Young Man, Pray take Hold of the Horse*, meaning

the Countryman's Horse I mention'd above, *and take him out of the Way that the Coach may come up:* He did so, and beckoned to me to follow him: We walk'd together to the Turning; says he to me, *Do you stop before, and turn up the Lane, I'll overtake you;* so I went on up the Lane, and in a few Minutes, he was got upon the Horse, and at my Heel, and bidding me get up, and take a Lift.

I made no Difficulty of doing so, and away we went at a good round Rate, having a strong Horse under us. We suspected the Countryman would follow us to *Roxton*, because of our Directions from the Hostler; so that we went towards *Cambridge*, and went easier after the first Hour's Riding, and coming thro' a Town or two, we alighted by Turns, and did not then ride double; but by the Way picked a Couple of good Shirts of a Hedge; and that Evening got safe to *Cambridge*, where the next Day I bought a Horse for myself, and thus equipped, we jogged on, through several Places, till we got to *Stamford* in *Lincolnshire*, where it was impossible to restrain my Captain from playing his Pranks, even at Church, where he went, and placed himself so near an old Lady, that he got her Gold Watch from her Side unperceived; and the same Night we went away by Moon-light, after having the Satisfaction to hear the Watch cried, and ten Guineas offered for it again, he would have been glad of the ten Guineas instead of the Watch, but durst not venture to carry it Home. We went through several other Places, such as *Grantham*, *Nottingham*, and *Nottingham*, where we play'd our Tricks; but at last we got safe to *Etonborough*, without any Accident but one, which was crossing a Ford, the Captain was really in Danger of drowning, his Horse being driven down by the Stream, and fell under him; but the Rider had a Proverb on his Side, and got out of the Water.

At *Etonborough* we remain'd about a Month, when on a sudden my Captain was gone, Horse and all, and I knew nothing what was become of him, nor did I ever see or hear of him for eighteen Months after, nor did he so much as leave the least Notice for me, either where he was gone, or whether he would return to *Etonborough* again or no. I took his Leaving me very heavily, not knowing what to do with myself, being a Stranger in the Place, and on the other Hand my Money abated apace too. I had for the most Part of this Time my Horse upon my Hands to keep; and as Horses yield but a sorry Price in *Scotland*, I found no Opportunity to sell him to any Advantage: However, at last I was forced to dispose of him.

Being thus eased of my Horse, and having nothing at all to do, I began to consider with myself what would become of me, and what I could turn my Hand to. I had not much diminished my Stock of Money; for though I was all the Way so wary, that I would not join with my Captain in his desperate Attempts, yet I made no Scruple to live at his Expence. In the next Place, I was not so anxious about my Money running low, because I had made a Reserve, by leaving upwards of ninety Pounds in a Friend's Hands at *London*; but still I was willing to get into some Employment for a Livelihood. I was sick of the wandering Life I had led, and resolv'd to be a Thief no more, but stuck close to Writing and Reading for about six Months, till I got into the Service of an Officer of the Customs, who employ'd me for a Time; but as he set me to do little but pass and repass between *Leith* and *Etonborough*, leaving me to live at my own Expence till my Wages should be due, I run out the little Money I had left in Cloaths and Subsistence, and a little before the Year's End, when I was to have twelve Pounds *English* Money, my Master was turn'd out of his Place, and which was worse, having been charged with some Misapplications, was oblig'd to take Shelter in *England*; so we that were Servants, for there were three of us, were left to shift for ourselves. This was a hard Case for me in a strange Place, and I was reduced

duced by it to the last Extremity. I might have gone for *England*, an *English* Ship being there; the Master proffered to take my Word for ten Shillings, till I got there: But just as I was upon going, Captain *Jack* appeared again.

I have mentioned how he left me, and that I saw him no more for eighteen Months. His Ramble and Adventures were many in that Time he went to *Glasgow*, played some very remarkable Pranks there, escaped, almost miraculously, the Gallows, got over to *Ireland*, wandered about there, turn'd Rapparee, did some villainous Things there, escaped from *Londonderry* over to the *Highlands*, and about a Month before, I was left destitute at *Leith*, by my Master, noble Captain *Jack* came in there, on board the Ferry-boat from *Fife*, being, after all his Adventures and Successes, advanc'd to the Dignity of a Foot-soldier in a Body of Recruits rais'd in the North for the Regiment of *Douglas*.

After my Disaster, being reduc'd almost as low as *Jack*, I found no better Shift before me, at least not for the present, than to enter myself a Soldier too; and thus we were rais'd together, with each of us a Musket upon our Shoulders. I was extremely delighted with the Life of a Soldier; for I took the Exercises naturally, that the Serjeant, who taught us to handle our Arms, seeing me so ready at it, ask'd me if I had never carried arms before. I told him no. At which he swore, though jesting, *they call you Colonel*, says he, *and I believe you will be a Colonel, or you must be some Colonel's Bastard, or you would never handle your Arms as you do at once or twice showing*. Whatever was my Satisfaction in that Part, yet other Circumstances did not equally concur to make this Life suit me; for after we had been about six Months in this Figure, we were inform'd that we were to march for *England*, and be shipp'd off at *Newcastle*, or *Hull*, to join the Regiment in *Flanders*. Poor Captain *Jack's* Case was particular; he durst not appear publickly at *Newcastle*, as he must have done had he march'd with the Recruits. In the next Place, I remember'd my Money in *London*, which was almost 100*l.* and if it had been ask'd all the Soldiers in the Regiment which of them would go to *Flanders* a private Centinel, if they had 100*l.* in their Pockets, I believ'd none of them would have answer'd in the affirmative.

These two Circumstances concurring, I began to be very uneasy and very unwilling in my Thoughts to go over into *Flanders* a poor Musketeer, to be knock'd on the Head for 3*s* 6*d.* a Week. While I was daily musing on the Hardship of being sent away, as above, Captain *Jack* comes to me one Evening, and ask'd me to take a Walk with him into the Fields, for he wanted to speak with me. We walk'd together here, and talk'd seriously of the Matter, and at last concluded to desert that very Night. The Moon affording a good Light, and *Jack* had got a Comrade with him thoroughly acquainted with the Way cross the *Tweed*, and when he arriv'd there we were on *English* Ground, and safe enough, from thence we propos'd to get to *Newcastle*, and get some Collier Ship to take us in, and carry us to *London*.

About half an Hour past Eight in the Morning we reach'd the *Tweed*, and here we overtook two more of the same Regiment, who had deserted from *Haddingtown*, where another Part of the Recruits were quarter'd. Those were *Scotsmen*, and very poor, having not one Penny in their Pockets; and when they saw us, who they knew to be of the same Regiment, they took us to be Pursuers; upon which, they stood upon the Defence, having the Regiment Swords on, as we had, also, but none of the Mounting or Cloathing, for we were not to receive the Clothes till we came to the Regiment in *Flanders*. It was not long before we made them understand that we were in the same Condition with themselves, and so we became one Company. Our Money

was ebb'd very low, and we contriv'd to get into *Newcastle* in the Dusk of the Evening, and even then we durst not venture into the publick Parts of the Town, but made down towards the River below the Town: Here we knew not what to do with our selves, but, guided by our Fate, we put a good Face upon the Matter, went into an Alchouse, sat down, and called for a Pint of Beer.

The Woman of the House appear'd very frank, and entertain'd us chearfully; so we, at last, told her our Condition, and ask'd her if she would not help us to some kind Master of a Collier, who would give us a Passage to *London* by Sea. The subtil Devil, who immediately found us proper Fish for her Hook, gave us the kindest Words in the World; and told us she was heartily sorry she had not seen us one Day sooner; that there was a Collier-Master of her particular Acquaintance who went away but with the Morning Tide; that the Ship was fallen down to *Speilts*, but she believ'd was hardly over the *Bar* yet, and she would send to his House and see if he was gone on board (for sometimes the Masters do not go away till a Tide after the Ship); and she was sure, if he was not gone, she could prevail with him to take us all in; but then she was afraid we must go on board immediately, the same Night.

We begg'd of her to send to his House; for we knew not what to do; for as we had no Money, we had no Lodging, and wanted nothing but to be on board. We look'd upon this as a mighty Favour, that she sent to the Master's House; and, to our greater Joy, she brought us Word, about an Hour after, that he was not gone, and was at a Tavern in the Town, whither his Boy had been to fetch him; and that he had sent Word he would call there in his Way Home. This was all in our Favour, and we were extremely pleas'd with it. In about an Hour he comes into the Room to us; *Where are these honest Gentlemen Soldiers*, says he, *that are in such Distress?* We stood all up, and paid our Respects to him. *Well, Gentlemen*, said he, *and is all your Money spent?*

Indeed it is, said one of our Company, *and we will be infinitely obliged to you, Sir, if you will give us a Passage. We will be very willing to do any Thing we can, in the Ship, though we are not Seamen.*

Why, says he, *were none of you ever at Sea in your Lives?*

No, says we, *not one of us.*

You will be able to do me no Service, then; for you will all be sick. However, for my good Landlady's Sake here, I'll do it. But are you all ready to go on board? for I go on board, my self, this very Night.

Yes, Sir, says we, *again, we are ready to go; this very Minute.*

No, no, said he, very kindly, *We'll drink together. Come, Landlady*, says he, *make these honest Gentlemen a Sneaker of Punch.*

We look'd at one another, for we knew we had no Money, and he perceiv'd it. *Come, come*, said he, *don't be concern'd at your having no Money; my Landlady, here, and I, never part with dry Lips. Come, good Wife, make the Punch, as I bid you.*

We thanked him, and said, *God bless you, noble Captain*, a hundred Times over, being over-joy'd at our good Luck. While we were drinking the Punch, he told the Landlady he would step Home, and order the Boat to come at High-water, bad her get something for Supper, which she did.

In less than an Hour, our Captain came again, and came up to us, and blam'd us that we had not drank the Punch out. *Come*, said he, *don't be bashful; when that's out, we can have another: When I am obliging poor Men, I love to do it handsomely.*

We drank on, and drank the Punch out; more was brought up, and he push'd it about a-pace: Then came up a Leg of Mutton. I need not say we fed heartily, being several Times told we should pay

pay nothing. After Supper was done, he bids my Landlady ask if the Boat was come; and she brought Word no, it was not High-Water by a great deal. Then more Punch was call'd for, and, as was afterwards confess'd, something more than ordinary was put into it, that, by the Time the Punch was drank out, we were all intoxicated, and, as for me, I fell a-sleep.

At last, I was rouz'd, and told that the Boat was come: So I, and my drunken Comrades, tumbled out, almost one over another, into the Boat, and away we went with our Captain. Most of us, if not all, fell a-sleep till after some Time, though how much, or how far going, we knew not. The Boat stopp'd, and we were wak'd, and told we were at the Ship's Side, which was true, and, with much Help, and holding us, for Fear we should fall over board, our Captain, as we call'd him, call'd us thus: *Here. Boatswain, take Care of these Gentlemen, give them good Cabins, and let them turn into Sleep, for they are very weary.* And so, indeed, we were, and very drunk too.

Care was taken of us, according to Order, and we were put into very good Cabins, where we were sure to go immediately to sleep; in the mean Time; the Ship, which was indeed just ready to go, and only on Notice given, had come to an Anchor for us at *Sheilds* weigh'd, stood over the Bar, and went off to Sea, and when we wak'd, and began to peep Abroad, which was not till near Noon the next Day, we found our selves a great Way at Sea, the Land in Sight, indeed, but at a great Distance, and all going merrily on for *London*, as I thought. We were very well us'd, and very well satisfy'd with our Condition, for about three Days; when we began to enquire whether we were not almost come, and how much longer it would be before we should come into the River. *What River?* says one of the Men. *Why the Thames,* says my Captain *Jack*. *The Thames,* says the Sailor, *what d'ye mean by that? What ha'n't you had Time enough to be sober, yet?* So Captain *Jack* said no more, but look'd very silly, when, a While after, some other of us ask'd the same Question, and the Seamen, who knew nothing of the Cheat, began to *smell a Rat*, and, turning to the other *Englishman*, who came with us, *Pray,* says he, *where do you fancy you are going, that you ask so often about it? Why to London,* says he, *where should we be going? We agreed with the Captain to carry us to London.*

Not with the Captain says he, I dare say, poor Men you are all cheated, and I thought so, when I saw you come aboard with that Kidnapping Rogue *Gilliman*, poor Men adds he, you are all betray'd, for the Ship is bound to *Virginia*. As soon as we heard this News, we were raving Mad, drew our swords and swore revenge; but we were soon overpowered and carried before the Captain, who told us, he was sorry for what had happened, but that he had no hand in it, and it was out of his power to help us, and let us know very plainly what our Condition was, namely, that we were put on board his Ship as Servants to *Maryland*, to be delivered to a Person there, but that however, if we would be quiet and orderly in his Ship, he would use us well in the Passage; but if we were unruly, we must be Hancuffed and kept between Deck, for it was his Business to take care no Disturbance happened in the Ship.

No hand in it! Damn him says my Captain *Jack*, aloud, do you think he is not a Confederate in this Villainy? would any honest Man receive innocent People on board his Ship, and not enquire of their Circumstances, but carry him away, and not speak to them? Why does he not set us on Shore again, I tell you he is a Villain, and none but him; why does he not compleat his Villainy, and Murder us, and then he'll be free from our Revenge? But nothing else shall deliver him from my Hands, but sending us to the D——, or going thither himself; and I

am honefter in telling him so fairly, than he has been to me.

All this Discourse availed nothing, we were forced to be Quiet, and had a very good Voyage, no Storms all the Way; but just before we arrived, one of the Scotsmen asked the Captain of the Ship, whether he would sell us, Yes said he; why then Sir; says the Scotsman, the Devil will have you at the hinder End of the Bargain. Say you so, says the Captain, Smiling, well, well, let the Devil and I alone to agree about that, do you be Quiet, and behave Civilly as you should do.

When we came ashore, which was on the Banks of a River they call *Potomack*, *Jack* says, I have something to say to you Captain; that is, I have promised to cut your Throat, and depend upon it I will be as good as my Word. Our Captain or Kidnapper, call him as you will, made no Answer, but delivered us to the Merchant to whom we were consigned, who again disposed off as he thought fit; and in a few Days we were separated.

As for my Captain *Jack*, to make short of the Story, that desperate Rogue had the good Luck to have an easy good Master, whom he abused very much; for he took an Opportunity to run away with a Boat, which his Master entrusted him, and another with, to carry Provisions to a Plantation down the River. This Boat and Provisions they run away with, and sailed North to the Bottom of the Bay, as they call it, and there quitting the Boat, they wandered through the Woods, till they got into *Pensylvania*; from whence they made Shift to get a Passage to *New England*, and from thence Home; where falling in among his old Companions, and to his old Trade, he was at length taken and hanged about a Month before I came to *London*, which was near twenty Years afterwards.

My Part was harder at the Beginning, tho' better at the Latter End; I was sold to a rich Planter, whose Name was *Smith*. During this Scene of Life I had Time to reflect on my past Hours; and tho' I had no great Capacity of making a clear Judgment and very little Reflections from Conscience, yet it made some Impressions upon me. I behaved my self so well, that my Master took Notice of me, and made me one of his Overseers; and was so kind as to send my Note of my Friends Hand for the 93^l, before-mentioned, to his Correspondent; who received and returned me the Money. My good Master a little Time after, says to me, *Colonel* don't flatter me, I love plain Dealing; Liberty is precious to every Body, I give you yours, and will take Care you shall be well used by the Country, and will get you a good Plantation.

I insisted I would not quit his Service, for the best Plantation in *Maryland*, that he had been so good to me, and I Believed I was so usefull to him, that I could not think of it; and at last I added I hoped he could not believe but I had as much Gratitude as a *Negro*.

He smiled and said he would not be served upon these Terms, that he did not forget what he had promised, nor what I had done in his Plantation; and that he was resolved in the first Place to give me my Liberty, so he pulls out a piece of Paper, and throws it to me; there, says he, is a Certificate of your coming on Shore, and being sold to me for five Years, of which you have lived three with me, and now you are your own Master.

I Bowed and told him, that I was sure if I was my own Master, I would be his Servant, as long as he would accept of my Service. He told me he would accept of my Service, on these two Conditions. First, That he would give me 30^l. pr. Ann. and my board, for my managing the Plantation I was then imploy'd in. And Secondly, That at the same time he would procure me a new Plantation to begin with upon my own account; for *Jack*, says he, smiling, tho' you are but a young Man, 'tis Time you was doing something for your self.

Not

Not long after, he purchased in my Name about 30 Acres of Land, near his own Plantation, as he said, that I might the better take Care of his. My Master, for such I must still call him, generously gave it me; but *Colonel* says he, giving you this Plantation is nothing at all, if I do not assist you to support it, and to carry it on, and therefore I will give you Credit, for whatever is needful. Such as Tools, Provisions, and some Servants to begin. Materials for Out-houses, and Hogs, Cows, Horses, for Stock, and the Like; and I'll take it out of your returns from abroad, as you can Pay it.

Thus got to be a Planter, and encouraged by a kind Benefactor, that I might not be wholly taken up with my new Plantation; he gave me freely without any Consideration, one of his Negro's named *Mouchat*, whom I always esteemed. Besides this, he sent to me two Servants more, a Man and a Woman; but these he put to my Account as above. *Mouchat* and these two fell immediately to Work for me, they began with about two Acres of Land, which had but little Timber on it at first, and most of that was cut down by the two Carpenters who built my House. It was a great Advantage to me, that I had so Bountiful a Master who help'd me out in every Case; for in this very first Year, I received a terrible Blow; having sent a large Quantity of Tobacco, to a Merchant at *London*, by my Master's Direction, which arrived safe there. The Merchant was ordered to make the Return in a sorted Cargo of Goods for me, such as would have made a Man of me all at once, but to my inexpressible Terror and Surprise; the Ship was lost, and that just at the Entrance into the Capes, that is to say, the Mouth of the Bay; some of the Goods were recovered, but spoiled. In short, nothing but the Nails, Tools, and Iron-work were good for any Thing; and tho' the Value of them was very Considerable in proportion to the Rest; yet my Loss was irreparably great, and indeed, the greatness of the Loss consisted in its being irreparable.

I was perfectly astonished at the first News of the Loss, knowing that I was in Debt to my Patron or Master, so much, that it must be several Years before I should recover it; and as he brought me the bad News himself he perceived my Disorder; that is to say, he saw I was in the utmost Confusion, and a kind of Amazement; and so indeed I was, because I was so much in Debt. But he spoke cheerfully to me, come says he, do not be so discouraged, you may make up this Loss, no Sir, says I, that never can be, for it is my All, and I shall never be out of Debt; well, says he, you have no Creditor, however, but me, and now remember I once told you, I would make a Man of you, and I will not disappoint you; for this Disaster I thank'd him, and did it with more Ceremony and Respect than ever, because I thought myself more under the Hatches than I was before: But he was as good as his Word, for he did not Baulk me in the Least, of any Thing I wanted, and as I had more Iron-work saved out of the Ship in Proportion, than I wanted, I supplied him with some Part of it, and took up some Linnen and Cloaths, and other Necessaries from him in Exchange, and now I began to encrease visibly; I had a large Quantity of Land cured, that is freed from Timber, and a very good Crop of Tobacco in view, and I got three Servants more, and one Negro; so that I had five white Servants, and two Negro's; and with this my Affairs went very well on; the first Year indeed I took my Wages or Salary, of 30*l.* a Year, because I wanted it very much; but the Second and Third Year, I resolved not to take it, but to leave it in my Benefactor's Hands, to clear off the Debt I had Contracted.

At the same Time my Thoughts dictated to me, that tho' this was the Foundation of my new Life, yet that this was not the Superstructure, and that I might still be born for greater Things than these, that it is Honesty and Virtue alone, that made Men

Rich and Great, and gave them Fame, as well as Figure in the World, and that therefore I was to lay my Foundation in these, and expect what might follow in Time. To help these Thoughts as I had learned to Read and Write when I was in *Scotland*; so I began now to love Books, and particularly, I had an Opportunity of Reading some very Considerable ones, some of which I bought at a Planter's House, who was lately Dead, and his Goods sold, and others I borrowed. I considered my present State of Life, to be my meer Youth, tho' I was now above 30 Years old, because in my Youth I had learned nothing; and if my daily Business, which was now great, would have permitted, I would have been content to have gone to School; however, Fate which had something else in Store for me, threw an Opportunity into my Hand, namely, a clever Fellow that came over a transported Felon from *Bristol*, and fell into my Hands for a Servant: He had led a loose Life that he acknowledged, and being driven to Extremities, took to the High-way, for which had he been taken, he would have been hanged; but falling into some low priz'd Rogueries afterwards, for want of Opportunity for worse, was Caught, Condemn'd, and Transported, and, as he said, was glad he came off so.

He was an excellent Scholar, and I perceiving it, asked him one Time, if he could give a Method how I might learn the Latin Tongue; he said, smiling, yes, he could teach it me in three Months, if I would let him have Books, or even without Books if he had Time. I told him a Book would become his Hand better than a Hoe, and if he could promise to make me but understand Latin enough to read it, and understand other Languages by it, I would ease him of the Labour which I was now obliged to put him to; especially if I was assured that he was fit to receive that Favour of a kind Master. In short, I made him to me, what my kind Benefactor made me to him; and from him I gained a Fund of Knowledge, infinitely more valuable than the Rate of a Slave, which was what I paid for it; but of this hereafter.

In this Posture I went on for 12 Years, and was very successful in my Plantation, and had gotten by means of my Master's Favour, who now I called my Friend, a Correspondent in *London*, with whom I Traded; shipped over my Tobacco to him, and received *European* Goods in Returns, such as I wanted to carry on my Plantation, and sufficient to sell to others also. In this interval, my good Friend and Benefactor died; and I was left very Disconsolate, on account of my Loss, for it was indeed a great Loss to me; he had been a Father to me, and I was like a forsaken Stranger without him; tho' I knew the Country and the Trade too well enough, and had for some Time chiefly carried on his whole Business for him, yet I seem'd now at a Loss, my Counselor and my chief Supporter was gone; and I had no Confident to communicate myself too, on all Occasions as formerly, but there was no Remedy. I was however, in a better Condition to stand alone than ever: I had a very large Plantation, and had near 70 Negro's, and other Servants.

Now I looked upon myself as one Buried alive in a remote Part of the World, where I could see nothing at all, and hear but a little of what was seen, and that little not till at least half a Year after it was done, and sometimes a Year or more, and in a Word, the old Reproach often came in my Way, namely, that even this was not yet the Life of a Gentleman. However, I now began to frame my Thoughts for a Voyage to *England*, resolving then to Act as I should see Cause, but with a secret Resolution to see more of the World if possible, and Realize those Things to my Mind, which I had hitherto only entertained remote Ideas of, by the Help of Books.

It was three Years after this, before I could get Things in Order, fit for my leaving the Country: In this Time I delivered my Tutor from his Bondage, and

and would have given him his Liberty, but to my great Disappointment I found that I could not empower him to go for *England* till his Time was expired, according to the Certificate of his Transportation, which was register'd; so I made him one of my Overseers, and thereby raised him gradually to a Prospect of Living in the same Manner, and by the like Steps, that my good Benefactor raised me, only that I did not assist him to enter upon Planting for himself as I was assisted, neither was I upon the Spot to do it; but this Man by his Diligence and honest Application delivered himself, even unassisted, any farther than by making him an Overseer, which was only a present Ease and Deliverance from the hard Labour and Fare, which he endured as a Servant. However, in this Trust he behaved so faithfully, and so diligently, that it recommended him in the Country, and, when I came back, I found him in Circumstances very differing from what I left him in; besides, his being my principal Manager for near 20 Years, as you shall hear in its Place.

I was now making Provision for my going to *England*, after having settled my Plantation in such Hands as was fully to my Satisfaction. My first Work was, to furnish myself with such a Stock of Goods and Money as might be sufficient for my Occasions abroad, and, particularly, might allow to make large Returns to *Maryland*, for the Use and Supply of all my Plantations; but when I came to look nearer into the Voyage, it occur'd to me that it would not be prudent to put my Cargo all on board the same Ship that I went in: So I shipp'd, at several Times, five hundred Hogsheads of Tobacco, in several Ships, for *England*, giving Notice to my Correspondent, in *London*, that I would embark about such a Time to come over myself, and ordering him to insure for a considerable Sum proportion'd to the Value of my Cargo.

About two Months after this, I left the Place, and embark'd for *England* in a stout Ship, carrying 24 Guns, and about 600 Hogsheads of Tobacco; and we left the Capes of *Virginia* on the first of *August*. We had a very sour and rough Voyage for the first Fortnight, though it was in a Season so generally noted for good Weather. We met with a Storm, and our Ship was greatly damag'd, and some Leaks we had, but not so bad, but, by the Diligence of the Seamen, they were stopp'd; after which, we had tolerable Weather, and a good Sea, till we came into the Soundings, for so they call the Mouth of the *British* Channel. In the Grey of the Morning a *French* Privateer, of 26 Guns, appear'd, and crowded after us with all the Sail they could make. Our Captain exchange'd a Broad-side or two with them, which was terrible Work to me; for I had never seen such before; the *Frenchman's* Guns having rak'd us, and kill'd and wounded six of our Men. In short, after a Fight long enough to shew us that if we would not be taken, we must resolve to sink by her Side, for there was no Room to expect Deliverance, and a Fight long enough to save the Master's Credit, we were taken, and the Ship carried away for *St. Malo's*. I had, however, besides my being taken, the Mortification to be detain'd on board the Cruiser, and seeing the Ship I was in, mann'd with *Frenchmen*, set sail from us. I afterwards heard that she was re-taken by an *English* Man of War, and carried into *Portsmouth*.

The Rover cruis'd abroad again, in the Mouth of the Channel, for some Time, and took a Ship richly laden, bound homeward from *Jamaica*. This was a noble Prize for the Rogues, and they hastened away with her to *St. Malo's*, and from thence I went to *Bordeaux*, where the Captain ask'd me if I would be deliver'd up a State Prisoner, get myself exchanged, or pay 300 Crowns. I desir'd Time to write to my Correspondent in *England*, who sent me a Letter of Credit, and in about six Weeks I was exchange'd for a Merchant Prisoner in *Plymouth*. I got Passage from hence to *Dunkirk*, on board a *French* Vessel;

and having a Certificate of an exchange'd Prisoner from the Intendant of *Dunkirk*, I had a Passport given me to go into the *Spanish Netherlands*, and so whither I pleas'd. I went to *Ghent*, afterwards to *Nieuport*, where I took the Packet Boat, and came over to *England*, landing at *Dover* instead of *Beck*, the Weather forcing us into the *Dover*.———When I came to *London*, I was very well receiv'd by my Friend to whom I had consign'd my Effects; for all my Goods came safe to hand, and my Overseers I had left behind, had shipp'd, at several Times, 400 Hogsheads of Tobacco, to my Correspondent, in my Absence. So that I had above 1000 *l.* in my Factor's Hands, and 200 Hogsheads besides, left in Hand, unfold.

I had nothing to do now but entirely to conceal myself from all that had any Knowledge of me before; and this was the easiest Thing in the World to do, for I was grown out of every Body's Knowledge, and most of those I had known, were grown out of mine; my Captain who went with me, or rather who carried me away, I found by enquiring at the proper Place, had been rambling about the World, came to *London*, fell into his old Trade, which he could not forbear, and growing an eminent Highwayman, had made his Exit at the Gallows, after a Life of 14 Years most exquisite and successful Rogueries; the Particulars of which, would make, as I observed, an admirable History. My other Brother *Jack*, who I called *Major*, followed the like wicked Trade; but was a Man of more Gallantry and Generosity, and having committed innumerable Depredations upon Mankind, yet had always so much Dexterity, as to bring himself off, till at length he was laid fast in *Newgate*, and loaded with Irons, and would certainly have gone the same Way as the Captain, but he was so dextrous a Rogue, that no Gaol, no Fetters would hold him; and he with two more, found means to knock off their Irons, work'd their way thro' the Wall of the Prison, and let themselves down on the Outside, in the Night: So escaping, they found means to get into *France*, where he followed the same Trade, and that with so much Success, that he grew famous by the Name of *de Thony*, and had the Honour with three of his Comrades, who he had taught the *English* Way of Robbing generously, as they called it, without murdering, or wounding, or ill-using those they robb'd, to be broke upon the Wheel, at the *Grevin* in *Paris*.

All these Things I found means to be fully informed of, and to have a long Account of the Particulars of their Conduct from some of their Comrades, who had the good Fortune to escape, and who I got the Knowledge of, without letting them so much as guess at who I was, or upon what Account I enquir'd.

I was now at the height of my good Fortune, and got the Name of a great Merchant. I lived single, and in Lodgings, and kept a *French* Servant, being very desirous of improving myself in that Language, and received 5 or 600 Hogsheads a-Year from my own Plantations, and spent my Time in that, and in supplying my People with Necessaries at *Maryland*, as they wanted them.

In this private Condition I continu'd about two Years more, when the Devil owing me a Spleen ever since I refus'd being a Thief, paid me home, with Interest, by laying a Snare in my Way, which had almost ruin'd me.

There dwelt a Lady in the House opposite to the House I lodg'd in, who made an extraordinary Figure, and was a most beautiful Person. She was well bred, sung admirably fine, and sometimes I could hear distinctly, the Houses being over-against one another in a narrow Court. This Lady put herself so often in my Way, that I could not in good Manners forbear taking Notice of her, and giving the Ceremony of my Hat, when I saw her at her Window, or at the Door, or when I pass'd her in the Court.

Court : So that we became almost acquainted at a Distance. Sometimes she also visited at the House I lodg'd at, and it was generally contriv'd that I shou'd be introduc'd when she came. And thus, by Degrees, we became more intimately acquainted, and often convers'd together in the Family, but always in publick, at least for a great While. I was a meer Boy in the Affair of Love, and knew the least of what belong'd to a Woman, of any Man in *Europe* of my Age; the Thoughts of a Wife, much less a Mistress, had never so much as taken the least Hold of my Head, and I had been, till now, as perfectly unacquainted with the Sex, and as unconcern'd about them, as I was when I was ten Years old, and lay in a Heap of Ashes at the Glass-house.

She attack'd me without ceasing, with the Finesness of her Conduct, and with Arts which were impossible to be ineffectual. She was ever, as it were, in my View, often in my Company, and yet kept her self so on the Reserve, so surrounded continually with Obstructions, that for several Months after she could perceive I sought an Opportunity to speak to her. She render'd it impossible, nor could I ever break in upon her, she kept her Guard so well.

This rigid Behaviour was the greatest Mystery that could be, considering, at the same Time, that she never declin'd my seeing her, or conversing with me in publick, but she held it on. She took Care never to sit next me, that I might slip no Paper into her Hand, or speak softly to her. She kept some Body or other always between, that I could never come up to her. And thus, as if she was resolv'd really to have nothing to do with me, she held me at the Bay several Months. In short, we came nearer and nearer every Time we met, and at last gave the World the Slip, and were privately married, to avoid Ceremony, and the publick Inconveniency of a Wedding.

No sooner were we married, but she threw off the Mask of her Gravity and good Conduct, and carried it to such an Excess, that I could not but be dissatisfied at the Expence of it. In about a twelve-month she was brought to Bed of a fine Boy; and her Lying-in cost me, as near as I can now remember, 136*l.* which, she told me, she thought was a Trifle. Such Jarring continually between us, produced a Separation; and she demanded 300*l.* per Annum for her Maintenance. In the Interim of this, by means of two trusty Agents, I got Proof of my Spouse's being caught several Times in Bed with another Person, and by whom she had a Daughter. I sued her in the Ecclesiastical Court, in order to obtain a Divorce; and, as she found it impossible to avoid it, she declin'd a Defence, and I gain'd a legal Decree of Divorce.

Things being at this Pass, I resolv'd to go over to *France*, where I fell into Company with some *Irish* Officers of the Regiment of *Dillon*, where I bought a Company, and so went into the Army directly. Our Regiment, after I had been some Time in it, was commanded into *Italy*, and one of the most considerable Actions I was in, was the famous Attack upon *Cremona* in the *Milanese*, where the *Germans* being treacherously let into the Town by Night, through a kind of Common-Shore, surpriz'd the Town, and took the Duke de *Villeroy* Prisoner, beating the *French* Troops into the Citadel, but were in the Middle of their Victory so boldly attack'd by two *Irish* Regiments, that, after a most desperate Fight, and not being able to break through us to let in their Friends, were obliged to quit the Town, to the eternal Honour of those *Irish* Regiments. Having been in several Campaigns, I was permitted to fill my Company, and got the Chevalier's *Brevet* for a Colonel, in case of raising Troops for him in

Great-Britain. I, accordingly, embark'd on board the *French* Fleet, for the Firth of *Edinburgh*; but they over-shot their Landing-place: And this Delay gave Time to the *English* Fleet, under Sir *George Byng*, to come to an Anchor just as we did.

Upon this Surprize, the *French* Admiral set sail, and, crowding away to the North, got the Start of the *English* Fleet, and escap'd, with the Loss of one Ship only, to *Dunkirk*; and glad I was to set my Foot on Shore again, for all the While we were thus flying for our Lives, I was under the greatest Terror imaginable, and nothing but Halts and Gibbets run in my Head, concluding, that if I had been taken, I should certainly have been hang'd.

I took my Leave of the Chevalier and the Army, and made Haste to *Paris*, a Place full of Gallantry, and where I again foolishly tried my Fate in Matrimony; for in less than three Months I caught my good-natur'd Wife in Bed with a *French* Marquis, whom I the next Day fought, and left for dead. I took Post Horses for *Flanders*, and, at last, got safe once more to *London*, from which Place I embark'd for *Virginia*, and had a tolerable Voyage thither, only that we met with a Pirate Ship, who plunder'd us of every Thing they could come at that was for their Turn: But, to give the Rogues their Due, though they were the most abandon'd Wretches that ever were seen, they did not use us ill; and, as to my Loss, it was not considerable.

I found all my Affairs in very good Order at *Virginia*, my Plantations prodigiously increas'd, and my Manager, who first inspir'd me with travelling Thoughts, and made me Master of any Knowledge worth naming, receiv'd me with a Transport of Joy, after a Ramble of four and twenty Years. I was exceedingly satisfied with his Management, for he had improv'd a very large Plantation of his own, at the same Time; however, I had the Mortification to see two or three of the *Preston* Gentlemen there, who being Prisoners of War, were spar'd from the publick Execution, and sent over to that Slavery, which, to Gentlemen, must be worse than Death.

During my Stay here, I married a Maid I brought over from *England*, who behav'd her self, for some Time, extraordinary well, but at last turn'd Whore, like the rest, got the Foul Disease, and died; and I, not liking to stay long in a Place I was so much talk'd of, sent to one of my Correspondents for a Copy of the general free Pardon then granted, and wherein it was manifest I was fully included.

After I had settled my Affairs, and left the same faithful Steward, I again embark'd for *England*, and, after a Trading Voyage (for we touch'd at several Places in our Way), I arriv'd safe, determining to spend the Remainder of my Life in my native Country; for here I enjoy the Moments which I had never before known how to employ, I mean that of looking back upon an ill-spent Life.

Perhaps, when I wrote these Things down, I did not foresee that the Writings of our own Stories would be so much the Fashion in *England*, or so agreeable to others to read, as I find Custom, and the Humour of the Times, has caus'd it to be. If any one that reads my Story pleases to make the same just Reflections, which I acknowledge I ought to have made, he will reap the Benefit of my Misfortunes, perhaps, more than I have done my self, 'tis evident, by the long Series of Changes and Turns which have appear'd in the narrow Compass of one private mean Person's Life, that the History of Men's Lives may be many Ways made useful and instructing to those who read them, if moral and religious Improvement, and Reflections, are made by those that write them.

The LIFE of JACK BIRD.

THIS notorious Malefactor was born at *Stainford* in *Lincolnshire*, of very honest Parents, by whom, after he had been at School to learn Reading, Writing, and Accounts, he was put Apprentice to a Baker at *Godmanchester*, near *Huntington*. He had not served three Years before he run away from his Master, came to *London*, and list-ed in the Foot-Guards. While he was in the Army, he was at the Siege of *Mastricht*, under the Command of the Duke of *Monmouth*, who was General of the *English* Forces in the *Low Countries*.

Here he was reduced to such Necessities as are common to Men who engage themselves to kill one another for a Groat or Five-Pence a-Day. This occasion'd him to run away from his Colours, and fly to *Amsterdam*, where he stole a Piece of Silk off a Stall; for which Fact he was apprehended, and dragged before a Magistrate. The Effect of this was a Commitment to the *Rasp-House*, where he was put to hard Labour, such as *Rasp-ing* Log-wood and other Drudgeries, for a Twelve-Month.

As *Jack* had never been used to Work, he fainted under the Sentence, though to little Purpose; for his Task-Masters imputing it to a stubborn Laziness, inflicted a severer Punishment upon him: The Manner of which was as follows: He was chained down to the Bottom of a dry Cistern by one Foot; immediately upon which, several Cocks were set a running into it, and he was obliged to pump for his Life. The Cistern was much deeper than he was high; so that if the Water had prevailed, he must inevitably have been drowned without Relief or Pity. *Jack* was very sensible of his Danger, which occasioned him to labour with all his Might for an Hour, which was as long as the Sentence was to continue.

Having overcome this Difficulty, he ply'd his Business very well the remaining Part of the Year, when being released, he returned into *England*, with a Resolution to try his Fortune on the Highway. Near *St. Edmundsbury* he stole a Horse, and he had before provided half a Dozen good Pistols, and a Sword. Success attended him in his three or four first Robberies; but an unlucky Adventure soon brought about a Turn in his Affairs.

In the Road between *Gravesend* and *Chatham*, he met with one *Mr. Joseph Pinnis*, a Pilot of *Dover*, who had lost both his Hands in an Engagement. He had been at *London* to receive ten or twelve Pounds for carrying a *Dutch* Ship up the River. When Bird accosted him with the Salutation common to Gentlemen of his Profession; *You see, Sir*, quoth *Pinnis*, *that I have never a Hand; so that I am not able to take my Money out of my Pocket myself. Be so kind, therefore, as to take the Trouble of Searching me.* *Jack* soon consented to this very reasonable Request; but while he was very busy in examining the Contents of the Pilot's Purse, the boisterous old Tar suddenly clapp'd his Arms about his Neck, and spurring his own Horse, pulled our Adventurer from his; then falling directly upon him, and being a very strong Man, he kept him under, and maul'd him with his Stumps, which were plated. In the Midst of the Scuffle some Passengers came by, and enquired the Occasion of it. *Mr. Pinnis* re-

plied with telling them the Particulars, and desiring them to supply his Place, and give the Villain a little more of the same, adding, *That he was almost out of Breath with what he had done already.* When the Company understood what was the Reason of the Pilot's labouring so hard upon the Bones of our *Russian*, they apprehended him, and carried him before a Justice, who committed him to *Maidstone* Goal, where he continued till the Assizes, and then was condemned to be hang'd.

This Time *Jack* had the good Fortune to receive Mercy, and afterwards to obtain his Liberty. The Remembrance of his being so heartily thumped by a Man without Hands, stuck so much in his Stomach that he had almost a Mind to grow honest; and indeed he continued pretty orderly, till he was again reduced to necessitous Circumstances, for Want of Employment. He had no Trade that he was Master of, nor Learning enough to secure him a Maintenance in a genteel Way; so that when he found himself in the utmost Streights, he could see no other Method of supporting himself, than what he had formerly followed.

The first that he met with, after he had resolved to set out in Pursuit of new Enterprizes, was a *Wells* Drover, about a Mile beyond *Aston*. The Fellow being almost as stout as *Mr. Pinnis*, would not obey the usual Precept, but was going to lay about him with a good Quarter-Staff, which he had in his Hands. *Jack*, when he saw *Tuffy's* Courage, leapt nimble out of the Way of his Staff, and told him, *That he had been taken once by a Son of a Whore without Hands; and for that Trick, says he, I shall not venture my Carcass within Reach of one that has Hands, for fear of something worse.* While he was speaking, he pulled out a Pistol, and instantly shot him through the Head. Kissing his Pockets, and finding but Eighteen-Pence, said ironically, *This is a Prize worth killing a Man for at any Time.* He then rode away about his Business as little concern'd as if he had done no Mischief at all.

Another Time *Jack Bird* met with *Poor Robin* the Almanack Writer, on the Road going to *Waltham-Abbey*. Poor and rich were all the same to him, when they came in his Way; so the honest Astrologer was greeted with the Salutation of *Stand and Deliver*. It was the first Time that *Robin* had been attacked on the Highway; and as he received no Intimation of this from the Stars, he stood and star'd, as if he had been Planet-Struck. *Bird* told him he was in Earnest, and *Robin* reply'd with a Complaint of his Poverty. *That*, says *Jack*, *is a common Thread-bare Excuse, and will not save your Bacon.*—But quoth the Star-Gazer, *my Name is Poor Robin: I am the Author of those Almanacks that come out yearly in my Name, and I have canoniz'd a great many Gentlemen of your Profession. Look in my Calendar for Guzman, Jonas Allen, Hind, Du Val, Dun, Cambray-Bess, Moll Cutpurse, and others: Let this be my Protection.* All was in vain; our inexorable Free-Booter ransack'd his Pockets of fifteen Shillings, took a new Hat from his Head, and then told him, *That now he had given him Cause to cannonize him too.* Which *Robin* promised

promised to do the first Year after he had suffered Martyrdom at Tyburn, and so they parted.

Being again encouraged by a Series of successful Adventures, and having remounted himself on a very good Horse, he was resolved to venture on higher Exploits. An Opportunity for putting this Resolution into Practice, soon fell in his Way, by his meeting the mad Earl of P——, and his Chaplain, who was little better than himself, in a Coach, with no more Attendants than the Coachman, and one Footman. *Stand and deliver* was the Word. His Lordship told him, that he did not trouble himself about losing the small Matter he had about him: *But then, says he, I hope you will fight for it.* Jack, upon this, pulled out a Brace of Pistols, and let off a Volley of Imprecations: *Don't put yourself into a Passion, Friend, says his Honour, but lay down your Pistols, and I will box you fairly for all the Money I have, against nothing. That's an honourable Challenge, my Lord, quoth Jack, provided none of your Servants be near us.* The Earl immediately order'd them to keep at a Distance.

The Chaplain, like *Withbrington* in the old Ballad of *Chevy-Chace*, could not bear to see an Earl fight on Foot, while he stood looking on; so he desired the Honour of espousing the Cause of his Lordship: To which both Parties readily agreeing, off went the Divinity in a Minute, and to Blows and Bloody-Noses they came.

Tho' Jack had once the ill-Fortune to be stumped out of his Liberty by a sturdy old Sailor, he was nevertheless too hard for his Reverence in less than a Quarter of an Hour. He beat him in such a Manner that he could not see, and had but just Breath enough to cry, *I'll fight no more.* About two Minutes after this Victory (which he took for a breathing Time) Jack told his Lordship, *That now, if he pleased, he would take a Turn with him.*—*By no Means,* quoth the Earl, *for if you beat my Chaplain, you will beat me; he and I having tried our Manhood before.* So giving our Hero twenty Guineas, his Honour rode off in a whole Skin.

While Jack resided in Town, he married a young Woman, who had been Servant to a Dyer near *Exeter Exchange* in the Strand. This Girl, while she was in Place, us'd to set up a-Nights for her Master; and, in short, to use him so very civilly, that it was the Occasion of her Destruction. A particular Account of this Affair will not be disagreeable, nor entirely foreign to our Design.

The Dyer's Wife, having entertain'd a Jealousy from some Observations she had made, as well as from her Husband's Backwardness in the Performance of Family Duty, she was resolved to examine into the Bottom of the Affair. Accordingly, the one Night commanded the Maid to go to Bed, and undertook to sit up for her Husband herself. Betwixt twelve and one he came Home, and Madam open'd the Door in the Dark, without speaking a Word. The good Man was silent as his supposed Maid, and very orderly laid her on a Counter, exerted his Manhood, and gave her Half-a-Crown, according to Custom. Madam immediately slipp'd away to Bed, and her dear Spouse follow'd her, as soon as he had fasten'd up the Street-Door, without the least Suspicion of what had pass'd.

The next Morning Mr. ——— was amaz'd to see his Servant packing up her Cloaths, as soon as he was out of Bed. The Surprise encreased when he observed the surly Behaviour of his Wife, saw her pay the Girl her Wages, and bid her be gone forthwith. The young Woman, without Doubt, was as much confused as her Master, being altogether as ignorant of the Cause; she durst not speak one Word for herself, such a Hurry was her Mistress in. At last Mr. ——— took the Courage to speak. *Pray, my Dear, what's the Meaning of all this? What has the poor Wench done to be thus turn'd out of Doors at an Hour's Warning? I never found her dishonest; if you have, let her know what you accuse her with. Perhaps she may do better another Time: Or, if you are bent upon discharging her, don't give People Room to say you have us'd her unhandsofly.* The Devil a Word could he get more than, *She was a saucy Baggage, and go she should.* Accordingly, when her Things were all ready, she came into the Parlour to bid her Master and Mistress Good-bye. Just as she was going out of Doors, *Holt! Holt! Betty, says the Mistress, here's Half-a-Crown that I earn'd for you last Night upon the Counter; take that along with you.* The Dyer, upon this, apprehended how Matters went, and was willing afterwards to make his Submission, that he might come to Terms with his dear offended Wife, who continually seiz'd him with the *Half-Crown* and the *Counter*.

The *Athenian Society*, who made themselves sufficiently famous about this Time by their Monthly Productions, took a great Deal of Pains in the Case above, before they could resolve whether or no the Dyer had committed Adultery with his own Wife. They concluded at last, that tho' the Act of Copulation was with his own Spouse, yet he was chargeable with the Crime of Adultery, as his Design was on another Person, whom he could not lawfully touch. This Enquiry gave considerable Diversion to the Town, and made the poor Dyer a general Subject of Ridicule.

But though *Bird* was married, he did not confine himself to any one Woman; for we are told that he was continually in Company with Whores and Bawds: One Night in Particular, having a Woman with him, he knock'd down a Man, between *Dutchy-Lane*, and the *Great-Savoy-Gate* in the Strand, and having robb'd him, made off safely; but the Woman was apprehended, and sent to *Newgate*. Jack went to her, in Hopes to make up the Affair with the Prosecutor, and was thereupon taken, on Suspicion, and confin'd with her.

At his Trial he confessed the Fact, and took it wholly upon himself; so that the Woman was acquitted, and he condemn'd to suffer Death; which Sentence was inflict'd on him at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 12th of March, 1690. he being forty-two Years of Age. After Execution his Body was convey'd to Surgeon's Hall, and there anatomiz'd.

He spoke but very little at the Gallows, what he did say consisted chiefly of Invectives against lewd Women, and Advice to young Men not to be seduc'd, by their Conversation, from the Rules of Virtue and Morality.

The LIFE of WILLIAM CADY.

THIS unhappy Gentleman was born at *Thetford* in the County of *Norfolk*: His Father was an eminent Surgeon in that Place, and very careful of his Son's Education. After a Course of Grammar Learning, *Will* was sent to the University of *Cambridge*, where he was Servitor to the Father of the present Right Honourable the Lord Viscount *Torrensford*, at that Time a Student in *Trinity Colledge*. He profited so well as in Time to be made Batchellor of Arts, and continued at his Studies till the Death of his Father.

The Decease of a Parent to a young Gentleman, as *Cady* was, is often the Crisis of Fortune, and the Time that fixes his future Fate. When a Man becomes his own Master, we learn in what he places his Happiness, and what has before given a prevailing Turn to his Thoughts, then influences his Actions. *Will*, immediately upon the News, withdrew from the Muses, and went up to *London*, where he profess'd Physick; for his Father made so good Use of what he had in his Life-Time, as to leave nothing behind him. The first Patient he had was his own Uncle, who was dangerously ill of an Imposthume; and the Manner how he cured him is very well worth relating in this Place.

When he came into his Uncle's Chamber, the first Thing he did was to examine the State of the old Gentleman's Stomach. To this Purpose he hunted the Room all over, moved every Dish, Plate, and Basin he could see, all under a Pretence of finding out what they gave him to eat; tho' in Reality to find a proper Occasion for the Experiment he afterwards tried. At last he spied an old Saddle under the Bed: Upon which he seemed to start, crying out, *Uncle, your Case is very desperate.* — *Not so bad, I hope,* says the Uncle, *as to make me past Recovery.* — *Heaven knows that,* cried *Cady*; *but a Surfeit is a terrible Thing, and I perceive you have got a violent one.* *A Surfeit!* replied the old Gentleman, *you mistake, Nephew, 'tis an Impostume that I am afflicted with.* — *The Devil it is!* quoth *Cady*, *why I could have sworn it had been a Surfeit; for I perceive you have eat a whole Horse, and left us only the Saddle.* At this he held up the Saddle in his Hands, and the old Gentleman fell into such a Fit of Laughing, as instantly broke his Imposthume; so that he became a well Man again in less than a Fortnight.

This is not the only Instance that has been related of an Imposthume's being broke by a violent and sudden Fit of Laughter, occasion'd by some odd Action or smart Saying. We shall relate two Stories of the like Nature.

The first is of a certain Cardinal at *Padoua*, who lay at the Point of Death, and seemed so far gone, that the Servants had begun to rifle the House, and to pull down the very Hangings of the Chamber where his Eminence lay. An Ape, in the Midst of the Hurry, pick'd up an old Cap that lay by the Bed's Side, and clapp'd it on his own Head, shewing so many out of the Way Tricks, that the Cardinal laugh'd, broke his Imposthume, and sav'd both his Life and his Money.

The other is of a Lady at *Orleans*, who was in a very dangerous Condition, and began to despair of any Remedy. The Maid, who lay in a Pallet-Bed

by her, happen'd to thrust out her Posteriors a little beyond the Cloaths, and at the same Time to let a rousing Fart: Upon which a Monkey who was in the Room, went immediately to the Part from whence the Noise came, smell'd to it, chatter'd, and made so many wry Faces, that the Lady laugh'd herself into a Recovery.

Cady's Uncle gave him fifty Guineas for performing so speedy and unexpected a Cure; all which he spent in less than a Month. It was not long after, that he bid adieu to *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, and betook himself to the Highway for a Livelihood. The first Exploit which he perform'd was on *Hounslow-Heath*, where meeting with Monsieur *Chevalier*, Captain of Grenadiers in the first Regiment of Foot-Guards, afterwards kill'd in the *West*, in the Engagement against the Duke of *Monmouth*, and another Gentleman, he rid boldly up to them, and enquir'd the Way to *Stains*, telling them he was a Stranger in the Country. They courteously told him they were going thither themselves; and that they should be very glad of his Company, if he pleas'd to keep Pace with them. *Will* thanked them for their Civility, and accepted of their Proffer, riding and talking by the Side of them for about a Mile. At last seeing the Coast clear, he without Ceremony shot one of the good-natur'd Guides thro' the Head; then turning upon *Chevalier*, he told him, *If he did not deliver his Money, he should suffer the same Fate with his Companion.* *Chevalier* said, *He was a Captain of the Guards, and therefore he must fight, if he got any Thing from him.* — *If you are a Soldier, Sir,* quoth *Cady*, *you ought to obey the Word of Command, otherwise you know the Sentence: I have nothing to do but to tie you Neck and Heels.* — *You are an unconscionable Son of a B——h,* says Monsieur, *to demand Money of me, who never ow'd you any.* — *Sir,* reply'd *Cady*, *there's not a Man travels the Road, but what owes me Money, if he has any about him.* Therefore, as you are one of my Debtors, if you do not pay me instantly, your Blood shall satisfy my Demands. The noble Captain exchanged a Shot or two with our Highwayman, but had the Misfortune at last to have his Horse killed; upon which, seeing it was in vain to make any more Resistance, he surrender'd his Gold-Watch, a Diamond Ring, and a Purse of twenty-six Guineas. *Will*, having collected all he could, tied the *Frenchman* Neck and Heels, nailed the Hind-Lappets of his Coat to a Tree, and then rode off with his Booty.

The next Person he robb'd was on *Bagshot-Heath*. It was Lord Viscount *Dundee*, who was killed at the Fight of *Gillycranky* in *Scotland*, after the Revolution. His Honour was on Horse-back, attended only by a Couple of Footmen. *Cady* rode up to them full Speed, enquiring if they did not see a single Man ride that Way harder than ordinary. Being told *Yes*, he presently added, *he has robb'd me of twenty Pounds, which I was going to pay my Lord, and I am utterly ruin'd.* The Man who had rid by was a Confederate of *Cady's*, who had parted from him for that very Purpose. My Lord was touch'd with Compassion at *Will's* Complaint, and immediately order'd his Footmen to pursue the Villain. The Servants rode away full Stretch, and *Cady* at

ter them some Distance, till he thought they were far enough; then he turn'd back on his Lordship, and robb'd him of a Gold-Watch, a Gold Snuff-Box, and sixty Guineas in Money. To make all safe, he shot the Viscount's Horse, and then rode after the Footmen, whom he found a Mile off, with his Comrade between them, Prisoner. The Fellows were surpriz'd, when *Will* bid them let the Man go, and seem'd to laugh at them for what they had done, till at last they absolutely refused to part with their Prize. *Cady*, upon that, swore they should, and a warm Engagement ensu'd, continuing till one of the Footmen was killed, and the other was obliged to fly, who found his Lord dismounted and robb'd.

Dundee complain'd at Court of this Abuse, and a Reward of one hundred Pounds was promised in the *London-Gazette* to any one that should apprehend *Cady* or his Comrade, who were both very particularly describ'd. Our Adventurer now thought it safest to get out of the Reach of Justice; and to that End, made the best of his Way to *Douay* in *Flanders*, where was an *English* Seminary. As he was a Scholar, he was easily admitted, upon the Superior's Examination, into the Fraternity of *Benedictine Friars*, among whom he behaved with a great Deal of seeming Devotion and Piety; so that he shortly attain'd a very extraordinary Character. The natural Result of this was his having a great Number of Penitents continually resorting to him, to make a Confession of their Sins. *Cady's* Piety, however, at last began to sit very uneasy upon him, and he was afraid his Hypocrisy would in Time be found out; for he look'd upon himself as incapable of keeping the Vows of Poverty and Chastity which he had made. This made him resolve to return into *England* again at all Hazards, choosing to enjoy a merry, though but a short Life, rather than to drag out many Years under the Strictness of Ecclesiastical Discipline. But there was Money wanting before this could be done, and now his Invention was rack'd for some Method of raising a sufficient Quantity.

He feign'd himself indisposed, and kept his Chamber several Days, during which Time he received Visits from Abundance of People; and, among others, from all of the Fair-Sex, who usually made him their Confessor. He had singled out in his Mind a Couple of young Gentlewomen who commonly came together, and were both very rich and very handsome. A Brace of Pistols he had also found Means to procure. At last the Ladies came, and when they had made their Confession, he desir'd them to hear his. In short, he told them, he was in great Want of Money, and if they did not instantly supply him, they should never depart alive. At the same Time he held the Pistols to their Breasts, and commanded them not to make the least Noise. The poor Gentlewomen were almost out of their Wits for fear, and trembled like Aspen Leaves, while *Cady* made Enquiry into their Pockets, and found them lin'd with about fifty Pistols. To this he compelled them to make an Offering of two Diamond-Rings, which were on their Fingers, and then laying them both on the Bed, he gave them, after one another, a Taste of his Manhood, and robb'd them of their Virginity into the Bargain. Next he gagg'd and ty'd them Neck and Heels, and then went out, pretending to the Father of the Convent, that he would only take the Air in the Fields a little. But he went much farther a Field than they expected; for he never return'd again, but chang'd his Canonical Habit, and return'd back into *England*.

Even before he arriv'd at *London*, he fell again into his old Courses, tho' he had been two Years out of his native Country; for as he rode over *Black-Heath*, he met with one *Sandal*, a great Hop-Merchant, and his Wife, whom he commanded to *Stand and Deliver*. *Sandal* stood up smartly in his own Defence, and fir'd two Pistols without Success; after which he was obliged to lie at the Mercy of the Enemy, who presently dismounted them both, and kil-

led their Horse (for they had but one) and then fell to rifling their Pockets. He found about twenty eight Pounds upon the Husband, but the Wife had no more than Half-a-Crown. *Is this your Way of travelling, says Cady? What! carry but Half-a-Crown in your Pocket, when you are to meet a Gentleman Collector on the Highway! I'll assure you, Madam, I shall be even with you; therefore off with that Ring on your Finger.* Mrs. *Sandal* begg'd him to spare her Wedding-Ring, because she would not lose it for double the Value, as she had kept and worn it above twenty Years. *You rebining Bitch, quoth Will, Marriage may be d—n'd, and you too. What! because you are a Whore by License, I must be more favourable to you than another Woman I'll warrant. Give me the Ring in a Moment without any more Cant, or I shall make bold to cut off your Finger with it for Dispatch, as I have served several of your Sex before.*

The remaining Part of this Story is of such a shocking Nature, that it can neither be related nor read without Horror. I could even wish intirely to omit it, were it not that such an unparallel'd Instance of Cruelty may deter others from entering into a Course of Life, in which they will certainly be led on from bad to worse, till at last they will be capable of committing what they before would have trembled at the Rehearsal of.

The good Woman finding all Entreaties were in vain, pulled off her Ring; but instead of giving it to *Cady*, instantly clapp'd it into her Mouth, and swallow'd it, in Hopes, by that Means, of preserving what she so superstitiously priz'd. *Cady* fell to swearing and stamping like a Madman, telling her, *That all her Tricks were in vain; for he would that Moment send her to the Devil without her Wedding-Ring.* Accordingly he shot her through the Head, ript her open, and took the Ring out of her Body in the Presence of her Husband, whom he had before bound, and who was incapable of uttering a Word at the Sight of such an unheard of Piece of Barbarity. *Your Wife's a Bitch, Sir, says the Butcherly Villain, but I think I have bit the Biter:* so remounting his Horse, he rode away with as little Concern as if he had done no Crime, leaving the Sorrowful Widower bound by his Wife's Body, till some Passengers came by and loos'd him, and then carried the mangled Corps to the next Inn.

The same Night *Cady* came strait to *London*, but was afraid that even that great City was not large enough to conceal him from the Enquiry, which such a horrid Action would naturally Occasion. He did not stay therefore above an Hour before he took Horse for *Scotland*, where he arrived and stay'd about a Month, without any Notice being taken of him. After this, he came into *England* again, and, as he was making towards *London*, between *Ferry-bridge* and *Doncaster* in *Yorkshire*, he overtook Dr. *Morton*, a Prebendary of *Durham*. It would not be more strange to see a Horse refuse Oats, than to hear that such a Gentleman as *Cady* would let a plump, sleek Clergyman pass unmolested, when he was in his Power. *Stand and deliver*, was the Precept, with the Addition of, *D—n you are a dead Man, if you hesitate.* The Clergyman had never been used to such Language before, and began to give him good Advice, counselling him very gravely to refrain from such ill Courses, and telling him the Hazard he ran, both with Respect to his Soul and his Body. But all his preaching was in vain; for *Cady* look'd upon him with all the Moroseness he could collect in his Countenance, and told him, *That his Doctrine had no Effect, and the Pretence of Religion was framed only to preserve what he had before got in the same Way.* Adding, *That if he did not speedily deliver, what he had, he should send him out of the World.* But that, quoth he with a Sneer, *is nothing to a Man of your Cloth; for doubtless all the Clergymen are prepared for Death at any Time, and certain of eternal Happiness.*

While

While *Cady* was uttering these Words, a Stone-Horse in an adjacent Field, smelling his Mare, leaped over the Hedge, and came snorting and neighing to her, like a mad Creature. *Will* was so busy with Mr. Doctor, that he took no Notice of the Stallion, till his Mare was covered, and he dismounted. The poor Parson was glad of an Opportunity to save his Bacon; so as soon as he saw *Cady* on the Ground, he rode off as fast as he could. *The Devil take all Whoring, cry'd Will, if Horses must practise it too. However, Mr. Mettle, I shall go nigh to spoil your Sport before the Game be over.* He was as good as his Word, for instantly pulling out a Pistol, he shot the Horse, and then remounted his Mare, and rode after Divinity.

In three Quarters of a Mile he overtook poor *Moreton*, and accosted him with, *You unreasonable unmannerly Dog, what do you mean to leave a Man in the Midst of his Journey, without giving him any Thing to pay his Charges?* The Doctor had taken Care, as he rode off, to hide his Money in a Hedge, so that when *Cady* search'd him, he found never a Farthing. He could not however, think that a Man of his Figure would travel on Horse-back without any Money in his Breeches; so that he swore the Reverend Priest should never go Home alive, if he did not inform him what he had done with his Mammon: The Doctor standing to it, that he had none, our bloody Wretch instantly shot him through the Heart, which to him was no more than making a good Meal when he was a hungry.

After this he took a Journey into *Norfolk* with an Intent to see his Friends and Relations at *Thetford*; but meeting a Coach withing two or three Miles of that Town, with three Gentlemen and a Gentlewoman in it, could not forbear riding up to it, and making the usual Compliment. The Gentlemen were resolved to dispute a Point with him, and stood bravely upon their Guard, one of them firing off a Blunderbuss without doing him any other Damage than just grazing a-cross his Left-Arm, and tearing his Coat, Waistcoat, and Shirt. This put him into a violent Passion, so that after he had taken about one hundred and thirty Pounds from them all, he swore that the Loss of his Money should not entitle him that had shot him to any Quarters. He was always as good as his Word in these Cases; the poor Gentleman was left dead in the Coach; and then cutting the Reins and Traces of the Horses, he rode off, without going to *Thetford* to see his Acquaintance.

Now he steers his Course towards *London*, as fast as he can; and coming over *Finchly-Common* attacks a Lady, who was riding there for the Air, attended by a single Footman. He fell upon her in a very rude Manner, pulling a Diamond-Ring from her Finger, and a Gold-Watch from her Side; taking a Purse with eighty Guineas in it, out of her Pocket, and giving her a great Deal of ill Language. The

honest Footman, though the Lady had commanded him not to meddle, could not forbear shewing his Resentment at *Cady's* unmanly Behaviour. He returned his foul Words with others of the same Kind, calling him Villain, Rascal, Thief, and other Names of the same Import, which were suitable to his Character. *Will Cady*, without speaking a Word, answered the poor Fellow, by sending a Brace of Balls thro' his Head; then he cut the Girths of the Lady's Saddle, and was a-going to make off.

But the Time which Providence had fixed for a Period to his wicked Actions was now come. Two Gentlemen, who had seen the Transaction at a Distance, intercepted him, just as he put Spurs to his Horse, with Pistols in their Hands. *Cady* was very desperate when he saw his own Danger. He fired as fast as he was able, and they as nimbly returned the same Compliment, till a lucky Ball lodged in his Horse, and made him fall under him. After this, he resolutely maintain'd his Ground on Foot for a considerable Time, even till he had discharged all his Pistols, and entirely weary'd himself. He was then apprehended, and carried before a Justice of the Peace at *Highgate*, who committed him under a strong Guard to *Newgate*, where he continued till the next Sessions without any Signs of Remorse for the Blood he had so plentifully shed within four Years before.

When his Tryal came on at the *Old-Bailey* he behaved agreeably to his Character before that venerable Court. The Lord Mayor and Recorder, he said, were a Couple of old Almswomen, and the Jurymen was treated in the same Manner. The Matter of Fact which he was indicted for, was proved so plainly against him, that he received Sentence of Death, and was put into the Condemn'd-Hold, but even this Place of Horror and Darknets had no Effect upon his Mind; for he continued to swear, curse, sing, roar, and get drunk, as he had always done before. What hardened him the more, was, the Dependence he had on some Friends at Court, who had given him Room to hope for a Reprieve from King *James II.* who then reign'd; but the many Murders he had committed put a Stop to the Mercy which he might otherwise have obtain'd.

His Day of Execution being come, and the Cart stopping as usual, under *St. Sepulchre's* Church Wall, whilst the Bell-man rang his Bell, and repeated his exhortatory Lines, instead of being affected with the Admonition, he fell a swearing at the Sheriff's Officers, asking them, *Why they detain'd him there to hear an old Puppy chatter Nonsense?* At *Tyburn* he was just the same, being turn'd off without either conversing with the Ordinary, praying by himself, or making any Speech to the People. His Execution was in 1687. when he was just twenty-five Years of Age.



The LIFE of SAWNEY BEANE.

THE following Account, though as well attested as any historical Fact can be, is almost incredible, for the monstrous and unparallel'd Barbarities that it relates; there being nothing that we have ever heard of, with the same Degree of Certainty, that may be compar'd with it, or that shews how far a brutal Temper, untam'd by Education and Knowledge of the World, may carry a Man in such glaring and horrible Colours.

Sawney Beane was born in the County of *East Lothian*, about eight or nine Miles eastward of the City of *Edinburgh*, some Time in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, whilst King *James I.* govern'd only in *Scotland*. His Parents work'd at Hedging and Ditching for their Livelihood, and brought up their Son, to the same Occupation. He got his daily Bread in his Youth by these Means; but being very much prone to Idleness, and not caring for being confined to any honest Employment, he left his Father and Mother, and ran away into the desert Part of the Country, taking with him a Woman as viciously inclin'd as himself. These two took up their Habitation in a Rock by the Sea-side, on the Shore of the County of *Galway*, where they lived upwards of 25 Years without going into any City, Town, or Village.

In this Time they had a great Number of Children and Grand-Children, whom they brought up after their own Manner, without any Notions of Humanity or Civil Society. They never kept any Company, but among themselves, and supported themselves wholly by robbing; being, moreover, so very cruel, that they never robb'd any one, whom they did not murder.

By this bloody Method, and their living so retiredly from the World, they continued such a long Time undiscovered, there being no Body able to guess how the People were lost that went by the Place where they lived. As soon as they had robb'd and murder'd any Man, Woman, or Child, they used to carry off the Carcass to the Den, where cutting it into Quarters, they would pickle the mangled Limbs, and afterwards eat it; this being their only Sustenance: And, notwithstanding, they were at last so numerous, they commonly had Superfluity of this their abominable Food; so that in the Night-time they frequently threw Legs, and Arms of the unhappy Wretches they had murdered, into the Sea, at a great Distance from their bloody Habitation. The Limbs were often cast up by the Tide in several Parts of the Country, to the Astonishment and Terror of all the Beholders, and others who heard of it. Persons who have gone about their lawful Occasions fell so often into their Hands, that it caused a general Outcry in the Country round about, no Man knowing what was become of his Friend or Relation, if they were once seen by these merciless Cannibals.

All the People in the adjacent Parts were at last alarm'd, at such a common Loss of their Neighbours, and Acquaintance; for there was no travelling in Safety near the Den of these Wretches. This occasioned the sending frequent Spies into these Parts, many of whom never return'd again, and those who did, after the strictest Search and Enquiry, could not

find how these melancholy Matters happen'd. Several honest Travellers were taken up on Suspicion, and wrongfully hang'd upon bare Circumstances; several innocent Inn-keepers were executed for no other Reason than that Persons who had been thus lost, were known to have lain at their Houses, which occasion'd a Suspicion of their being murdered by them, and their Bodies privately buried in obscure Places, to prevent a Discovery. Thus an ill-plac'd Justice was executed with the greatest Severity imaginable, in order to prevent these frequent atrocious Deeds; so that not a few Inn-keepers, who lived on the Western Road of *Scotland*, left off their Business, for fear of being made Examples, and followed other Employments. This on the other Hand occasion'd many great Inconveniencies to Travellers, who were now in great Distress for Accommodation for themselves and their Horses, when they were disposed to bait, or put up for Lodging at Night. In a Word, the whole Country was almost depopulated.

Still the King's Subjects were missing as much as before; so that it was the Admiration of the whole Kingdom how such Villainies could be carried on, and yet the Villains to be found out. A great many had been executed, and not one of them all made any Confession at the Gallows; but stood to it at the last, that they were perfectly innocent of the Crimes for which they suffer'd. When the Magistrates found all was in vain, they left off these rigorous Proceedings, and trusted wholly to Providence, for the bringing to Light the Authors of these unparallel'd Barbarities, when it should seem proper to the Divine Wisdom.

Sawney's Family was at last grown very large, and every Branch of it, as soon as able, assisted in perpetrating their wicked Deeds, which they still follow'd with Impunity. Sometimes they would attack four, five, or six Footmen together, but never more than two if they were on Horse-back. They were, moreover so careful, that not one whom they set upon should escape, that an Ambuscade was placed on every Side to secure them, let them fly which Way they would, provided it should ever so happen that one or more got away from the first Assailants. How was it possible they should be detected, when not one that saw them ever saw any Body else afterwards? The Place where they inhabited was quite solitary and lonesome; and when the Tide came up, the Water went for near two hundred Yards into their subterraneous Habitation, which reached almost a Mile under Ground; so that when some who had been sent arm'd to search all the By-Places about, have pass'd by the Mouth of their Cave; they have never taken any Notice of it, not supposing that any Thing human would reside in such a Place of perpetual Horror and Darkness.

The Number of the People these Savages destroyed was never exactly known; but it was generally computed that in the twenty-five Years they continued their Butcheries, they had washed their Hands in the Blood of a thousand at least, Men, Women, and Children. The Manner how they were at last discover'd was as follows:



J. Nicholls delin.

Basire sculp.

SAWNEY BEANE at the Entrance of his Cave.

A Man and his Wife behind him on the same Horse, coming one Evening Home from a Fair, and falling into the Ambuscade of these merciless Wretches, they fell upon them in a most furious Manner. The Man, to save himself as well as he could, fought very bravely against them with Sword and Pistol, riding some of them down, by main Force of his Horse. In the Conflict the poor Woman fell from behind him, and was instantly murdered before her Husband's Face; for the Female Cannibals cut her Throat, and fell to sucking her Blood with as great a Gust, as if it had been Wine. This done, they ript up her Belly, and pulled out all her Entrails. Such a dreadful Spectacle made the Man make the more obstinate Resistance, as expecting the same Fate, if he fell into their Hands. It pleased Providence, while he was engaged, that twenty or thirty from the same Fair came together in a Body; Upon which, *Sareney Beane* and his Blood-thirsty Clan withdrew, and made the best of their Way through a thick Wood to their Den.

This Man, who was the first that had ever fell in their Way, and came off alive, told the whole Company what had happened, and shewed them the horrid Spectacle of his Wife, whom the Murderers had dragg'd to some Distance, but had not Time to carry her entirely off. They were all struck with Stupefaction and Amazement at what he related, took him with them to *Glasgow*, and told the Affair to the Provost of that City, who immediately sent to the King concerning it.

In about three or four Days after, his Majesty himself in Person, with a Body of about four hundred Men, set out for the Place where this dismal Tragedy was acted, in order to search all the Rocks and Thickets, that, if possible, they might apprehend this hellish Cure, which had been so long pernicious to all the Western Parts of the Kingdom.

The Man who had been attacked was the Guide, and care was taken to have a large Number of Blood-hounds with them, that no human Means might be wanting towards their putting an entire End to these Cruelties.

No Sign of any Habitation was to be found for a long Time, and even when they came to the Wretches Cave, they took no Notice of it, but were going to pursue their Search along the Sea Shore, the Tide being then out. But some of the Blood-hounds luckily enter'd this *Cavern* Den, and instantly set up a most hideous Barking, Howling, and Yelping; so that the King, with his Attendants, came back, and looked into it. They could not yet tell how to conceive that any Thing human could be concealed in a Place where they

saw nothing but Darkness. Nevertheless, as the Blood-hounds encreased their Noise, they went farther in, and refused to come back again, they began to imagine there was some Reason more than ordinary. Torches were now immediately sent for, and a great many Men ventur'd in through the most intricate Turnings and Windings, till at last they arrived at that private Recess from all the World, which was the Habitation of these Monsters.

Now the whole Body, or as many of them as could, went in, and were all so shocked at what they beheld, that they were almost ready to sink into the Earth. Legs, Arms, Thighs, Hands, and Feet of Men, Women, and Children, were hung up in Rows, like dried Beef. A great many Limbs lay in Pickle, and a great Mass of Money, both Gold and Silver, with Watches, Rings, Swords, Pistols, and a large Quantity of Cloaths, both Linnen and Woollen, and an infinite Number of other Things, which they had taken from those whom they had murder'd, were thrown together in Heaps, or hung up against the Sides of the Den.

Sareney's Family at this Time, besides him, consisted of his Wife, eight Sons, six Daughters, eighteen Grandsons, and fourteen Grand-Daughters, who were all begotten in Incest.

These were all seiz'd and pinion'd, by his Majesty's Order in the first Place; then they took what human Flesh they found, and buried it in the Sands, afterwards loading themselves with the Spoils which they found, they return'd to *Edinburgh* with their Prisoners, all the Country, as they passed along flocking to see this cursed Tribe. When they were come to their Journey's End, the Wretches were all committed to the Tolbooth, from whence they were the next Day conducted under a strong Guard to *Leith*, where they were all executed without any Process, it being thought needless to try Creatures who were even professed Enemies to Mankind.

The Men had first their Privy-Members cut off, and thrown into the Fire before their Faces, then their Hands and Legs were severed from their Bodies; by which Amputations they bled to Death in some Hours. The Wife, Daughters, and Grand-Children, having been made Spectators of this just Punishment inflicted on the Men, were afterwards burnt to Death in three several Fires. They all in general died without the least Signs of Repentance: but continued cursing and venting the most dreadful Imprecations to the very last Gasps of Life.



The LIFE of THOMAS WYNNE, A House-breaker and Murderer.

THIS notorious Criminal was born at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*, where, for aught we find to the contrary, he continued till he was between fifteen and sixteen, at which Age he betook himself to the Sea, which he followed between eight and nine Years. Happening then to come to *London*, and habituating himself with ill Company, especially lewd Women, he left no Villainy unperpetrated for the Support of himself and them, in their Extravagancies, till, at last, he became so expert in House-breaking, and, in short, all Sorts of Theft, that he was reckon'd the most notable Artist in his Way, of those Times.

It was in the Reign of that glorious Monarch, Queen *Elizabeth*, that our Artist flourished; accordingly, we find, that scorning a meaner Prey he had once the Boldness, or rather Impudence, to rob the Royal Lodgings at *Whitehall* Palace, of as much Plate as amounted to above four hundred Pounds; for which he had the ill Luck to be taken, and committed to *Newgate*: But, fortunately for him, her Majesty's Act of Grace coming out soon afterwards, granting a free Pardon for all Offences, except Treason, Murder, and some other notorious Crimes, he was allow'd the Benefit thereof, and obtained his Liberty, amongst many other Criminals, whom their Evil Courses had brought into the same Condition.

But *Wynne* making a very ill Use of the Royal Mercy, and taking no Warning, still pursued his vicious Ways, till at last being in eminent Danger of being apprehended, he got into the Service of the Earl of *Salisbury*, into whose Kitchen he was received in the Capacity of a Scullion.

Whilst he was in this Post, he had the Impudence to pretend Love to the Countess's Woman, who admiring at such Insolence in a Fellow of his Rank, return'd his Addresses with the greatest Scorn and Contempt. This exasperating *Wynne*, his pretended Love turn'd to Hatred, and he vow'd Revenge, which he effected soon after in this Manner.

As she coming down Stairs one Night after undressing her Lady, and putting her to Bed, he met her full But, and throwing her on her Back, run his Hand suddenly up her Coats, caught her by a Place which Women don't care to have used too roughly, and pin'd her by it so terribly, that she roar'd out as loud as any Bull that is baited. In the mean while *Wynne* kept pulling and tugging at his Game as fierce and as eager as any Mastiff, never offering to quit his Hold, till several of the Servants came to her Assistance, and rescued her. The poor Gentlewoman was immediately put to Bed very ill; and the Earl being next Day made acquainted with the whole Story, took upon himself to be his Judge, and ordered him to be forthwith stript, and severely lashed by his Coachman, which was executed to some Tune, upon the Spot. However his Lordship not thinking this a sufficient Punishment, threaten'd to have it repeated once a Week for a Month together, but *Wynne*, not liking his Sentence, thought proper to seek out fresh Quarters, and accordingly pack'd up his Auls and went off: But resolving to be reveng-

ed of his Prosecutors, before he took his final Leave of the Family, he broke open the Trunk of the Coachman that had fleed him, and robb'd him of nine Pounds: He borrow'd likewise fifteen Pounds of the Master-Cook, a Silver-Dish of his Lord's, and all the best Cloaths of the poor Woman whose *Non-resisting Part* he had handled so unmercifully; after which he set out in Quest of new Adventures.

It seems in *Wynne's* Time, Inn-Keepers were not so sharp as they are at present; wherefore our Artist would frequently dress himself in a Porter's Habit, with a Knot and Cord, and going to one of the best Inns, fix his Eye on any Bundle or Parcel which seem'd to be of Value, and throwing it upon his Shoulders, when he saw the Coast clear, walk off with it directly, without the Servants having the least Suspicion of him, although they met him, each of them thinking he was known by one of his Fellow-Servants.

He followed this Course about two Years, in which Time he got above two hundred Pounds, which fell heavy on the Carriers, who were obliged to make good what was lost. But dear-bought Experience making them look better after what they were entrusted with for the future, he had no Opportunity of supporting himself any longer that Way, which obliged him to have Recourse to other Methods.

One Day then hearing a Man, as he was going out of his House, tell his Wife he should not be back again in less than five or six Hours; he dogged him to the Place whither he went, and going to an Alehouse hard by enquir'd the Name of the People of the House. This done, he went back into the Tradesman's Neighbourhood, and getting his Name after the same Manner goes to his Wife, and tells her, that he was sent by Mr. *Such-a-one*, where her Husband was taken on a sudden so violently ill, that 'twas question'd whether he would live or die; wherefore she was desired to make all the Haste she could thither. At this the poor Wife fell a Shrieking terribly, and after bidding the Maid take Care of the House, hurried away with the Sham-Messenger, either to assist her Husband, or take her Leave of him before he departed this World.

They had not gone very far together, before *Wynne* pretending Business another Way, left the Woman to pursue her Journey by herself; and returning to the House again, told the Maid, *Her Mistress had sent him to acquaint her, That if she did not come back by such an Hour, she might go to Bed; for she should not come Home all Night.* As *Wynne* pretended to be mightily tired with having made so much Haste, the Maid asked him very civilly to walk into the Kitchen and rest himself, which being what he wanted, he readily accepted. In the mean while the poor Wench going to fetch him something to eat, whilst her Back was turn'd, he knock'd her down suddenly, and binding her Hand and Foot, and gagging her, rifled all the Trunks, Boxes, Chests, of Drawers, and Cup-boards, carrying off to the Value of 200 *l.* in Plate and Money.

He had now reign'd about eight Years in his Villainy, when taking Notice of an Old Man, who had formerly been a Linnen-Draper, but being rich had left off Trade, and liv'd on what he had, together with his Wife. in *Honey-Lane*, near *Chesapside*, he had for a long Time a strong Desire of robbing them. Accordingly one Night he resolv'd to put it in Execution, and broke into their Houses; but not content with robbing them, he determin'd also to murder them, to prevent a Discovery, which he did by cutting their Throats in a most barbarous Manner, as they were sleeping in their Bed together. This done, he robb'd the House to the Value of 2500 *l.* and fled away with his Wife and four Children he had by her, to *Virginia*.

Next Day, the old People being not seen by their Neighbours either to go out or in as usual, and the House being close shut up from Morning to Night, they began to be surpriz'd at the Meaning of it; and some among them suspecting some foul Play, a Constable was sent for, and the Door broke open, when upon entering their Chamber the old Couple were found in their Bed, to their great Astonishment and Horror, with their Throats cut from Ear to Ear, and weltering in their Blood.

A great Enquiry and Search was then made after the Murderer; and a poor Man, who begg'd his Bread having been observed to walk to and fro about the Door, and sometime to sit on a Bench belonging to the House, the Day before the Murder was perpetrated, he was apprehended on Suspicion, and being carried before a Justice of Peace, was by him committed to *Newgate*. The poor Wretch was afterwards brought upon his Trial, and though there was no other Proof against him, than some suspicious Circumstances, he was cast for his Life, and sentenced to be hanged before the Door of the murder'd Persons, which was accordingly executed, though he denied the Fact to the last, as well he might, and he was afterwards hang'd in Chains at *Holbourn*.

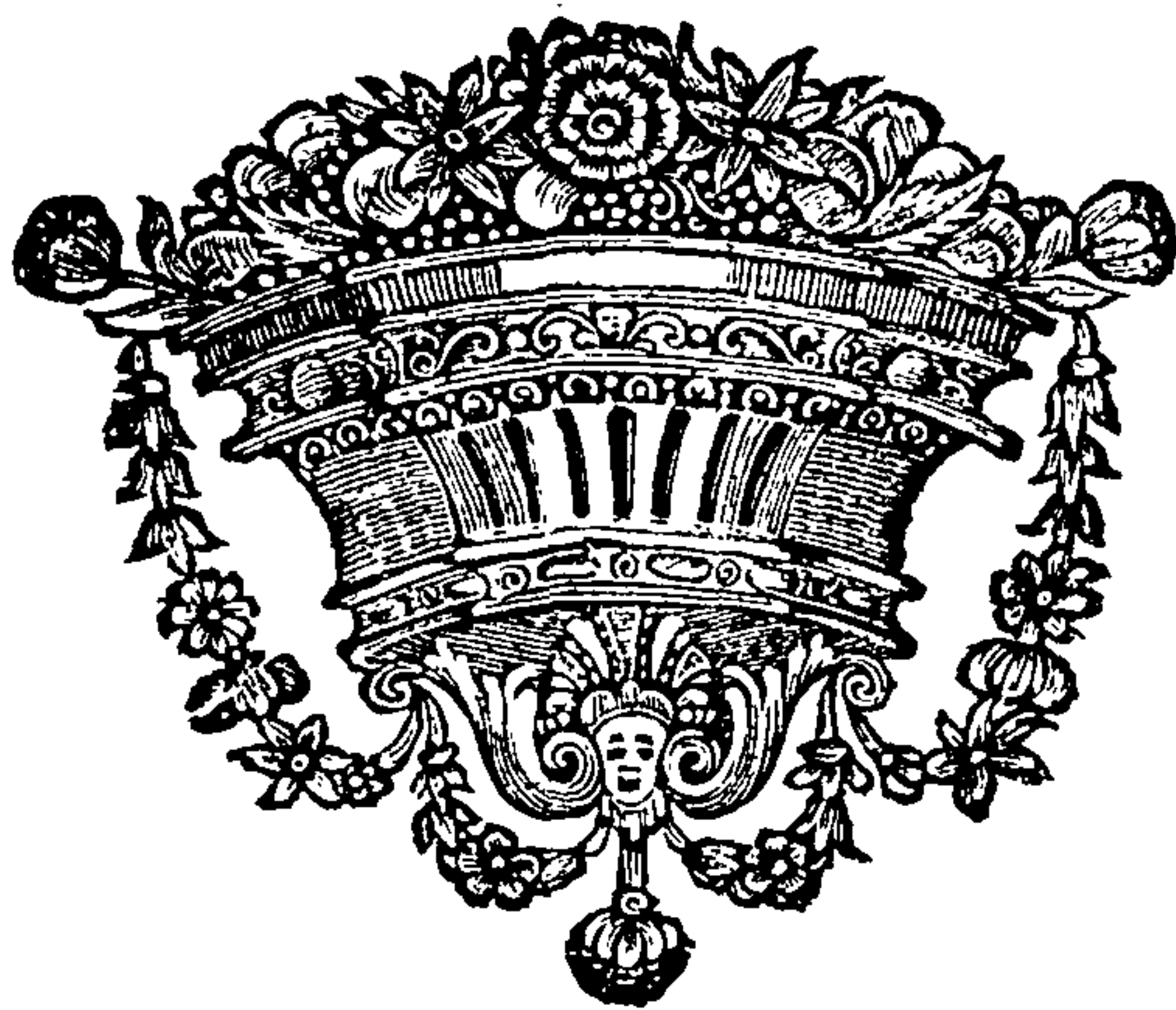
In the mean while *Wynne* was safe enough with his Family beyond Sea, where it pleas'd God, that he thrived prodigiously with his ill-got Money, the Price of innocent Blood. But having now been ab-

sent from his native Country twenty Years, and being very desirous of seeing it once before he died, designing afterwards to return back and lay his Bones in *Virginia*, he took his Leave of his Wife, Children, and Grand-Children (for his Family had multiplied as well as his Riches) and came over to *England*. — But mark how Providence pursued him.

Being one Day at a Goldsmith's Shop in *Chesapside* to buy a Parcel of Plate, which he design'd to carry with him to *Virginia*, whilst he was bargaining for it, and the Master of the Shop was weighing it, a great Uproar arose in the Street, for some Serjeants having arrested a Gentleman, and he breaking from the *Catchpoles*, who were in Pursuit of him. Hereupon *Wynne* ran out of the Shop the same Way as the Mob, and some that were behind him, crying out, *Stop him, Stop him*, his Conscience flew in his Face, so that he stopt short, and said, *I am the Man*. — *You the Man*, cry'd the People, *What Man?* — *The Man*, reply'd *Wynne*, *that committed such a Murder in Honey-Lane, twenty Years ago, for which a poor Man was hang'd wrongfully*.

Upon this Confession he was taken into Custody, and carried to a Magistrate, before whom he again owns the same, and being committed to *Newgate*, was try'd, condemn'd, and executed also before the House, where he had perpetrated the Murder; after which he was carried to *Holbourn*, and hanged in Chains.

Thus the just Judgment of God at last overtook him for shedding innocent Blood, when he thought himself secure from the Stroke of Justice; neither was it wanting to punish his Wife and Posterity for being privy thereunto, and living upon the Fruits thereof. For his Wife ran distracted, upon receiving the News of his shameful End, and died so: Two of his Sons also were hang'd in *Virginia*, for a Robbery and Murder they committed there, and what Plantations he had purchased were seiz'd upon for the Queen's Use, as forfeited by his Conviction of Murder and Felony, so that his Posterity were reduced to Beggary ever after, and died very miserable.



The LIFE of THOMAS SAVAGE.

THIS unhappy Wretch was born of very honest Parents in the Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, and between fourteen and fifteen Years of Age, bound Apprentice to one Mr. Collins a Vintner, at the *Ship-Tavern at Ratcliff-Cross*, with whom he led but a very loose and profligate Sort of Life for about two Years.

Breaking the Sabbath (by his own Confession, he having never once heard a whole Sermon during that Time) was the first Inlet to all his other Vices, especially Whoredom, Drunkenness, and Theft: For he used commonly to pass away the Sabbaths at a Bawdy-House in *Ratcliff-Highway*, with one *Hannah Blay*, a vile common Strumpet, who was the Cause of his Ruin, and brought him to his shameful End.

He was carried at first to drink there by an Acquaintance, who afterwards went to Sea; but having once found the Way, he went after that alone, without his Companion, and would often carry a Bottle or two of Wine to junket with her. This however, not satisfying her wicked Desires, she told him frequently, *That if he would enjoy her Company, he must bring good Store of Money with him*: To this he always replied, *That he could bring none but his Master's; and that he had never wronged him of Two-pence in his Life*. Nevertheless she still continued urging him to rob him privately, but he answer'd, *he could not because the Maid was always at Home with him*. Hang her, a Jade, (said this Limb of the Devil) knock her Brains out, and I'll receive the Money, and go any where with you beyond Sea, to avoid the Stroke of Justice.

She was often giving him this bad Advice, and preaching this infernal Doctrine; and she repeated it in particular on the very Day when he unhappily took her Counsel, and perpetrated the Murder. For being at her House in the Morning, she made him drunk with burnt Brandy, and he wanting a Groat to pay his Reckoning, she again perswaded him to knock the Maid's Brains out, and bring her what Money he could find.

Hereupon he went Home between twelve and one o'Clock, and seeing his Master standing at the Street Door, did not dare to go in that Way, but climbed over a Wall, and getting in at the Back-Door, went into the Room, where his Fellow-Servants were at Dinner: O Sirrah, said the Maid to him, you have been now at the Bawdy-House, you will never leave it till you are utterly ruin'd thereby.

These Words provok'd him highly, and he was so much enraged at her, that from that Moment the Devil took firm Possession of him, and he fully resolv'd, even while he was at Dinner, to be her Butcher. Accordingly, when his Master, with the rest of the Family were gone to Church, leaving only the Maid and Tom. Savage at Home, he goes into the Bar, and fetches a Hammer, with which he began to make a great Noise, as he sat by the Fire, by knocking on the Bellows. Hereupon, says the Maid to him, *Sure the Boy is mad! Sirrah, What do you make this Noise for?*

To this he made no Answer, but going to the Kitchen Window began to knock, and make the

same Noise there, of which the Maid then taking no Notice, he, to provoke her, got on the clean Dresser, and walk'd up and down thereon several Times with his dirty Shoes. This Piece of Malice exasperating the Maid, so that she scolded at him pretty heartily, he threw the Hammer at her suddenly with such Violence, that hitting her on the Head, it fell'd her to the Ground, and she shriek'd out. He then went and took up the Hammer, intending to repeat the Blow, but laid it down again thrice, not being yet harden'd enough in Cruelty, to strike her any more; but at last taking it up the fourth Time, the Devil had then gain'd such an absolute Mastery over him, that he gave her several Strokes with all the Force he could, and quickly dispatch'd her out of the World.

The inhuman Wretch having perpetrated this hellish Piece of Barbarity, immediately broke open a Cupboard in his Master's Chamber, and taking out a Bag, wherein was about Sixty Pounds, hid it under his Coat, and went out at a Back-Door directly away to *Hannah Blay* again. When he came there, and had informed her what he had done, the cunning Slut, who was harden'd in Wickedness, would fain have had the Money from him; but he would part with no more than Half-a-Crown, which having given her, he went away without the least Remorse for what he had done.

But he had not gone very far, when meeting with a Stile, he sat him down thereon to rest himself, and then began to reflect on the horrid Deed he had perpetrated, and to cry out to himself, *Lord, what have I done!* wishing that he could have recalled the fatal Blows, even at the Price of ten thousand Worlds, if so many had been in his Power. After this, he was in so much Horror and dread of Mind, that he stirr'd not a Step, but he thought every one he met, came to apprehend him.

That Night he reach'd *Greenwich*, where he took up his Lodging, telling the People of the House he was going to *GraveSEND*; but being got to Bed, he could not sleep, through the Terror of a guilty Conscience, but got up again, and walked about the Room for several Hours. Next Morning the Mistress of the House, perceiving he had a large Quantity of Money in a Bag not sealed up, began to examine him about it, doubting he came not by it honestly. Hereupon, to avoid her just Suspicion, he told her, *He was carrying it down to GraveSEND to his Master, who was a Wine-Cooper, and lived on London-Bridge; and that if she would not believe him, she might send to his Mistress, and in the mean Time he would leave the Money in her Hands.*

This was agreed upon, and accordingly he wrote a Note himself to his pretended Mistress, which was to be carried by some People, who were then going to *London*, whilst he went his Way, wandering towards *Woolwich*, where he was in the *Ship-Yard*, much about the Time the Hue-and-Cry came to *Greenwich* of a Murder committed at *Ratcliff-Cross* by a Youth, upon a Maid, who was his Fellow-Servant; and that he had also robb'd his Master of a Bag of Money.



THE SAVAGE. Returning to HANNAH BLAY'S Lodging.

J. Nicholls Delin^r

J. Basire sculp^t

Upon this News the Mistress of the House, where he lay, presently concluded, that it was the same Youth who had lodg'd there, and that the Bag he had left with her was that whereof he had robb'd his Master. Hereupon, she immediately dispatch'd several Men in Search of him, who found him asleep in an Alehouse, with his Head upon a Table, and a Pot of Beer by him. Upon this, one of the Men calling him by his Name, said, *Tom, Did not you live at Ratcliff?* He answer'd, *Yes.* *And did not you murder your Fellow-Servant.* He answer'd likewise in the Affirmative. *And you took so much Money from your Master?* He acknowledg'd all. *Then,* continued he, *you must go along with us.* To which he replied, *Yes, with all my Heart.* Accordingly they went forthwith to *Greenwich*, to the House where he had lain the Night before.

By that Time he got thither, his Master and some Friends were arriv'd there likewise, who exaggerated to him the Barbarity of the Fact, wherewith he was not much affected at first, though a little after he burst out into Tears: From thence he was carried back to *Ratcliff*, and had before a Justice of Peace, who committed him to *Newgate*.

Being now in safe Custody, he was visited by one Mr. Baker, to whom, after some little Acquaintance, he gave the foregoing Account; and he found him at first but little sensible of the Heinousness of the Crime he had committed. But the next Time, asking him whether he was sorry for the Fact, he answer'd with Tears in his Eyes, wringing his Hands, and striking his Breast, *Yes, Sir; for it cuts me to the Heart to think that I should take away the Life of an innocent Creature; and that is not all, but for any Thing I know, I have sent her Soul to Hell. Oh! how can I think of appearing before God's Tribunal, when she shall stand before me, and say, Lord, this Wretch took away my Life, and gave me not the least Time to consider of the State of my Soul, that so I might have repented of my Sins, and have turned to thee; he gave me no Warning at all, Lord. Oh! then, What will become of me?*

He was then visited by Mr. Robert Franklyn, Mr. Thomas Vincent, Mr. Thomas Doolittle, and Mr. James Janeway, who ask'd him, *If he was the Person that murder'd the Maid at Ratcliff?* To which he answer'd, *Yes.* Hereupon they endeavour'd to set the Sin home upon his Conscience, telling him the Danger he was in not only of a Temporal but of an eternal Death, without true Repentance, and a sincere and strong Faith.

The Day that he went down to the Sessions, his Fellow-Prisoners gave him something to drink, which very much disorder'd him; and *Hannah Blay*, whom he had accused, and who was taken into Custody thereupon, was heard to say to him: *Others have made you drunk To-day, but I will make thee drunk To-morrow.* He lamented this Back-sliding grievously, but said, *That it was not the Quantity he had drank, which was much less than he was able to*

drink at other Times, without being in the least disorder'd; but it was something they had infused into his Liquor to intoxicate his Senses; which made him ever afterwards very cautious and fearful of drinking in their Company.

After he had received Sentence of Death, he was again visited by Mr. Baker; and the Saturday before his Execution was again with him, when *Savage* said to him, taking him by the Hand, *Oh! my dear Friend, come hither:* Then opening his Coffin, look here, continued he, *this is the Ship wherein I must launch out into the Ocean of Eternity: Is it not a terrible Thing to see one's own Coffin and Burial Cloaths, when at the same Time (as to my Bodily Health) I am every Whit as well as you?*

On the Sunday, expecting to be executed next Day, he desir'd to be alone, and spent it in Prayer, and other religious Duties. Next Morning the Sheriff's Men and Cart came for him, but the Sheriff of *Middlesex* not having Notice, it was deferred till Wednesday, when looking upon his Cloaths that he had put on to die in, he said, *What, have I got on my dying Cloaths? Dying Cloaths, did I say? They are my living Cloaths, the Cloaths out of which I shall go into eternal Glory: They are the best Cloaths that ever I put on.*

Being brought to the Place of Execution at *Ratcliff-Cross*, he made a short Speech, wherein he exhorted People, both old and young, *To take Warning by his untimely End, how they offended against the Lawes of God and Man.* After which, having said a very pathetick Prayer, and breath'd forth such pious Ejaculations, as drew Tears from the Eyes of the Beholders, he was turn'd off the Cart, and struggl'd for a while, heaving up his Body: Which a young Man, his Friend, perceiving, he struck him several Blows upon his breast with all his Strength, to put him out of his Pain, till no Motion could be perceived in him; wherefore after he had hung a considerable Time, and was to all Appearance dead, the People moving a Way, the Sheriff ordered him to be cut down: When being received into the Arms of some of his Friends, he was convey'd into a House not far from the Place of Execution. There being laid upon a Table, he began, to the Astonishment of the Beholders, to breath, and rattle in the Throat, so that it was evident Life was whole in him. Hereupon he was carry'd from thence to a Bed in the same House, where he breath'd more strongly, and opened his Eyes and Mouth, though his Teeth were set before, and he offer'd to speak but could not recover the Use of his Tongue.

However, his Reviving being blaz'd abroad within an Hour, the Sheriff's Officers came to the House where he was, and carrying him back to the Place of Execution, hung him up again till he was really dead: After which his Body was carried by his mourning Friends to *Islington*, and buried October 28. 1668. being seventeen Years of Age.



The LIFE of NICHOLAS HORNER.

THIS unhappy Wretch was the younger Son of the Minister of *Honiton* in *Devonshire*, and was a very wild untoward Child even from his Infancy, too sure a Prognostick of what he would prove when he came to riper Years: However his indulgent Father, in order to provide for him, bestow'd so much Learning upon him, as qualified him to be Clerk to an Attorney in *Lyon's-Inn* in *Holywell-Street*, at the End of the *New-Church* in the *Strand*; but he soon falling into extravagant Company, and addicting himself very much to Drunkenness and Whoredom, ran away from his Master before he had serv'd him three Years, and betook himself to the Highway, in order to support himself in the Pursuit of those Vices. He had such ill Luck, nevertheless, in his new Profession, to be taken in the very first Robbery he attempted to commit, and accordingly he was sent to *Winchester Goal*, where he remain'd confin'd three Months, before he was brought to a Trial.

In the mean while *Horner's* Friends used their utmost Endeavours to make up the Matter with his Adversary, and would even have given him double the Value of his Loss as a Satisfaction, provided he would manage Matters so in his Evidence against the Prisoner, that the Grand Jury might bring in the Bill *Ignoramus*. But he was deaf to all their Arguments, Persuasions, and Intreaties, and was fully bent upon prosecuting him, which he accordingly did with such Severity, that he was cast for his Life, and condemn'd. However, his Father made such Interest for him at Court, that *Queen Anne*, who was always known to have a great Veneration for the Clergy, in Consideration of his Father's being one of that Order, was prevail'd upon to grant him a Pardon, upon Condition of his being transported out of her Majesty's Dominions, and not settling in any Part of *Europe*, for the Term of seven Years, within six Months after his going out of Goal.

During the Time of the six Months, which he was allow'd to remain in his native Country, great Interest was also made again to get off his Transportation; but that Favour not being to be obtain'd, his Father sent him to *Varujayati*, in the Mission of *Madure*, on the Coast of *Coromandel* in the *East-Indies*. In this Country the Natives still retain that barbarous and inhuman Custom of obliging Women of an exalted Station to burn themselves with the Bodies of their deceased Husbands. Accordingly *Horner* happening to carry with him a Wife, an *Englishwoman*, who was a great Beauty, she was taken from him, and married to an *Indian Prince*, at whose Death she suffer'd in the Manner aforesaid, as we have an Account in the subsequent Relation, transmitted to *France*, in a Letter written by *Father Martin*, a Jesuit, to *Father de Valette*, of the same Society.

THE Prince of *Marava* dying in 1710, aged above eighty Years, his Wives, to the Number of forty seven, were burnt with his Corpse in the following Manner. A deep Ditch was dug without the Town, and in it a Pile of Wood erected, on the Top of which the Body of the Deceased was laid, richly cloath'd and adorn'd. This being set on Fire, with Abundance of Ceremonies, perform'd by the *Brachmans*, or *Priests*, that Company of unfortunate Wo-

men appear'd cover'd with Jewels, and crown'd with Flowers, like so many Victims destin'd for a Sacrifice.

These miserable Wretches having walk'd several Times about the Flames, the Heat of which was felt at a great Distance, the Chief of them holding the Deceased's Dagger, and directing her Discourse to the Prince his Successor; Here (said she) is the Dagger which the Prince my Husband made Use of to triumph over his Enemies; take Care never to employ it to any other Use, nor to imbrue it with the Blood of your Subjects: Govern them like a Father, as he has done, and you will live long and happy as he did: Since he is no more, nothing can keep me longer in this World, and all I have to do is to follow him.

Having thus said, she resign'd the Dagger into the Prince's Hands, who took it without shewing the least Sign of Grief or Compassion. Alas! (continued she) What comes of all human Happiness? I am sensible I am throwing myself headlong into Hell. These Words struck all the Spectators with Horror, who were not so insatuated as to be of their damnable Religion. She had, it seems, entertain'd a Christian Woman in her Service, who had often discoursed with her of the Truths of reveal'd Religion, and used her utmost Endeavours to persuade her to embrace Christianity, which had made great Impression on her Mind; but she could never prevail with herself to renounce her Idols.

Having spoken thus, she boldly turn'd her Face to the Pile, and calling upon her Gods, or rather Devils, flung herself into the Midst of the Flames. The Second of these Women was the Sister of *Raya*, a Prince of the Blood, who assisted at the detestable Ceremony: When he received from his Sister's Hands the Jewels wherewith she was adorn'd, he broke out into Tears, fell about her Neck, and embraced her most tenderly; however, she seem'd unmov'd thereat, and looking with a resolute Countenance, sometimes at the Pile, and sometimes at the Assistants, cried out with a loud Voice, *Chiva, Chiva*, which is the Name of one of their Gods, and threw herself into the Flames, as the first had done.

The other Women followed her soon after, shewing some of them a great Deal of Composure in their Countenances, but others were to the last Degree dejected, and bewilder'd, as well they might. One of them in Particular [which was the abovemention'd *Horner's Wife*] being terrified above the rest, ran to a Soldier, who was a Christian, and flinging her Arms about his Neck, conjur'd him to save her. Hereupon the new Convert well knowing how rash it was for him to assist at that barbarous and inhuman Spectacle, from which all Christians are excluded by the severest Prohibitions, was so confounded, that in the Height of his Surprise, he pushed the unfortunate Creature from him with such Force, that she tumbled into the glowing Pit. Upon this he immediately retir'd, shuddering with Horror, which soon threw him into a Fever, accompanied with a Delirium, of which he died the Night following.

Whatever Intrepidity some of these Women shew'd at first, no sooner did they feel the raging Heat of the scorching Flames, but they shriek'd out in a most dreadful Manner, enough to have moved the most

most obdurate to Compassion; and tumbling over each other, they strove to gain the Brink of the Pit; but 'twas all in vain; for the inhuman Assistants threw in large Pieces of Wood upon them, under which they were overwhelm'd, and miserably perished.

The next Day the Brachmans, or Priests, gathered their Bones together, which they threw into the Sea; after which the Pit was levell'd, a Temple built upon the Spot, and the deceased Prince with his Wives, were reckon'd amongst their Deities. To conclude, it is by their own Choice, that most of these Women resign themselves up to this cruel and shocking Death; tho' indeed it is almost an Impossibility for them to avoid it. They must live under perpetual Infamy, and their Relations would leave no Means untried to oblige them to it. However, this barbarous Law regards only Princesses born, and the Wives or Concubines of Indian Princes, and does not extend to Women of an humbler Extraction, who share a better Fate; and nothing but a most unaccountable Vanity and Insatiation, can persuade them to submit to so abominable a Custom.

To return to Horner, after the Expiration of the Term of seven Years, for which he was transported, he came back to England, when his Father and Mother being both dead, he received from their Executors five hundred Pounds, which his Parents had bequeathed him, in Case he was alive, and return'd Home in such a limited Time from the making the Will: But the abandon'd Reprobate, not forgetting his former Extravagancies, nor taking Warning by his past Sufferings, soon consumed all this Money in Gaming, Drunkenness, and Whoredom, after which, to support himself in his Irregularities, he had again Recourse to the Highway.

One Day, being upon his Rambles in Quest of Prey, and coming up with a rich Farmer, Well overtaken, Friend, said Horner, methinks you look melancholy; pray what may be your Affliction? If you are under any Misfortunes by Crosses and Losses in the World, perhaps it may be in my Power to relieve you. The Farmer very frankly replied, Ah! dear Sir, were I to say that I have had any Losses in the World, I should tell a great Lie; for I have been a thriving Man all my Life-Time, and should want for nothing, had I but Content: But indeed I have Crosses enough, through a damn'd scolding Wife at Home, who though I am the best of Husbands to her, and daily do my utmost Endeavour to make her and my Children Happy, yet is she always raving and scolding about the House like a mad Woman, insomuch that I am daily teiz'd out of my Life. Nay, if there's any such Thing as a perpetual Motion, as some Virtuoso's affirm, I am sure it is in my Wife's Tongue; for it never lies still from Morning till Night. Nay, Scolding is become so habitual to her, that she cannot forbear it even in her Sleep. Wherefore, could any Man tell me a Remedy that would cure it, I have a hundred Pounds about me in Gold and Silver, which I would freely give him with all my Heart, for so great a Benefit as I should receive by taming this confounded Shrew.

At the mentioning the agreeable Name of a hundred Pounds, Horner prick'd up both his Ears, and answer'd, Sir, I will first tell you the Ingredients which enter into the Composition of a Scold, and the Cause of a Distemper being truly known, 'twill be the more easy to compleat the Cure. You must understand then, that Nature in making an arrant Scold, first took of the Tongues and Galls of Bulls, Bears, Wolves, Magpies, Parrots, Cuckoos, and Nightingales, of each a like Number; the Tongues and Tails of Vipers, Adders, Snails, and Lizards, six a-piece; Aurum-fulminans, Aqua-fortis, and Gun-powder, of each one Pound; the Clappers of seventeen Bells, and the Pestles of thirty Apothecaries Mortars. These being all mixed together, she calcined them in

Mount Strombolo, and dissolved the Ashes in a Water dissolved just under Lodon-Bridge, at three Quarters Flood; she then filtrated the whole thro' the Leaves of Calepine's Dictionary, to render the Operation more verbose; after which she distilled it a second Time through a speaking Trumpet, and closed up the remaining Spirits in the Mouth of a Cannon.

Then she open'd the Graves of all new deceased Petrifoggers, Mountebanks, Barbers, Coffee-Men, News-Mongers, and Fish-Wives from Billingsgate, and with the Skin of their Tongues made a Bladder, which she cover'd over Drum-Heads, and filled with Storms, Tempests, Whirlwinds, Thunder, and Lightning; and in the last Place, to make the whole Composition the more churlish, she cut a Vein under the Tongue of the Dog-Star, extracting from thence a Pound of the most chollick Blood, and then sublimating the Spirits, she mixed them up with the Foam of a Mad-Dog, and putting all together in the fore-mentioned Bladder, stitched them up therein with the Nerves of Socrates's Wife.

A damned Compound indeed this is, re-join'd the Farmer: Surely it must be impossible at this Rate for any Man to tame a Scold. Not at all, continu'd Horner; for when she first begins to be in her Fits, which you may perceive by the Bending of her Brows, then apply to her a Plaister of good Words; after that give her a wheedling Portion, and if that will not do, take a Bull's Pizzle, and applying the same with a strong Arm, from Shoulder to Flank, according to Art, it will infallibly compleat the Cure.

The Farmer, being very well pleased with the Prescription, not only gave the Horner many Thanks, but a good Treat at the next Inn they came to; afterwards riding on together again, when they came to a convenient Place, said Horner, Will you be pleased to pay me now, Sir, for the good Advice I have given you? I thought, Sir, answer'd the Farmer, that the Treat I gave you in Return was sufficient Satisfaction. No, Sir, quoth Horner, you promised a hundred Pounds, and D——n me, Sir, continued he, presenting a Pistol to his Breast, deliver your Bag this Instant, or you are a dead Man. At this rough Compliment the Farmer delivered it him; but not without a hearty Curse or two, and swearing withal, That his Wife should pay dearly for it, the first Time he tried the Experiment of the Bull's Pizzle upon her.

Not long after this Exploit, Horner met with a Gentleman upon Hounslow-Heath, whom he saluted with those terrifying Words, Stand and Deliver: Whereupon the Person assaulted gave him what Money he had about him, amounting to about six Guineas, and told him, Truly, Sir, you love Money better than I do, to venture your Neck for it.—I only follow the general Way of the World, Sir, quoth Horner, which now prefers Money before either Friends or Honesty; yea, some before the Salvation of their Souls; for it is the Love of Gold that makes an unjust Judge take a Bribe; a corrupt Lawyer plead a wrong Cause, in Defiance of Truth and Justice; a Physician kill a Man whom he pretends to cure, without Fear of Hanging; a Surgeon keep a Patient long in Hand, by laying on one Plaister to heal, and two to draw his Wound: 'Tis Gold that makes the Tradesmen tell every Day a thousand Lies behind the Counter, in putting off his bad Wares; 'tis that makes the Butcher blow his Veal, the Taylor covet so much Cabbage, the Miller take Toll twice, the Baker wear a wooden Cravat, and the Shoemaker stretch his Leather as he does his Conscience. In short, 'tis that makes Gentlemen of the Pad, as I am, wear a Tyburn Tippet, or old Storey's Cap on some Country Gallows, which all of our noble Profession value no more than you, Sir, do the Losing of this small Trifle of six Guineas.

Next

Next Day Horner overtook, beyond Maidenhead-Thicket, a young Man and a young Woman, who were going to be married at Henley upon Thames, with a Couple of Bridemen and Bridemaids.

These he presently attacked; which put the young People into the utmost Consternation, especially the intended Bridegroom, who was prepared for a more pleasing Sort of an Encounter, and would willingly have had nothing to do with *Mars*, particularly on that Day: Whereupon he told Horner upon what Design they were going, and added, that he would prevent their Marriage, at least that Day, if he took their Money from them. But he was inexorable and deaf to all their Intreaties, and immediately stript them of every Farthing of their Coin, to the Value of twenty Guineas, to the no small Mortification of the young Couple.

However, the ill-natur'd Rogue not satisfied therewith, demanded also the Wedding-Ring, for which the intended Bridegroom intreated him yet more earnestly than for his Money; but Horner being resolutely bent upon having it, they deliver'd it to him; whereupon he said, *You foolish young Devils, do you know what you were going about? What are you voluntarily going to precipitate yourselves into inevitable Ruin and Destruction, by running your Heads into the matrimonial Noose with your Eyes open? Do you know it is an Apprentiship for Life, and a hard one too? You had better be ruled by me, and take one another's Words; and if you do, you'll find in taking my Counsel, that it is the best Day's Work you ever did since the Hour of your Birth: But if you will not believe me, hear what the Poet says of Marriage.*

*A filthy Trull is irksome to the Eye,
A gallant Girl allures the Looker's Mind;
A wanton Wench will have the Heart to die,
An aged Trot to love is hard to find.
A fruitful Wife with Brars will cloy thee store;
A greater Care than Children's Care is none:
A barren Jade will grieve thee ten Times more,
No Joy remains when Sap of Fruit is gone.
Wherefore let wiiving go, live single eye,
A Shrew, we see, is wedded in a Day;
But it is long ere Man can shift his Hands;
Therefore, my Friend, take Care of Wedlock Bands.*

Not long after this Exploit, a Lady of Distinction being alone in the Stage-Coach that goes between Colchester and London, was inform'd by the Coachman, as they were coming by Braintree in Essex, that if her Ladyship had any Things of Value about her, it would be her best Way to secure them as well as she could; for he saw several Suspicious Fellows scouting up and down the Heath, whom he mistrusted to be Highwaymen. Upon this Caution the Lady put her Gold-Watch, a Purse of Guineas, and a very fine Suit of lac'd Head-Cloaths under her Seat. This done she dishevell'd her Hair in a very uncouth Manner, all over her Head and Shoulders, by which Time Horner rid up to her, and presenting a Pistol into the Coach, demanded her Money.

Hereupon the Lady, who was a very fine Woman, having a great Prefence of Mind, bethought herself of acting the Part of a Lunatick, which she did to

to the Life. For opening the Coach Door, and leaping out, and taking Horner by one of his Legs, she shriek'd out in a most piteous and lamentable shrill Voice: *Ah! dear Cousin Tom, I am glad to see you: I hope you will now rescue me from this Rogue of a Coachman, who is carrying me by that Villain my Husband's Order, to Bedlam for a Mad-woman.* D—n me (reply'd Horner) *I am none of your Cousin, I don't know you. I believe you are mad indeed, so Bedlam is the fittest Place for you.* — *Ah! Cousin Tom, (said the Lady again) but I will go along with you, I won't go to Bedlam.* She then clung close to Horner and his Horse, and counterfeited Lunacy with such Dexterity, that he really thought it natural, and asked the Coachman, *Do you know this mad B—ch? Yes (reply'd the Coachman) I know the Lady very well; she is sadly distracted; for she has torn her Head-Cloaths all to Pieces, and thrown them away as we came along; and I am now going with her by her Husband's Orders to London, to put her into a Mad-House, where she may be cured; but not into Bedlam, as she supposes. E'en take her then along with you, to the Devil, if you will (said Horner in a Passion) for I thought to have met with a good Purchase, and I find now there is nothing to be got of this mad Toad.* So he set Spurs to his Horse, and rid away as fast as he could for fear of being plagued any more with her; for she seem'd mighty fond of her Cousin, and ran a good Way after him; but after he was gone out of Sight, she was better pleased with his Absence than his Company, and got safe to London.

This Story being afterwards inserted in the *Weekly Journal, or British Gazetteer*, of Saturday, December 27. 1713. and coming to his Knowledge, he was ready to cut his own Throat, to think he should be so out-witted by a Woman; and swore, that, for the future, no Excuse should prevent his rifling every Person he attack'd upon the Road. Accordingly not long after, Horner meeting another Gentlewoman near Honiton in Devonshire, as she was going from Exeter to London, and she having likewise heard the aforesaid Story, and attempting to sham Madness also, when set upon by him, she found to her Cost, that she had taken the wrong Sow by the Ear: *Why you Hypocritical B—ch (said Horner with a Volley of Oaths) because I was once bit this Way by one of your damn'd Sex, do you think I must be always serv'd so? Whereupon making her come out of the Coach, and searching the Seats, he found therein in Gold and Silver, together with her Watch and two fine Diamond Rings, to the Value of two hundred Pounds. Now you dissembling B—ch, (continued Horner) does this shew Madness in you, when you had the Sense to hide such a delicious Prize from an honest Man? Ay, but, dear Sir, (replied the Gentlewoman) if I was not mad before, 'tis enough to make me mad indeed now, to meet with such a great Loss: However Horner rid off without being moved with her Tears and Supplications.*

But not being satisfy'd with this Booty, although so considerable, and attempting to rob a Couple of Gentlemen within two Hours after in the same County, he was taken, and committed to Southgate in Exeter; and receiving Sentence of Death for that Attempt, and for the Fact before related, he was hang'd on Friday, April 3. 1719. aged 32 Years.

The LIFE of JACOB HALSEY.

JACOB Halsey was born in Bedford, the chief Town in Bedfordshire, of very wealthy Parents, who were Quakers, and accordingly bred him up in that Persuasion from his Infancy. His Father was a Farmer by Profession, and consequently his Mother, one would have thought, should have been too much busied in the Affairs of her Family to have bestow'd much Time in looking after him; however, it seems, she was so very fond of him, that she suckled him till he was full two Years and an Half old; and when he was weaned, he was such an excessive Lover of Pap, that it became his daily Food for almost three Years more, at which Time happened the following odd Passage, which we believe will force a Laugh from the most melancholy of our Readers.

The Maid, who attended him, having set his Victuals upon the Fire in his Chamber, and just begun to feed him, intending to take him up and dress him, was called away on a sudden into the Yard; wherefore laying young Halsey upon the Bed, and setting the Pannikin upon the Hearth, she ran to know what was the Matter. In the mean while, a large over-grown Monkey that was kept by one of the Neighbours, having broke loose, got into Halsey's Chamber, and lay hid under the Bed. The Maid being gone, this Creature came forth, and having observ'd how the Wench had begun to feed the Child, seiz'd upon the Pannikin, took the Pap, and all bespatter'd young Halsey's Face therewith. This done, he brought him his Cloaths, and taking him up began to put them on after a new Mode, thrusting his Legs into his Coat Sleeves, and his Arms into his Stockings, which made little Tea and Noy roar out to some Tune, the Ugliness of his new Nurse terrifying him prodigiously: But the Maid who was otherwise employ'd came never the faster for all that, his Father and Mother being gone to the Meeting. The Monkey, therefore, had Time to finish his Work before she came back, which done, he leapt out of the Window upon a Tree, and from thence gain'd his Master's House.

The Maid returning a while after, and finding the little Quaker in the antique Posture, wherein the Monkey had left him, bless'd herself a hundred Times over and over, and squawled out as loud as he, perfectly amaz'd and astonish'd which Way the Child could come in that Condition. At last having with much ado appeased the little Urchin, she asked him who had dressed him out so finely? Whereupon the Child remembering that he had often heard the Devil was some monstrous ugly Thing, told her very innocently, that it was a little Boy, as ill favour'd and frightful as the Devil, taking the Monkey, who had a green jacket on, to be a little Boy.

Nor was little Jacob so much mistaken herein, as a Welchman was once, who seeing a Monkey in a Goldsmith's Shop, in Lombard-Street, gave him Half a Crown, and desired him to return him two Shillings and Six-pence in Exchange; but perceiving that instead of the Change which he expected, the Monkey put the Half-Crown into the Till of the Counter, and then made Mouths and chatter'd at him, poor Taffy kept continually calling out to him, *Speak, little Gentleman, wilt thou not return but the strange of our Money?* Till the Noise he made,

over-heard by some that pass'd by, drew a Mob about him, and the Master of the Shop being inform'd of the Case, and seeing the Simplicity of the Fellow took Pity on him, and return'd him his Money.

However, poor Taffy was not the only one who was thus cozen'd; for a Countryman being once sent with a Basket of Pears, Apricocks, and other Fruits to a Nobleman, was met, at his coming into the House, by two great Monkeys, at the Bottom of the Stairs, who immediately seiz'd on the Basket, and shar'd best Part of the Fruits between them. Now these Monkeys being dressed up with fine Coats, and Swords by their Sides, which made them appear very famous Gentlemen in the Clown's Eye, he having never seen any Thing much Gayer in his Life, the Rustick made them a very formal Scrape, and never offer'd to molest them, till they left off of themselves, when he proceeded to enquire after the Nobleman.

Being at last introduced to him, and delivering his Present, the Nobleman asked, why he had not brought the Basket full? To which the Rustick very innocently made answer; *So it was, Sir, that the little Gentlemen, your Sons, took the best Half of the Fruit.* This unexpected Reply, as may well be imagin'd, set every Body a laughing, but him to whom it was made, and what added considerably to the Jest was, that the Nobleman was actually so very homely, that a more intelligent Person than the Countryman might easily have mistaken the Monkeys for his Offspring.

Till no Wonder therefore, that our little Quaker fell into the afore said Error, not being at that Time above five Years of Age; and as for the Maid, not being able to comprehend how he came in that Plight, being very well assur'd (as she thought) that no living Creature could get into the Room in her Absence, she so firmly believed, that it was the Trick of some evil Spirit, that she was heartily frighten'd at it, and fell to praying very earnestly.

In Process of Time, when Halsey was arriv'd at Man's Estate, he pretended to be wonderfully gifted, and the Spirit abounded so powerfully in him, that he frequently held forth in the Meetings of the Friends twice or thrice a-Week. Nay, he either pretended to be, or was so very enthusiastically given, that he affirm'd with all the Gravity imaginable, that he nightly dream'd Dreams, and saw Visions, and had fundry comfortable and inlightning Revelations.

Hereupon, one of his Neighbours, an arch unlucky Weed, resolv'd to put Halsey's Faith, or rather Folly, to the Test, whether he really believed what he pretended to affirm, and preach to others; which brought poor Jacob into a very ugly Scrape, as we shall see in the Sequel. For this Neighbour getting upon the House, one Night when it was very late, called out twice or thrice, with a loud Voice, to Halsey, *Jacob, where art thou?* Halsey, at last hearing the Voice, starts out of his Bed naked, and running to the Window whence the Voice seem'd to come, cries out, *Here am I, O! What is thy Will?* Quoth the Wag in the same Voice, who could hardly forbear laughing, *Arise presently, Jacob, my Beloved, my Chosen One, and go to the Church*

Church, or rather Steeple-House, and break all the Windows. Immediately Halsey hurries on his Cloaths, gets a long Pole, runs to the Church, and demolishes all the Windows, Lead and all; Zeal being never so well pleased, as when it is set a tearing and doing Mischief. But poor Tea and Nay suffer'd severely in the Flesh for this zealous Fit; for being taken in the Fact, he was committed to Bedford Goal, and before the Matter was made up, it cost him above four hundred Pounds, between the Charges of the Spiritual Court, and at Common Law.

He was above three Months under Confinement, during which Time, being a facetious Sort of a Fellow, what we call a *Wet Quaker*, he would drink and keep Company, notwithstanding his Persuasion, with the Felons in Bedford Goal, asking them several Questions, and being very inquisitive in examining into the Art and Mystery of Thieving. There was one Rogue, more acute than the rest, with whom he would daily converse, and one Time, as they were drinking together, he acquainted him with the several Lays which the Thieves went upon, and amongst the rest, inform'd him of a Set of Rascals that wore Cloaks and Hats cock'd up on one Side, with a Plume of Feathers on the other, whence their Fraternity received the Name of *Plumers*.

The Exercise of these Gentry, by Day-Time, was to stroll about the Streets, and create Quarrels upon Nothing, only to draw a Crowd together, that they might twitch a Cloak, or pick a Pocket, among the confused Multitude: But in the Night they had Recourse to a different Method of Practice. Some of them had the Industry to insinuate themselves into Gentlemen's Company, and enticing them to play, pick their Pockets of their Money, by new-invented Cheats: These had the Policy to keep so fair a Correspondence with the Constables and Justices Clerks, that they very seldom underwent any Disgrace or Punishment, unless they encounter'd some very powerful Adversary, whose Purse was not only better lin'd than theirs, but who had Interest enough to make even the Justices Commission shake, if they offer'd to protect or skreen them, as those Trading Justices always do, who go Snacks with their Clerks.

In short, after this Thief had acquainted Halsey with the chief Secrets of his Calling and Profession, he took the Liberty of asking him, if none of them apprehended Hanging. *Scarce any of us* (answered he) *ever suffer such a Thing to enter into our Thoughts; so far from it, that we frequently are present at the Execution of our Comrades, without the least Fear or Terror; for nothing dazzles our Eyes, or is capable of moving our Hearts like the insatiate Thirst of invaluable Gold.*

All our Considerations are bent in seeking where-with to spend our Days and Nights in one continual Round of Pleasure and Delight: if it is any of our Fortune to be made swing in a Rope, and dance the Hempoen Dance, we think him happy to be so freed from Care and Trouble, which attends the miserable and Indigent. Our Company (continued he) *consists for the most Part, of Servants of all Sorts of Degrees, from the highest to the lowest, who being weary of their Condition, generally through Laziness and Dishonesty, resolve to serve no longer, but set up for themselves.*

Besides these, we have divers Tradesmens Sons, who not willing to contain themselves, within the narrow Bounds of their Father's scanty Allowance, have made Brothers of the Blade, thinking the Reputation and Garb of Swordsmen, would give them the Air of Gentility. Nay, I will tell you more, and what perhaps you will hardly credit: There are some Persons, and that of no mean Quality, who delighting in our Course of Life, disdain not frequently to keep us Company, and use our nocturnal Exercise: Only with this Difference, We dismantle all Sorts of People that chance to fall into our

Hands, and they scorn to attack any but Persons of Quality; especially as seem able to resist, and bear the marks of Courage in their Countenance, on Purpose to make Trial of their Valour, and Skill in handling their Arms. Not but they take Cloaks likewise, and glory in having got such a Purchase at the Point of their Swords; for which Gallantry they are called Silk-Snatchers; whereas we (who lurk in Corners, and prey upon all Passengers without Distinction) have the general Appellation of Cloak-Twitchers.

The Thief having made this frank and open Confession was a great Favourite with Halsey, whilst he staid there; and as soon as he was set at Liberty, being sensible how he had been imposed upon in the Affair of the Voice, which commanded him to break the Church Windows, he was very much ashamed of his ridiculous Folly, and would willingly have had it forgotten. But the People, not being so charitably disposed as he could have wished, flouted him, and jeer'd him continually throughout the Town of Bedford: Nay, which was worst of all, he could never appear in the Streets, or go about his Business, without having a whole Tribe of Boys and Girls at his A—e, hollowing and hooting after him. This exasperated him so much at last, that being weary of his Life, he was resolved to quit the Country, and be revenged of all the Churchmen that fell into his Clutches, though it were at the Hazard of his own Neck.

In order hereunto, reflecting on what the Thief had told him in Bedford Goal, he became inclined to patronize Vice, by cloathing it with the Livery of some similar Virtue: For Instance, Prodigality and Profuseness he would term Generosity; and brutish Valour and Rashness, he would term Fortitude: Pursuant to which Maxims, he would glory in an unwarrantable Victory gain'd over Persons, by assaulting them unawares.

He resolved then upon following the Road; and in order thereunto, metamorphos'd his cropt Hair into a Peruke, and his formal Hat to one pinch'd and cock'd, his diminutive Cravat to a ranting Neckcloth, and his precise Coat, without Plaits, to one more fashionable, designing to hide his Knavery, as much as he could possibly by such an Alteration: But nevertheless, even under this Disguise, he would always rob in the Language of the Lambs.

Accordingly one Day Halsey meeting with an old wicked Userer of Bedford, between Barnet and St. Albans, he rode on with him very peaceably for three or four Miles; when coming to a convenient Place for his intended Purpose, Look thee, Friend, (says he) *I am not like one of those prophane Ones, who spoil Men in the terrifying Words of Stand and Deliver: No, I say again, I am not one of that wicked Stamp, but an Israelite that spoils an Egyptian with all the good Humour, Peace, and Quietness in the World: so open thy Purse-Strings strait, and lend what thou hast, without any Grumbling; for who can but be in Love, yea, mightily in Love, with this mild Way of taking from a Man what he hath without offering, in the least, any Assault or Violence to his Person.*

The old Usurer not liking this mild Way of parting with his Mammon, any more than that of being more roughly handled, refused Jacob his Money, and made great Resistance; whereupon Halsey shot his Horse, and taking from him about Sixty Pounds, resolving to punish him yet farther, for moving his righteous Spirit to Wrath, made him cast his Arms about a large Elm-Tree, and bound them fast together with a strong Cord. This done, he left him to stretch out his Neck like the Cock of a Conduit whose Head, not being fixt to the Body, may be set higher or lower at Pleasure, and look out to see when some good Person would come by, and deliver him.

Being

Being thus fast tied to his good Behaviour; and having been a wicked old Rogue, in his Time, to any Poor that had Occasion for his Assistance, Night coming on, Fear and a bad Conscience so multiply'd every Object he espied in the Wood, by the Side whereof he was tied, that instead of one Man, which he really saw, he thought he discern'd at least fifty, and which more terrify'd his affrighted Soul, that they were so many evil Spirits, assembled there merely to rejoice at his Torments, and make him suffer all the Persecutions they could devise. In the mean while, his Body enjoy'd as little Quiet as his Mind; for striving to free himself from his Captivity, he walk'd continually round the Elm, and so travelled, like a Mill-horse, a great Way in a little Compass. However, at last, to his no small Comfort, before Night quite closed upon him, he was luckily unlooked by some Passengers, and deliver'd from his Tribulation, or else poor *Thirty in the Hundred*, must have danced the *Cheshire Rounds* about the Tree till next Day.

Another Time *Jacob* overtaking a Country Curate, between *Abingdon* and *Oxford*, accosts him in this Manner: *Friend, imagining thee to be some Philistine, going to spoil an honest Israelite for Tythes, I must make bold to spoil thee first; wherefore thou wicked one, deliver thy Mammon to the Righteous, that he may convert it to a better Use, than to exhaust it in Gluttony and Pride, otherwise I shall send thee to the bottomless Pit before thy Time is come by the Course of Nature.* The Parson made several Hums upon the Matter; but finding the resolute Quaker would not be said Nay, gave him a Bag containing thirty two Pounds, after which they parted; the former with a sorrowful Heart, and the latter full of the Spirit, wherewith he always abounded, whenever he got a Prize of any Value.

Not long after this Exploit, he met with one *Monger*, a Beadle of *St. Clement-Danes*, who lived in *Strand Lane*, by the *New-Church* in the *Strand*. This Fellow, having been one *Christmas*, to see his Friends in the Country, and going with one of them a Courting, when Evening came on, had lost his Company, and was returning Home to his Friend's House by himself, but had a very good Quarter-Staff in his Hand, besides one he had found by the Way.

Jacob meeting him, and being in great Want of Money, accosted him in these Words; *Dearly Beloved, be not surpris'd at what I am going to say to thee; for 'tis no Harm, 'tis only to borrow what Money thou hast about thee, and then thou may'st depart in Peace and Quietness.* *Monger*, who was really a good stout Fellow, replied: *If you are really a Quaker, as you would seem to be by the precise Formality of your Discourse, I must needs tell you, that you have taken me at a Disadvantage as being on Foot; but Mr. Yea and Nay, had you nevertheless no other Weapon than you see me have, I should indeed venture to attack you on Horseback.* Say'st thou so? quoth *Jacob*, why then I will try thy Manhood presently; So the Spirit moving him furiously, he dismounts from his Horse, and taking one of *Monger's* Quarter-Staffs, a Tryal of Skill ensued instantly between them.

Jacob was handsomely threshed, and suffered severely in the Flesh; but nevertheless gaining the Victory of his Adversary; *I see*, quoth he, *thou canst exercise thy long Staff pretty well, but I'll prevent thee from using thy short One to Night; so tying his Hands behind him, he pulled his Generation Tool out of his Breeches, and with a Nail he had in his Pocket, and a large Flint-Stone, he took off the Ground, he just took the Cud of the Skin thereof (being not willing to do him farther Damage) and nailed to a Tree: This he did in Revenge of his having found but fourteen Shillings about him, after having been so soundly bang'd by him.*

However, he was so compassionate to him into the Bargain, that meeting some other Sportsmen, he

told them, that a poor Man, whom he supposed to be one of their Companions, lay at such a Place about a Quarter of a Mile off; with one of his Limbs mortified. Hereupon, they by the Description *Jacob* gave of his Person and Habit, finding it to be *Monger*, went strait to his Relief; but were in the utmost Astonishment to find him in the Posture above recited. However the Nail not being driven up to the Head, they soon made a Shift to set Mr. *Monger* and his *Man Thomas* at Liberty, without any considerable Damage.

Another Time *Jacob* meeting a very pretty Gentlewoman on Horseback, on the Road between *Manningtree* in *Essex*, and *Harwich*, the Convenience of the Place giving him Encouragement, and tempting him to be carnally minded: *My pretty Lamb*, said he, *an Insurrection of an unruly Member, obliges me to make use of you upon an extraordinary Occasion; therefore I must alight, and mount thy alluring Body, to the End I may come in unto you.* Accordingly he carries the Gentlewoman into a by Place, and fastning their Horses to a Tree, takes her into an adjacent Cornfield, where the lofty Product of *Ceres* hid his lascivious Embraces; then, after having surfeited himself with unlawful Pleasure, he sent her about her Business, without so much as searching her Pockets, or taking the Gold Watch, which she had by her Side.

In short, this Quaking Highwayman, was as much talk'd of and dreaded, as ever *Harris* that robbed on the Black Mare; but not wearing a Quaker's Habit, Passengers could not be aware of him, or know it was Mr. *Yea and Nay*, till he attempted to rob them in the formal Language of those worth of *British* Schismatics: However, he was at last apprehended in attempting to rob the Earl of *Westmorland*, not far from his Seat near *Warrington* in *Kent*, and being committed to *Maidstone Goal*, was condemned at the Assizes held there, in April 1691.

Being brought to the Place of Execution, he is said to have made the following remarkable Speech; which for it's Singularity, we shall take the Liberty to insert *Verbatim*, as said to be delivered to the High-Sheriff of the above-mention'd County, believing the same will not be unacceptable to our Readers.

Beloved Brethren, I mean those of my Persuasion, of whom I see here are no small Number, to behold the Light totally extinguished in this Fleeshly Tabernacle of my Body, which formerly was wont to shine very bright and comfortably illuminated all those precious Ones who came to suck the Milk of my Doctrine. There was once a Time, that if a Man, though an Alien, a meer Stranger, an Egyptian, or Philistine smote me on one Cheek, I would turn the other also, to receive his Rebuke. But now the Case is alter'd; for when I undertook to spoil the Wicked Ones of this Nation, if they were in the least rebellious and held up their Hands against Jacob, I would punish them with the Temporal Weapons of Sword and Pistol; but yet I never slew any Man. Oh! the Frailty of the Flesh, which hath too too often prevailed against the Spirit, though I had a great Portion thereof; nay, a double Portion, whilst I constantly remained amongst the chosen People; but after I fell and became carnal minded, I then forsook the many pretty Maidens, I have often solaced the Flesh with in private, and went in unto strange Women, who were not of the chosen Ones, but meer Ranters, contrary to the laudable Custom of our Forefathers, who would choose none for carnal Help-Mates, but from among their Sisters. But since I have fallen and tried others, let me tell ye, I must needs confess the Truth, it is a pleasant Thing, yea a very pleasant Thing, to converse carnally with the Daughters of our Mother Eve, let their Persuasion be what it will. Ah! Brethren, we have an unruly Member, and that stubborn Piece of Flesh hath

no Forecast at all; but let that stand there, I shall proceed to acquaint you, that a Man that is born of a Woman, hath but a short Time to stay upon her; and indeed my Time is so short in this World, that I shall never get upon another as long as I live, unless 'tis sweet William's Goodness, to save me from

the Peril wherewith I am threaten'd by this Piece of Choke-weed, vulgarly call'd Hemp. But I know I may hold forth long enough, before he sendeth me a Reprieve; therefore, not to detain you any longer, I bid you all heartily Farewel, till we meet again in the Land of Nod.

The LIFE of Captain DUDLEY.

RICHARD Dudley, commonly called Capt. Dudley, was born in Leicestershire, at a Place called Scepston. His Father was a Gentleman of a good Estate, but had not the Fortune to keep it, he living in such a Manner, that his Expences by much exceeded his Income; so that he was oblig'd to mortgage and sell the greatest Part to satisfy his Creditors, and having about threescore Pounds a-Year left, came up to London, with his Family, hoping by the Obscurity of his living, to contain himself within the Bounds of the small Remainder he had left; but we shall leave the Father, and give an Account of the Son, who is the unhappy Occasion of our present Writing.

Richard Dudley, the Son, had a good Education bestow'd upon him at *St. Paul's School*, he seeming of a very promising Genius, but when a vicious Inclination is rivetted in the Nature of any Person, no Care of his Education, no Rules of Religion or Morality are sufficient to controul him, as plainly appears by too fragrant an Instance in the Life of this unfortunate Person; for when but nine Years old, he discover'd his Tendency to Thieving, by robbing one of his Sisters Closets of thirty Shillings, and marching off with it: But being some Days after found out, and brought Home again, he was sent back to School; but not liking that Sort of Confinement, he robb'd his Father's House of a considerable Sum of Money, and so ran away again; yet his Father had the Luck to discover him, and took him with a Couple of lewd Women, a little Way out of Town.

After this, his Father despairing of his doing any Good at Home, procur'd him the King's Letter to be a Reformed on Board a Man of War, in which Station, he went up the Streights, and behaved himself gallantly in several Actions. Amongst the rest, this was one, being on Shore at *Cádiz*, in order to refresh himself, and walking quietly along, he was abused and attack'd by a *Spaniard*; but he not only defended himself, but run the Don quite through, left him dead on the Spot, and got safe on Ship-board: Upon his Arrival in *England*, he quitted the Ship, pretending he did so on Account of a younger Reformed being prefer'd before him, on the Death of a Lieutenant; but whether that was his Motive, or not, this is certain, That he associated himself with a notorious Gang of Thieves, ready for any Mischief, and assisted them in breaking open and robbing the House of Admiral *Carter* in the Country, and getting off undetected, came to *London*, and from that Time commenced a professed Thief. The first remarkable Robbery he was concerned in, was, that of a Lady's House at *Black-beath*, from whence he and his Accomplices stole a very considerable Quantity of Plate, which they brought to Town, and sold to a Refiner; but for this Robbery he was apprehended not long after, and when he was in *Newgate* he sent for the Refiner, and complain'd how hard a Thing it was to find an honest Man, and a fair Dealer.

For you cursed Rogue (says he) among the Plate you brought, there was a Cup with a Cover, which you modestly told us was but Silver gilt, and bought it at the same Price with the rest; but it plainly appeared by the Advertisement in the Gazette, that it was a Gold Cup and Cover; but I see you are a Rogue; and that there's no Trusting any Body. For this Robbery he was tried at *Maiestone*, convicted, and condemn'd; but his Youth, and the Interest of his Friends, first procur'd him a Reprieve, and then a Pardon; which, for about two Years, had such an Effect upon him, that he lived pretty soberly for that Time; so that his Father bought him a Commission in the Army, in which Station he behaved very well, and had the good Fortune to marry a young Lady of a good Family, with whom he had an Estate of seven-score Pounds a-Year; upon which, and his Commission, they for some Time lived comfortably; but the Captain loving Company too much, and having contracted a large Acquaintance, engaged himself for some Money, which one of his Companions owed, who was afterwards arrested for the Debt, in which Arrest a Bailiff was killed, and the Captain (being then present) was suspected to have done it, he always declaring his Detestation and Abhorrence of that Sort of Men, and often wishing to kill some of them, his Character and Opinion of them being as follows.

A Serjeant is a Rogue that would undo one of the twelve Companies for a Crown; the Counter Gate is his proper Kennel, and the Miseries of poor Men the Ordeal on which he feeds. He does not carry his Captives directly to Hell (the Counter) but first torments them in a Purgatory hard by, where you must pay Two Shillings a Night for a lowsy Bed, and spend as much in liquoring his Chops, as would pay Half the Debt. This he calls his Civility. If you seem to fear other Actions coming against you, he will pretend to pity you, and agrees for a Daub in the Fist to keep the Matter private, till you make an End of it; but goes directly to find out some other Creditors, bids them strike whilst the Iron is hot; and thus when the poor Prisoner has satisfied the first Debt, and thinks to regain his Liberty, he is charg'd a-fresh. Thus he picks your Pocket by Degrees, and when he finds that is empty, he delivers you over to the Turnkey, where the Lord have Mercy on your Soul; for to be sure, they will have little enough on your Body.

A Common Bailiff exceeds a Serjeant as much as an *Irish* Mastiff does a *Spaniel* in Fierceness. He is a Raven that pecks not out Mens Eyes, as others do, but all his Spite is at their Shoulders. These Land Pyrates cruise up and down *Holbourn*, as thick as *Algier* and *Sallee* Men in the *Mediterranean*, and carry those they take to a worse Slavery. In the Country they are called Bums, being of the very Scum and Dregs of the People, Rascals who have generally escaped the Gallows once or twice, and yet must at last come to it; for a Rope is certainly their Destiny.

Destiny. 'Tis deplorable to think how they abuse poor People, for there is hardly a Writ in five, against those they arrest; they are Setters by Day, Thieves in the Night, Bailiffs all the Week, and Informers on Sundays, and yet never Thrive: For as they live Rogues, they die Beggars.

A Marshal's Man is yet a more insufferable Grievance, a false Die of the same Bale, but not the same Cut; for it runs somewhat higher, and does more Mischief. He is a perfect Blood-hound, that haunts upon the smallest Scent, and worries all to Death he lays hold on. The Circle this Devil is confin'd in, is twelve Miles over, and in that Circuit he commonly undoes above twelve hundred People a Year. He plies among poor People, and upon every petty Quarrel, Scolding-bout, or Chandler's score, he sets them to Law; as soon as he has arrested, one persuades him to snap the other, and then they are both forced to lie at his Mercy, till they pawn their Beds to raise what Money he pleases to demand; and that he may fleece them the more commodiously, he keeps a Tipling-house, where he imprisons them, by his own Authority, and his Wife over-reeks a Groat in a Shilling; and tho' you know it, you must not speak, because it is his Kindness to keep you there, and not carry you to the Lake of Perdition, on the other side the Water. There is nothing more frequent than to see here a Chimney-sweeper prosecuting a Broom-Man for breaking his Head at Cudgels, and an Oyster-Wench suing a Kitchen Staff-Woman, for calling her Draggile-tail. What a deplorable Thing it is that a Family shall be ruin'd, and a poor Man buried alive, for such an inconsiderable Matter!

As for the Yeomen, Followers, and setting Vermin, they are such contemptible Rascals, they are not worth thinking on: We may call them the Hooks that hang under Water, and their Master the Floats above, which pop down as soon as ever the Bait is swallowed: Necessity makes them Valiant, for they will greedily take a Cut with a Sword, and suck more Silver out of the Wound than a Surgeon; so that they commonly die with their Guts ripped up, or else the Devil by a sudden Stale sends a *Habens cum anima* for them.

As to the Villains about *White-Chapel*, *St. Katherine's*, the *Click*, and the rest of the Devil's Houses, I shan't trouble myself about, but I must have a Word or two with the Gaoler, for he is a Creature mistaken in the making, for he should be a Tyger, but the Shape being thought too terrible it is covered, and he wears the Village of a Man, yet retains his Pierceness; his Conference, and his Shackles, he hangs up together, and they are made very near of the same Metal, saving that one is harder than the other, and hath one Property above Iron, that it never melts; he distills Money out of poor Mens Tears, and grows Fat by their Curses; his Ears are stop'd to the Cries of others, and God's to his, by all Likelihood, for lay the Life of a Man in one Scale, and his Fees in the other, he would cast away the First to get the Second, and in Brief is one that can look for no Mercy (if he desires Justice to be done him) for he shews none.

But to return to the Captain, he absented himself from his House, lurking about in bye-Places; and by that idle way of living, he got acquainted with a Gang of Highwaymen, by whose Easiness of living, and extravagant Expences, he was easily persuaded to be one of their Gang; for few Persuasions were needful to one who had got the upper Hand of Virtue, who was more inclined to live upon the Ruins of his Countrymen, than by his own Industry; having been more used to Fight than Work. He was not long about learning his Trade, but in a little Time became Master of it; for there was scarce a notable Robbery committed, in which he had not a

Hand, and finding it easy and profitable, he drew in his Brother (whose Name was *Will Quakey*) to be one of their Gang; he had not long gone on in his new Trade, before he was apprehended in the Country, for robbing a Gentleman of a Watch, a Sword, a Whip, and nine Shillings in Money; but the Evidence not being very clear, he escaped once more.

No sooner had he obtained his Liberty, but he fell again to his old Trade, but did not confine himself to any particular Part, but robbed on the Highway, broke Houses, or pick'd Pockets, or any Thing else that procured him any Money; in which several Ways he for a Time went on with Impunity, but was at length detected for breaking and robbing Sir *John Friend's* House, and for that Fact he received Sentence of Death, but his Friends again got him a Reprieve on Condition of Transportation, pursuant to which, he with several other Convicts, were put on board a Ship, in order for *Barbadoes*: But they were hardly got as far as the Isle of *Wight*, before he had drawn in the rest of the Rogues to a Conspiracy, in order to escape, and having concerted their Measures, accordingly the Ships Company being under Hatches, they went off with the Long-Boat.

Being now on Shore, he left his Comrades, and travelled by himself through Woods and by-Ways, and being now in a very mean Habit, when he had no opportunity to steal, he begged, till he came to *Hounslow-Heath*, where he attacked a Country Farmer, robbed and unhorsed him, and mouning himself, set forward to seek for more Prey, and before he got off the Heath, another Opportunity offered, for he met with a Man in a genteel Habit, and with a better Horse than that which he took from the Farmer. He soon gave him the Word of Command to stand, and leading him into a Bye-Place, made him exchange Horses and Cloaths with him, telling the Man that he ought never to accuse him with robbing him, for says he, *you know the old Proverb, Exchange is no Robbery, so respecting him well, he made the best of his Way for London*, where he immediately resorted to his old Haunts, to find out his Companions, which was very easy for him to do, and they all submitted to his Conduct, and dubbed him with the Title of Captain. Thus got at the Head of a hardened Gang, no Part of the Country was secure from his Rapine, nor any House strong enough to keep him out, so that he became notorious every where.

To avoid the continual Searches made for him, and to divert Enquiries, he paid a Visit to the North, and being out one Day in search of Booty, he met with a *Dutch* Colonel very well armed, but not courageous enough to fight for his Money; so that the Captain made bold with both Horse and Arms, and took his laced Coat into the Bargain. Thus mounted and equipped, he committed Abundance of Robberies, but shifting the Colonels Accoutrements, he used only his Horse upon which he robbed a great many People, particularly a Gentleman near *Epson*, who being a Man of Courage, would not deliver, but exchanged a Pistol with him: However, the Captain got the Better, and wounded the Gentleman in the Leg; upon which he rode up to him, lent him his Assistance, and conducted him to the next Village, to get some Help, and then left him, having first taken his Money. As for the *Buckinghamshire* Laceman, the Captain and his Gang robbed them for a Pastime, and only called it an Airing for their Horses. No Stage or other Coach, when they had Intelligence of any Passenger, could escape their Search, and so diligent were they in pursuit of their Villany, that scarce a Day passed in which they did not commit some Robbery or other.

Thus did he and his Confederates riot in the Spoils

Spoils of others, and remained undiscovered for several Months, till at length robbing the Southamp-ton Coach they were pursued, and several of them taken, yet he escaped not taken Warning. At this he joyned himself with some House-breakers, and with them committed many Burglaries and Robberies, and in particular, he with three of his Accomplices, got into an old Woman's House, in *Spittle-Fields*, they gagged her, tied her in her Chair; rifled her House, and carried off a considerable Sum of Money, which the old Woman had been many Years hoarding up: She hearing the Money chink, and going to be taken from her, struggled in the Chair, and fell down upon her Face, with the Gagg in her Mouth, and the Chair upon her, by which means she was stifled; but they got safe off, and passed undiscovered, till the old Woman came to be Buried, when one of them (who was her Grand Child, and privy to the Robbery) going to be fitted with Gloves, was observed to change his Countenance often, and Tremble very much; several Persons seeing the Disorder he was in, began to suspect him, and charged him with the Fact, he confessed the whole Affair, and two of them being found guilty on his Evidence, of the Murder and Robbery, were hang'd in Chains. Yet the Captain all this while passed unapprehended, though his Name was publicly mentioned as an accessory to the Fact: But being at length taken up for divers Highway Robberies, (of which by his dextrous Management he was Acquitted) he was called to his Trial for that, also when the Evidence swore they saw him lurking about, go into and come out of the House of the murdered Woman; and several strong Circumstances appeared to prove him guilty; but he upon whose Evidence the two former were convicted, was not to be found; and this gave *Dudley* an Opportunity to make such a sham Defence, as would have deceived the most penetrating Judge and Jury on Earth. He himself thought it so great a Master-piece, that he often boasted of it in Prison, and from his Account I shall acquaint the Reader with it.

The first Witness that appeared on his behalf, was a young Gentleman, who deposed that he and another Gentleman, going through *Somerset-House* Yard on the Day set forth in the Indictment, to be that on which the Robbery and Murder was committed; he accidentally met the Captain who had been his Schoolfellow, and was surprized to see him, having heard that he had been Transported for some Crime, which he was very sorry for. That the Captain told him he was indeed ordered for Transportation, and expressed a very great Concern, that he should ever be guilty of a Crime to deserve such Punishment; but that his Relations being not so kind as he expected, he was put on board a Ship, with some more unfortunate Persons, as a common Convict, and made his Escape, and depended on his Friends good-Will, to put him in a Condition to Transport himself, resolving so to do the very first Opportunity. The same Witness further deposed, that finding him so very sorry for his Offence, he desired him to accompany him and his Friend to *Chelsea*; intending to make use of that Time, in exhorting him to lead his Life more regular for the Future. That the Prisoner accepting the Offer, they took Boat at *Somerset* Stairs, and went to the Swan at *Chelsea*, where they staid till Seven at Night, and then walk'd to a publick House on the Bank-side, supped on a Dish of Fowls and Bacon, and stayed there till almost Eleven; when they took Boat again for *Somerset* Stairs, walked into the *Strand*, and there parted. The Witness being asked why he should take such particular Notice of the Day of the Month; answered, *That the next Day he heard a Paper cried about the Streets, concerning the Murder and Robbery of the old Woman, that buying it, he found the Cap-*

tain's Name mentioned as an accessory in the Fact, and upon that made a Memorandum in his Pocket-Book, (which he produced in Court) and afterwards went to his Friend, who was with him at Chelsea, and to the Waterman who carried them, desiring them likewise to take Notice of the Day, for that Dudley being a Person of but an indifferent Character, some other Rogue might make use of his Name, and he be hanged for a Fact he was innocent of.

The next Witness, was the other Friend, who said, *that he saw him, and the Prisoner talk together in Somerset-House Yard, but did not know what they said; that they went to Chelsea, and there the former Witness was very earnest with the Captain (who then understood his Name to be, having never seen him before) to reform some ill Practices he had been too much addicted to; that the next Day the former Witness came and desired him to take particular Notice of the Day and Person who went with them to Chelsea, which he accordingly did, and was very positive that the Prisoner at the Bar, was the Man that they supped with at the *Red-Lyon*, at the Bank-side, that they afterwards came back to Somerset-House Stairs, and in the Strand parted with the Prisoner about eleven at Night.*

The Waterman corroborated their Evidence, and affirmed, that he carried the two Gentlemen aforesaid to *Chelsea*, and a third Person with them; and being asked if the Prisoner was that third Person, he said his Eyes were very bad, and went up close to the Barr to look him in the Face, and turning about said, *Yes, my Lord, this is the Gentleman.* He also deposed that he waited on them at *Chelsea*, and carried them from thence to the Bank-side; where he received four Shillings and Sixpence for his Fare, upon Condition he would carry them back again, which he did; and landed them about eleven at Night. That the next Day his Master (the first Witness) came and bid him take Notice of the Day of the Month, which he did; and chalked it down at Home.

The next who was called, was the pretended Landlord of the House, where they supped, who swore that on such a Day of the Month, three Gentlemen came to his House about seven at Night, (of which the Prisoner was one) and ordered a couple of Fowls and Bacon to be got ready with all Speed, which was done; they supped, and between ten and eleven at Night, they took Boat, and ordered the Waterman to carry them to *Somerset* Stairs: Being asked how he came to take such Notice of the Day, he readily answered; *When these Gentlemen came on shore, I was starting of Beer, and they ordered me to give the Waterman four Shillings and Sixpence, I paid him, and told him he must stay till the Gentlemen went, and my Lord, I find by my Book now in my Hand, that it was on that Day my Beer was started.*

The last Witness who appeared, was a Man who lived in *Burleigh-street* in the *Strand*, who said, the Captain was his Lodger, and came home at eleven of the Clock on the Night before mentioned; that he knew it to be the same Night, because *Dudley* not being very well, did not stir out of Doors the next Day, and paid him his Rent for his Lodging, for which he gave him a Receipt, by the Date of which he knew the Time; and the Prisoner producing a Receipt, the Fellow swore it to be the same. Such a set of profligate Witnesses as these, were enough to screen an Offender from Justice for a Time; and they had such an Influence over both Judge and Jury, so much, that the Captain was easily acquitted.

His Liberty regain'd, he hastened to his old Companions, with whom he committed many notorious Robberies, especially one on a Nobleman, on *Hounslow-Heath*, from whom they took fifteen hundred Pounds. After a desperate skirmish with the Ser-

vants, three of whom they wounded, and killed two of their Horses; from thence they proceeded on the West Country Road, and near *Hartley-row* in *Hampshire*, robbed a Parson, whom they commanded to preach a Sermon in praise of Thieving, swearing his Destruction, if he refused to do it.

The Parson was forced to comply: However, to make him some amends, the Sermon being ended, they gave him his Money again that they took from him, and four Shillings to drink, for his Sermon.

After they had this their Diversion, for we cannot call it a Robbery, they made the best of their Way for *London*, and for some Time left infesting the High-Ways. During which Time the Captain's Brother, employ'd himself in shewing his Dexterity about Town, some of which we believe will prove Diverting to the Reader. The first of his Tricks, was, he dressed himself like a Countryman, with a pair of dirty Boots, and a Whip in his Hand, and going into *Bartholomew-Fair*, met with no Prize worth speaking of: But as he was going out, he met with a Countryman, and said to him, *honest Friend have a Care of your Pockets, you are going into a cursed Place, where are none but Whores, Rogues, and Pick-pockets; I am almost ruined by them, and I am glad they have not picked the Teeth out of my Head, let one take ever so much Care of one's Pockets, they'll be sure of your Money; I am sure the Devil helps them.* I defy all the Devils in Hell, says the Countryman, to rob me of any Thing I Value, I have a Broad-piece that I'll secure, so clapping it into his Mouth, he went confidently into the Fair; *Will* desired no more than to know if he had any Money, and where it lay, he gives a Sign to a hopeful Boy of his, and telling him out some Six pences and Groats, told him what he should do; the Boy immediately runs, and falls down just before the Countryman, and scattering the Money, starts up and roars like a Bedlamite, crying he was undone, he must run away from his Apprenticeship, his Master was a furious Fellow, he would certainly kill him. The Countryman with other People gathered about, helping the Boy to take up the Money, says one of them *have you found all*, Yes, all the Silver says the Boy, but what does that signifie, there is a Broad-piece of Gold, that I was carrying to my Master for a Token, sent from the Country, and I like a Fool must come thro' this unlucky Place to lose it; I shall be killed, what will become of me. *Will* coming up, tells some of the by-standers who were pitying the Boy, he observed that Country Fellow there to stoop, and put something into his Mouth: Whereupon, they flew upon him, and one of them wrenching open his Chaps, made him spit out the Gold, and some Blood along with it; endeavouring to speak for himself, they kick'd him, punch'd him, and tossed him about, and some calling to Privy or Pump, he was glad to call for Mercy, and thought himself well of when he got out of their Clutches. The Boy in the mean Time slipped into the Crowd, and went to *Will* with the Gold, to the appointed Place of Rendezvous.

Will and his Boy changing Cloaths, and going into the Crowd heard some talking of the Country Fellow, how he had got into a House, and had sent for some responsible People that knew him, and his Master, a Knight of a vast Estate in the North, who was come to Town upon great Business with some Merchant. *Will* knew the Gentleman and his Estate very well, and by what he heard expecting to see him at the Exchange, went immediately thither, and picked his Pocket of a great many Guineas, except one, which he left for the Gentleman's Dinner, or other Charges, till he should receive a Recruit. The Knight going to the Tavern laugh'd heartily when his Tenant came and told him how he had been serv'd at the Fair: But calling for the Reckon-

ing, and telling the Company he was robbed too, 'twas comical to see how the Countryman laughed. *'Sbud, Sir, says he, let us make our Escape from this Roguish Place, Sliding, Sir, they'll steal our small Guts to make Fiddle-Strings of them.*

The Gentleman lined his Pockets again, and went out the next Day to the Change, and notwithstanding all the Care he took, he was robbed again; but *Will* being not an ordinary Rogue and having something of a generous Principle, would not take all, but left him some. The Knight admired how it was possible for the Wit of Man to rob one that had been so forewarned as he was; at last looking hastily about, he perceived *Will* standing by him, and recollecting he had seen him near him several Times before, he had a strong Suspicion he was the Man, and coming up to him, took hold of his Buttons, and told him, he had good Ground to think he was the Man that had robbed him several Times, but being a Gentleman of a great Estate, his Loss did not trouble him; and if he would be so generous, as to tell him by what Means he had so serv'd him, he would not only forgive him, but treat him well at the Tavern, and help him to a better Way of living, if he pleased; and this, says he, *I promise upon my Honour.* Sir, says *Will*, your Word of Honour is sufficient: I know the Greatness of your Estate: I am the Man. I'll wait on your Worship to the Tavern, and there shew you some of my Art, more freely than I would do to my Fellow Rogues. As they went towards the Tavern, the Gentleman told him, he resolved to make a Frolick of it; and, to that End, he would send for some Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, and would take Care he should come to no Harm by any Discovery he should make to them. *I know you're a Gentleman, says Will; and Men of Honour scorn to keep base Company. Call as many as you please. I'll take their Word, and I know I am safe.*

When the Gentry came, *Will* told them many Things to their Admiration and Satisfaction, and when he pulled out the Piece of Gold, and told them how he had served Roger, the Gentleman's Tenant, Roger was immediately sent for to make up the Frolick: When he came it, 'twas good Sport to see how he scraped to the Ground. His Master smiling asked of whom he learn'd to make such a handsome Leg: But what would you say, says the Knight, if you saw your Gold again. — Oh! says he, I would I could; but if my Mouth can't keep it, where should I put it? 'Sbud I'd rather see the Rogue; I'd make a Jelly of his Bones. — There he is, says the Knight, and there's your Broad-piece. — As Roger began to heave and bulk, his Master commanded him to take his Gold, and sit down by him. Roger seeing which Way Things went, drank to *Will*. One of the Gentlemen pulling out a curious Watch, another said, he wondered how it was possible for them to pick a Watch out of a Fob; and that it was certainly Carelessness. No, says *Will*, If the Gentleman will take a Turn or two in Moorfields, I'll wager a Guinea, I'll have the Watch before he returns, let him take what care he pleases, and I shan't stir out of this Room. — Done, says the Gentleman. However, every Gentleman in the Room laying down a Guinea, Roger laid down his Broad-piece, and went his Half. The Gentleman went out with his Watch; and, as he walk'd was very careful not to suffer Man, Woman, or Child, to come within Arm's Length of him; thinking the Devil was in't, if any Body could rob him at a Distance. When it was almost Time he should return, a Boy came softly behind him; and when he came pretty near, he ran past him, yet not so near as to give the Gentleman Suspicion: As he pass'd him, he looks over his Shoulder, and tells the Gentleman his Back was cover'd with Lice, which he perceiving, loath'd the Sight, fretting, and wondering where he had been that Day. Good Boy, says he, take them off, and I'll give you a Shilling. The

The Boy does so, and picking the Lice off his Back, and the Watch out of his Fob, he received his Reward, and run. The Gentleman returns to the Tavern, wondering all the Way how he could have come by such Vermin, yet carefully avoiding any that came near him all the Way.

When he return'd, Will ask'd him, what a Clock it was by his Watch? Which thinking to pull out, he was amaz'd to find it gone. Will pulls it out, and ask'd the Gentleman, if that was it? The Gentleman stood as dumb as a Fish, turning up the Whites of his Eyes. Roger laugh'd so loud and outrageously, that after the Gentleman had born him Company a good While, the Knight was forced to command him Silence; for he would have laughed all Night. The Gentleman, full of Amazement, said, certainly he must have had the Assistance of the Devil. *Of a Boy, says Will: Did not a Boy pick you clean?* *There's the Devil, says the Gentleman; and he threw them on too, I suppose?* *Ay, that's a Quill, says the other.*

The whole Company was mightily pleased with the Ingenuity of the Trick, especially Roger, who could not forget how the Gentleman look'd, when he came in, and missed his Watch, and was now and then bursting out into a Laughter. Says Will, *Alas, Gentlemen, this Trick is not worth the talking of, it is such a Thing as we send our Boys about: There's a Nobleman goes now by the Window, with a very rich Coat on, I'll wager, as before, I'll steal it off his Back before all his Followers, and bring it hither on my own.* The Gentlemen stak'd each their Guinea, and Will and Roger cover'd em. Now, says Will, *I'm to shew you a Master-Piece of my Art. I must not send a Boy about it, but crave Leave to go myself; neither can I set a Time for my Return, but I hope to do it sooner than you imagine.* So out he runs, and dogging the Nobleman from Street to Street, at last follow'd him into a Tavern. The Nobleman was conducted up Stairs. Will goes to the Bar-keeper, and desires her to lend him an Apron; for the Nobleman, my Master, wherever he comes, will be served by none but myself: He is a very good Customer, and expects the best of Wine. I must go down into the Cellar, and taste it for him: Whereupon they let him have the Apron, and he went into the Cellar, and soon found out the best of every Sort. He ran so nimbly up and down Stairs, and was so quick at his Work, none of the Servants kept Pace with him. The Company looked upon him to be a Servant of the House, and were mightily pleased with his Quickness and Diligence, and the Goodness of the Wine, and every Thing he brought them. Will promised him that should have attended the Room, large Vails, and he was very well satisfy'd to receive Money for doing nothing. Will never came in the Room, but he passed some merry Jest, which pleased them wonderfully, and when they spoke to him, his Answers were so smart, that when he went for more Wine, they said one to another, *This is a merry witty Fellow, such a one as he, is fit to make a House; he deserves double Wages.* When Will had sufficiently amused the Company, and saw his Project ripe for Execution, he was resolv'd to tittle no longer: Wherefore, when he returned into the Room with some Wine, and as he pass'd by my Lord, he laid Hold on the Opportunity, and with his Incision Knife, which he used in Pocket-Picking, he nicely, and with admirable Dexterity, made a Slit in the Seam of my Lord's Coat, and runs down Stairs for more Liquor. When he returned with a Bottle in one Hand, and the other full of Glasses, before he came near my Lord, Will starts, saying, *What Cobling Fellows are they that made this Coat? Could they not sew a Coat to hold one Day? This Cabbage-monger deserved the Pillory before for filching; but now grudging to allow another Stitch, has committed a Scandalum Magnatum, and caus'd my Lord to go in a rent Coat the first Day*

of wearing perhaps. Some of the Company rising, and seeing the great Slash, told my Lord, the Taylor had affronted him. Says my Lord, *I gave the Fellow sufficient Vails, and both they and their Master shall hear it.* My Lord, says Will, 'tis only the End of a Thread has split: Such Things will happen sometimes; the Coat may be faithfully sewed in other Places; it's not a Farthing the worse. There's a Curious Fine-Drawer of my Acquaintance lives in the next Lane; be pleas'd to let me carry it to him, he will make it as good as at first. I'll carry it secretly under my Master's Cloak, and return with it before you want more Wine. The Nobleman borrows a great Coat of one of the Company, and lets him have the Coat. Will comes down to the Vintner, tells him what had happened to his Lord's Coat; and, to prevent its being seen in the Street, desires him to let him have a Cloak, and he would return immediately. The Vintner shew'd him where the Cloak was, which Will put on, and claps the Vintner's Beaver on his Head, which hung on the next Pin. Thus he troops off with them, and coming to the Tavern, where the Gentlemen were, he went into a Room, and having put on the Nobleman's Coat, the Cloak, and Beaver, he came into the Room where they sat, saluting them very civilly. Says one of them, *What, instead of a Coat, you come with a Cloak, and great need for it; for, says he, there's a Deal of Knavery under it.* So opening the Cloak, they were all amaz'd to see the rich embroidered Coat, besides the Cloak and Beaver, which he told them, he had got into the Bargain. But when he told them how he had performed the Exploit, they all laugh'd heartily, and Roger with his Base made up the Comfort.

My Lord and his Company waited so long, that they were quite out of Patience; the People of the House likewise wondering they sat so long without calling, ordered the Fellow that should have waited on that Room, to go up Stairs and force a Trade. The Fellow comes in, and says, *Call here, call here, Gentlemen?* Yes, says one of them, *where is your Fellow-Servant that waited on us?* My Fellow-Servant, says the other, *He said, he was my Lord's Servant, and that my Lord would be attended by none but himself, and I should have good Vails notwithstanding.* Says my Lord, how can that be, I have but one Gentleman here of my own Retinue, the Rest are with my Lady; he that served us, came in with an Apron, and is a Servant of the House, call up our Landlord. The Vintner coming up, a Gentleman of the Company asked him if he kept Sharpers in the House to affront Gentlemen, and rob them. Nay, says the Vintner, who was a very passionate Man, *Do you bring Sharpers along with you to affront me, and rob my House? I'm sure I have lost a fine new Cloak, and Beaver; and for ought I know, though you look like Gentlemen, you may be Sharpers yourselves; and of you I expect to be paid for my Losses and Reckoning to Boot.* Immediately one of them drew upon him; but the Vintner ran down Stairs, and called all the House together, bidding them get what they could, and not to suffer one to come down Stairs, and snatching his Sword in a Fury, ran up Stairs again, the Servants arming themselves with Spits, Fire-Forks, and such Weapons as they could find, followed him. The Uproar was very great, and my Lord coming out first, to force his Way down, made a Pass at the Landlord, but was put by with a Fire-Shovel, which was in one of the Drawer's Hands, narrowly escaping being thrust in the Guts with a long Spit, which Margery, the Cook Wench, pushed at him; so that my Lord seeing the Door so well guarded with stout Fellows, and sturdy Wenches, retired into the Room, and told his Company, he had almost died by the Hands of a Wench with a Spit in her Hand. They seeing it neither safe nor honourable to sally out, shut the Door; and standing on the Defensive Part, began to consult what to do.

Mean

Mean while, the Gentlemen foreseeing a Quarrel betwixt my Lord and the Vintner, immediately dispatched their own Landlord to tell them, they had caught the Rogue that had abused them, and had him in safe Custody, praying my Lord to know, if they should wait on him.

The Landlord runs in all Haste, and coming to the House, found it in an Uproar. The Servants knowing him, let him go up Stairs, where he no sooner came, but he told his Brother Vintner, That they were all in a Mistake; that the Rogue was caught, and in his House; whereupon, calling my Lord, inform'd him of the whole Business. Immediately a Cessation of Arms was proclaim'd, the Swords sheath'd, the Spits, Fire-Forks, and Fire-Shovels disbanded, and an End happily made of a terrible War. The Nobleman and his Company drinking Friends with the Vintner, promised to be a Friend to his House for the future; but resolved to go along with their Peace-maker to the Tavern where *Will* was to mend the Frolick. The Vintner being well pleased with the Conceit, went along with them: When they were come to the Place, after passing the usual Compliments, they sat down, and *Will* deliver'd the Coat, Cloak, and Beaver. As for what he told them, and the other Tricks he then shewed them, not having Room here to relate, we must now beg Leave to pass on to his Brother, the Captain.

The Captain had committed so many and great Robberies, with his Companions and his Brother *Will* (for the small Tricks he above committed were only his Pastime, when absent from the Road) that a Proclamation was issued out against them, with a Reward for the taking them, dead or alive, which made People more inquisitive after them, and not long after Captain *Dudley*, and some others were apprehended.

The Manner of their being seiz'd was as follows: The Captain, with five others, having committed a Robbery, and being closely pursued by the Country, were forced to ride hard for their Safety, and having got to *Westminster-Ferry*, they endeavour'd to pass; but the Wherry-men declared, they would not go any more that Night; upon which two rid away, and the other four gave their Horses to a Waterman to lead to an Inn, which was not far off, being all of a Foam with their hard riding, which made the Waterman mistrust they were Highwaymen, and had been pursued; that Day two of them, after their Horses were set up, took Oars to *Lambeth*: The Waterman imparting his Suspicion to several People, the Constable got News of it, and he made it his Business to find them out: Getting a good Guard, he went to the Inn, and enquired what Kind of Persons they were, secured the Horses, and made Search after the Men.

Being in the Yard, he observed a Person to walk up and down, as if he was sent for a Spy; he demanded what he wanted? The other ask'd him, if such a one lived there? He told him, *No*; then he enquired for another Name, which was the Name of the Man of the House. The Constable told him, he would go to the House with him, which he did; and knocking at the Door, inquired for a Person, whom the Maid denied, and suddenly shut the Door upon him, which gave the Constable a greater Mistrust; upon which he asked the Man, who he wanted? and told him he suspected him to be one of those who had committed the Robbery that Day, or that he belong'd to some of them (the Constable being all this while at a Distance from his Guard, and without his Staff) and drawing the Fellow nearer to his Assistants, he boldly seiz'd him, and threatened to carry him before a Magistrate. The Fellow being amazed at this unexpected Surprise, presently

confessed he was sent by those who had made their Escapes, to see what became of their Horses, and whether any Enquiry or Pursuit was after them, and told the Constable two of them were in the House he knocked at, and the other two at an Inn in *Lambeth*. Upon this the Constable takes his Guard with him, goes to the House, and knocks at the Door, which was not open'd, till he threaten'd to break it open: He was no sooner enter'd, but he discovered *Dudley* going down a Pair of Stairs into the Cellar: He follow'd him; but not so fast, but *Dudley* had Time to get into a further Cellar, and bolt himself in; but it was soon forced open, where they found *Dudley* with his Sword in one Hand, and a Pistol in the other, threatening the Death of the first Man that touch'd him; but seeing so many Men arm'd, and finding it in vain to resist, he surrender'd his Arms up, and was taken Prisoner. The Constable left a good Guard over him for his Security, and went to *Lambeth*, and took the other two, who in the Morning being carried before a Justice was by him committed to *Newgate*.

At the next Sessions, Captain *Dudley* had his Trial, and was found Guilty on no less than five Indictments for the Highway, and received Sentence to be hanged accordingly, with his Brother, and two of his Accomplices.

After he had received Sentence, and was brought back to *Newgate*, he began to have a Sense of his near approaching End, and demean'd himself very well at Chapel. He confessed he was a great Offender, that he justly deserved Death; but yet was very unfit to die, which troubled him much; for he desired longer Time to make his Peace with God. An Acquaintance, who came to visit him, asked him if the Nearness of his Death (he being in perfect Health, and to die the next Day) did not startle him? He reply'd, *Yes*; *I have now but twenty four Hours to live*, and shaking his Head, desired of the Lord to forgive him; and to those who were with him, he said, *Pray for me*. A Gentleman who came to see him, gave him some Tobacco, and would have given him more, which he refused, telling him, *He thanked him for what he had got already, that being sufficient for him, during the short Space he had to live*.

He did not seem to be much cast down, but endeavour'd to appear as chearful as possible. He confessed he had robbed many Men, but never committed any Murder, and when strongly charged with killing the Serjeant as above, he utterly denied it to the last, but own'd he promoted the doing of it. He was carried from *Newgate* with six Prisoners more: His Brother was very sick, and lay all along in the Cart; but the Captain look'd pretty chearful all the Way. Being come to the Place of Execution he confessed he had been a notorious Offender; and that he justly deserved Death, desiring the Prayers of all good Christians; and after the usual Duties performed by the Ordinary, they were all turned off together. After hanging the usual Time, they were cut down, and his Body, with his Brother's, put into separate Coffins, to be carried to a disconsolate Father, who at the Sight of them, was so much overwhelm'd with Grief, that he fell down upon the Dead Bodies, and never spoke more, but was buried at the same Time, and in the same Grave, with his two unfortunate Sons. It must needs be a sad, shocking, and most affecting Spectacle to see so many Persons going to an ignominious Death by the Impiety of their Lives; to behold such a Sight, one would think, might awaken all who saw it, to fly from such wicked Practices to leave off their vicious Company, and debauched Conversation, and seriously imploring Mercy and Forgiveness for past Iniquities, strenuously endeavour to redeem their Time for the future.

The LIFE of OLD MOBB.

THERE is a Beauty in all the Works of Nature, which we are unable to define, tho' all the World is convinced of its Existence: So in every Action and Station of Life, there is a Grace to be attain'd which will make a Man pleasing to all about him, and serene in his own Mind. This also as well as the former, every one will own, and at the same Time fancy he can reach, though almost all Mankind find themselves mistaken.

As every Virtue has its Foil, or a Sort of counterfeit Vice, which very nearly resembles it, so near as often to impose upon the very Possessor; in like Manner the Beauty, Grace, or Decorum, which we have mentioned, often occasions that we pursue a wrong Scent: We are convinced that there really is such a Thing, and while we are inquiring what it is, our own favourite Passions present us with something which we mistake for it, and which we ever after make the Object of our Pursuit.

Thus a Man of a healthy, robust Constitution, who has at the same Time an impetuous and violent Temper, such a one thinks of nothing so much as of being esteem'd the bravest Man of his Neighbourhood, and is never so well pleased as when he sees others agree to his Opinion, for fear of incurring his Displeasure. Manly Exercises are his whole Delight, and he can scarce bear to hear the Name of a Man given to one of less Strength and Fire than himself. Others on the contrary, delight only in the Exercises of Reason, and Amusements of the Mind: These frequently look upon the former, as a Sort of Creatures in human Shape, who differ from the irrational World in nothing but Figure and Speech. These are the two Extremes of Mankind, and make, perhaps, the most discernable Difference; but there is a like Contrast subsisting throughout the whole Species.

Not to carry the Reader too far into this abstracted Manner of Reasoning, it will be obvious to every one who compares these Reflections with the Character of some Villains of the first Magnitude; that these unhappy Wretches, from a wrong Turn of thought, have even placed the Beauty we have been speaking of, in Vice itself, and conceive a Sort of Excellence in being more vile and profligate than other Men; otherwise it is hardly probable, that they could commit so many Irregularities with a strong Gust, and an Appearance of Satisfaction.

What we are still more to wonder at, is, that other People should delight to hear the Actions of these Men rehearsed, and be even pleased with a Highwayman, who robs like a Gentleman. It seems as if it was, in Reality, something great to excel upon any Account whatsoever. But let us consider whether such a Pleasure as this be consistent with a virtuous Inclination. Lives of wicked Men are doubtless both lawful and useful, for the same End as Sea-Marks, and no other; that we may avoid the Road in which they perished: Ought not therefore the greatest Villain to raise in us the greatest Abhorrence.

After these general Thoughts, we shall give the Reader a Sketch of the Life and Adventures of *Thomas Sympson*, commonly called *Old-Mobb*, who was perhaps, as notorious a Robber as almost any one of the last Age, for the Space of five and forty Years together; during which Time it was reported he

never acted in any Company, except now and then a little with the *Golden Farmer*.

This Man was born at *Ramsley* in *Hampshire*, which continued to be the Place of his Habitation, when he resided any where under his right Name, till the Day of his apprehending; and he had a Wife and five Children, besides Grand-Children, living there at the Time of his Shameful Death.

We have no particular Account of his Education and private Life, from whence we may conclude, there was nothing remarkable in either. His Adventures on the Road we shall relate in the Order which we have received them, which is the only Method we can follow.

Riding one Time between *Honiton* and *Exeter*, he met with *Sir Bartholomew Shower*, whom he immediately called to an Account for the Money he had about him. *Sir Bartholomew* gave him all he had without any Words, which proved to be but a very little: *Old Mobb* looked upon his Prize, and finding it infinitely short of his Expectations, he readily told him, That there was not enough to answer his present Demands, which were very large, and very pressing; And therefore, Sir, says he, as you are my Banker, in general, you must instantly draw a Bill upon some Body at *Exeter* for one hundred and fifty Pounds, and remain in the next Field as Security for the Payment, till I have received it. The Knight would fain have made some Evasion, and protested that there was no Body in *Exeter* who would pay such a Sum at a Moment's Warning; but *Old Mobb* so terrified him with holding a Pistol to his Breast, that his Worship at last consented, and drew upon a rich Goldsmith.

As soon as *Old Mobb* had got the Note, he made *Sir Bartholomew* dismount, and walk far enough from the Road to be out of every Bodies hearing, then bound him Hand and Foot, and left him under a Hedge, while he rode to *Exeter*, and receiv'd the Money, which was paid without any Scruple, the Goldsmith knowing the Hand-Writing perfectly well. When he return'd, he found the poor Knight where he left him. Sir, says he, I am come with a Habeas Corpus to remove you out of your present Captivity; which he accordingly did by untying him, and sending him about his Business: But *Sir Bartholomew* was obliged to walk Home, which was full three Miles; for our Adventurer had cut the Girths and Bridle of his Horse, and turn'd him astray, ever since he went to *Exeter* with the Note.

Old Mobb had one Time some high Words with a Woman in his Neighbourhood, when among other hard Names he called her Whore: Every one knows what a tender Thing the Honour of a Woman is, and how ready poor *English* Husbands are to vindicate their Wives Virtue. Whether or no the Saddle fitted at this Time, or whatever else was the Occasion, we can't say, but a Prosecution in the Spiritual Court was set a Foot against *Old Mobb*, and the good Man was so zealous in Defence of his beloved Rib, that he put our Highwayman to a pretty Deal of Expence; for a spiritual Process generally hurts the temporal Estate, as much at least as a Suit at Common Law. To the Honour of our Holy Religion be it spoken.

Soon after this Trouble was over, *Old Mobb* met the Proctor, who had managed against him, and drawn not a little Money out of his Pocket. He quickly knew his dear ghostly Friend; but being very much disguis'd, was not at all apprehensive of being known, which pleased him extremely. Sir, quoth he, *stand and deliver this Moment, or I shall have no more Mercy on you than the Devil; or, if you please, you yourself would have on an excommunicated Person.* The Proctor made some Resistance; but was soon obliged to surrender, and pull out a fine embroider'd Purse, with fifteen Guineas in it. He was a-going to take out the Guineas, and deliver them; but *Old Mobb* liking the Purse, assured him, he must have that also. The Proctor told him, it was given him by a particular Friend, and that he had promised to keep it as long as he lived; for which Reason he begged of him to leave that. Suppose now, says *Old Mobb*, that you had a Process against me, and were come to me for your Fees; if I had no Money, nor any Thing of Value, but what was given me by a Friend, would you take it for Payment, if I told you that I had promised to keep it as long as I lived? — No, Sir, stay there; I love People should do as they would be done unto. What Business had you to promise a Thing that you were not sure of performing? Am I to be accountable for your Votes? 'Twas in Vain for the poor Proctor to use any more Words; for he plainly saw that if he offer'd to separate the Purse and Money, his own Body and Soul would be in Danger of Separation; and notwithstanding his Spirituality, his inward Man did not much Care at this Time to leave its earthly Tabernacle; so e'en gave both together.

Mr. *John Gadbury*, the Astrologer, was another that fell into the Hands of *Old Mobb*, who notwithstanding his Familiarity with the Stars, was not wise enough to foresee his own Misfortune, which has been a common Case with Men of his Profession. This Rencontre was on the Road between *Winchester* and *London*. Poor *Gadbury* trembled, and turned as white as a Clout, when *Old Mob* told him what he wanted, professing that he had no more Money about him, than just enough to bear his Expences to *London*; but our Highwayman was not at all moved with Compassion at what he said: Are not you a lying Son of a Whore, quoth he, to pretend you want Money, when you hold twelve large Houses of the Planets by Lease Parole, which you let out again to the Stationer's Company at so much per Ann. You must not sham Poverty upon me, Sir, who know as good Things as yourself, and who have a Pistol that may prove as fatal as *Sirius* in the Dog Days, if you stand trifling with me. Mr. *Gadbury* was at this Time, indeed, more apprehensive of *Old Mobb's* Pistol, than of any Star in the Firmament; for he was sensible the Influence of it, if discharged, would be much more violent and sudden; so that he looked like one out of his Senses. He was now even afraid to deliver his Money, lest he should suffer for telling a Lye: However, as he saw there was no Remedy, he pulled out a Bag, in which was about nine Pounds in Gold and Silver, which he gave with a few grumbling Expressions. *Old Mobb* told him, he should take no Exceptions at what he said; for it was but just, that the Loser should have Leave to speak; so setting Spurs to his Horse, he left the Star-gazer to curse the disastrous Constellations.

One Day *Old Mobb* overtook the Stage-Coach going for *Bath*, with only one Gentlewoman in it: When he had commanded the Coachman to stop, and was come to the Door to raise Contribution after his usual Manner, the Passenger made a great many Excuses, and wept very plentifully, in order to move him to Pity; she told him she was a poor Widow, who had lately lost her Husband, and therefore she hoped, he would have some Compassion on her: And is your Losing your Husband then, says he, an Argument that I must lose my Booty? I know your Sex

too well, Madam, to suffer myself to be prevail'd on by a Woman's Tears. Those Crocodile Drops are always at your Command; and no doubt but that dear Cuckold of yours, whom you have lately buried, has frequently been perswaded out of his Reason by their Interposition in your Domestick Debates. Weeping is so customary to you, that every Body would be disappointed, if a Woman was to bury her Husband, and not weep for him; but you would be more disappointed, if no Body was to take Notice of your Crying; for according to the old Proverb, the End of an Husband is a Widow's Tears; and the End of those Tears is another Husband.

The poor Gentlewoman upon this ran out into an extravagant Detail of her deceased Husband's Virtues, solemnly protesting, that she would never be married again to the best Man that wore a Head, for she should not expect a Blessing to attend her afterwards; with a thousand other Things of the same Kind. *Old Mobb*, at last, interrupted her, and told her he would repeat a pleasant Story in Verse, which he had learn'd by Heart, so, first looking round him to see that the Coast was clear on every Side, he began as follows:

*A Widow Prude had often swore
No Bracelet should approach her more;
Had often prov'd that second Marriage
Was ten Times worse than Maid's Miscarriage;
And always told them of their Sin,
When Widows would be Wives agen:
Women who'd thus themselves abuse,
Should die, she thought, like honest Jews:
Let her alone to throw the Stones;
If 'twere but Late, she'd make no Bones.
Thus long she led a Life demure;
But not with Character secure:
For People said (what won't Folks say?)
That she with Edward went astray:
(This Edward was her Servant Man)
The Rumour thro' the Parish ran,
She heard, she wept, she call'd up Ned,
Wip'd her Eyes dry, sigh'd, jobb'd, and said:*

*Alas! what stand'rous Times are these!
What shall we come to by Degrees!
This wicked World! I quite abhor it!
The Lord give me a better for it!
On me this Scandal do they fix?
On me? who, God knows, hate such Tricks!
Have Mercy, Heav'n, upon Mankind!
And grant us all a better Mind!
My Husband——Ah that dearest Man!
Forget his Love I never can;
He took such Care of my good Name,
And put all stand'rous Tongues to Shame.
But, ah! he's dead——Here Grief again,
Came bubbling up, and stop'd the Strain.*

*Ned was no Fool; he saw his Cue,
And how to use good Fortune knew:
Old Opportunity at Hand,
He seiz'd the Lock, and bid him stand;
Urg'd of what Use a Husband was
To vindicate a Woman's Cause,
Exclaim'd against the stand'rous Age;
And swore he could his Soul engage,
That Madam was so free from Fault,
She ne'er so much as sinn'd in Thought:
Fearing he'd lose each Drop of Blood,
To make that just Assertion good.*

*This Logic, which well pleas'd the Dame,
At the same Time eludes her Shame:
A Husband, for a Husband's Sake,
Was what she'd ne'er consent to take.
Yet, as the Age was so consorions,
And Ned's Proposals were so glorious,
She thought 'twas best to take upon her
A second Guardian of her Honour*

This, says Old-Mobb, is an exact Picture of Woman-kind, and as such I committed it to Memory; you are very much obliged to me for the Recital, which has taken me up more Time than I usually spend in taking a Purse; let us now pass from the Dead to the Living, for it is these that I live by: I am in a pretty good Humour, and so will not deal rudely by you. Be so kind therefore, as to search your self, and use me as honestly as you are able; you know I can examine afterwards, if I am not satisfied with what you give me. The Gentlewoman found he was resolute, and so thought it the best Way to keep him in Temper, which she did by pulling out forty Guineas in a silk Purse, and presented them to him. 'Tis fifty to one but *Old Mobb* got more by repeating the Verses above, than the poor Poet that wrote them, ever made of his Copy. Such is the Fate of the Sons of *Apollo*.

Scarce was *Old Mobb* parted from this Gentlewoman, before he saw the Appearance of another Prize at some Distance. Who should it be, but the famous *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Mountebank, Cornelius a Tilburgh*, who was going to set up a Stage at *Wells*. Our Adventurer knew him very well, as indeed, did almost every one at that Time, which occasioned his demanding his Money in a little rougher Language than usual. The poor *Quack-Salver* was willing to preserve what he had; and to that End, used a great many fruitless Expostulations, pretending that he had expended all the Money he had brought out with him, and was himself in Necessity. But *Old Mobb* soon gave him to understand, that he would not be put off with fine Words; and that he had more Wit than to believe a Mountebank whose Profession is Lying. You get your Money, says he, as easily as I do, and 'tis only fulfilling an old Proverb, if you give me all you have: *Lightly come, Lightly go.* Next Market-Day, Doctor, will make up all, if you have any Luck. I will excite People to buy your Packets, if as an Instance of your great Desire to serve them, you tell them what you suffer'd upon your Journey, which nevertheless, could not hinder your coming to exercise your Bowels of Compassion among them, and restore such as are in a languishing Condition.

The Empirick could scarce forbear laughing to hear *Old Mobb* hold forth so excellently well, and lay open the Craft of his Occupation with so much Dexterity. He was notwithstanding, very unwilling to part with his Money, and began to read a Lecture of Morality to our Desperado, upon the Unlawfulness of his Actions, telling him, that what he did might frequently be the Ruin of poor Families, and oblige them afterwards to follow irregular Courses, in order to make up what they had lost: And then, says he, you are answerable for the Sins of such People. This is the Devil correcting Sin with a Witness, quoth *Old Mob*, Can I ruin more People than you, dear Mr. Theophrastus Bombastus? You are a scrupulous, conscientious Son of a Whore, indeed, to tell me of ruining People. I only take their Money away from them; but you frequently take away their Lives; and what makes it the worse, you do it safely, under a Pretence of restoring them to Health; whereas I should be hanged for killing a Man, or even Robbing him, if I were taken. You have put out more Eyes than the Small-Pox, made more Deaf than the Cataracts of Nile, in a Word, destroy'd more than the Pestilence. 'Tis in vain to trifle with me, Doctor, unless you have a Remedy against the Force of Gun-powder and Lead. If you have any such excellent Specifick, make Use of it instantly, or else deliver your Money.

Our itinerant Quack still continuing his Delays, *Old Mobb* made bold to take a Portmanteau from his Horse, and put it upon his own, riding off with it, till he came to a convenient Place for opening it. Upon examining the Inside, he found five and twenty Pounds in Money, and a large Golden Medal, which King *Charles II.* had given him for Poysoning

himself in his Majesty's Presence; besides all his Instruments, and Implements of Quackery.

Another Time *Old Mobb* met with the Dutches of *Portsmouth*, on the Road between *New-Market* and *London*, attended with a very small Retinue. He made bold to stop the Coach, and ask her Grace for what she had about her; but Madam, who had been long used to command a Monarch, did not understand the Meaning of being spoken to in this Manner by a common Man. Whereupon she briskly demanded, If he knew who she was? Yes, Madam, replied *Old Mobb*, I know you to be the greatest Whore in the Kingdom; and that you are maintain'd at the Publick Charge. I know that all the Courtiers depend on your Smiles, and that even the King himself is your Slave. But what of all that? A Gentleman Collector is a greater Man upon the Road, and much more absolute than his Majesty is at Court. You may now say, Madam, that a single Highwayman, has exercised his Authority, where *Charles II.* of England has often begged a Favour, and thought himself happy to obtain it, at the Expence of his Treasure, as well as his Breath.

Her Grace continued to look upon him with a superiour, lofty Air, and told him, he was a very insolent Fellow; that she would give him nothing, and that he should severely suffer for this Affront: Adding, that he might touch her if he durst. Madam, says *Old Mobb*, that haughty French Spirit will do you no good here. I am an English Freebooter; and insist upon it as my Native Privilege to seize all Foreign Commodities. Your Money indeed is English, and the prodigious Sums that have been lavished on you will be a lasting Proof of English Folly. Nevertheless, all you have is confiscated to me by being bestowed on such a worthless B——h. I am King here, Madam, and I have a Whore to keep on the Publick Contributions, as well as King *Charles*: 'Tis for this that I collect of all that pass, and you shall have no Favour from me. As soon as he had spoke, he fell on board her in a very boistrous Manner, so that her Grace began to cry out for Quarters, telling him, she would deliver all she had. She was as good as her Word; for she surrendered two hundred Pounds in Money, which was in the Seat of the Coach, besides a very rich Necklace, which her Royal Cully had lately given her, a Gold Watch, and two Diamond Rings.

Being once at *Abingdon*, on a Market-Day, when there is always a great Quantity of Corn bought and sold, *Old Mobb*, happened to fall into Company with a Person at the *Crown-Inn*, whom he knew to be a great Ingrosser of Corn; and that he had just bought as much of that Commodity as came to fifty Pounds. Having a pretty deal of Money in his Pocket at this Time, it came into his Head, how to cheat the Monopolizer out of his Bargain. To this End, he put on the Appearance of a Man of Business, pretended that he was come from *London* to buy, and desired to see this Purchase of the Countryman's.

As soon as he saw it, he seem'd to like it mightily, and demanded the Price of the Owner, who asked him but a small Advance above what he had just given for it. *Old Mobb* presently paid down the Money, and sent the Goods away, where he was sure of having it disposed of again at prime Cost.

This was all that there was to be done that Day: for the Ingrosser did not go out of Town till the next Morning. *Old Mobb* against that Time, took Care to be well informed of the Way he was to take, and was at his Heels before he got two Miles out of Town. He soon found an Opportunity to clap a Pistol to his Breast, and tell him that he must have the Money again, which he had lent him Yesterday, and whatsoever else he had about him. The Countryman was sufficiently surpriz'd to see himself addressed to by his late Companion in such a Manner as this, and asked him, with Trembling, if it was just

rice, in him to take away both Goods and Money too. *Hast thou the Impudence to talk of Justice, says Old Mobb? Can any Man in the World act more unjustly than an Ingrosser of Corn, who buys up the Produce of his Country, robs the Poor of their Bread, and pretends a Scarcity in Times of Plenty, only to increase his own Substance, and leave behind him Abundance of ill-gotten Wealth? You are for inclosing all the Land in the Kingdom, and call our Forefathers Fools, because they sold Corn for Twelve-pence a Bushel. No Picture pleases you so well as that of Pharaoh's lean Kine, who eat up the fat ones; this you hang up in your Parlours, recommend to your Neighbours, and pray secretly to see the Interpretation of it frequently fulfilled. Such Vermin as you are unfit to live upon the Earth; for you dread what all the World besides esteem a Blessing; and dare not wish well to your Country lest her Prosperity should disappoint your Hopes, and oblige you to bring out your boarded Stock, and sell it for less than it cost you. Talk no more of Justice, Sir, but deliver your Money, or I shall do the World so much Justice as to send you out of it.* Hereupon the Countryman delivered a Bag with all *Old Mobb's* Money in it, and about as much more, which occasion'd our Adventurer to ride away with a great Deal of Satisfaction.

Not long after the committing of this Robbery, *Old Mobb* met with *Sir George Jefferies*, at that Time Lord Chief Justice of the *King's Bench*, as he was going to his Country Seat. My Lord Chief Justice upon the Road, was no more than another Man; for he first disabled two Servants that attended him, by shooting one through the Arm, and the other through the Thigh, and then stopped the Coach, and demanded his Lordship's Money. *Jefferies* had before this made himself sufficiently famous, by his Western Assizes, and other very severe Proceedings, so that he imagined his Name carried Terror enough in it, to intimidate any Man; but he was mistaken in *Old Mobb*, who had Courage to speak his Mind without any respect to Persons, and when his Lordship told him his Name, only said, *He was glad he could be revenged on him in any Manner for putting him in Bodily Fear at Hartford Assizes a few Months before. According to Law, my Lord, says he, I might charge a Constable with you, and bind you over to the Quarterly Sessions, for threatening to take away my Life: However, if you please, as I don't love to be spiteful, I will make up the Matter with you for what Money you have in the Coach, which, I think, is as easy as you can desire, and easier than you deserve.*

Jefferies expostulated with him, upon the great Hazard he ran, both of Soul and Body, by following such wicked Courses, telling him, that he must expect Justice to follow his Crimes, if he believed there was any such Thing as a Providence that govern'd the World. *I don't doubt, says Old Mobb, but that when Justice has overtaken us both, I shall stand at least, as good a Chance as your Lordship; who have already writ your Name in indelible Characters of Blood, by putting to Death so many hundred innocent Men, for only standing up in Defence of our Common Liberties, that you might secure the Favour of your Prince. 'Tis enough for you to preach Morality upon the Bench, where no Body dares to contradict you; but your Lessons can have no Effect upon me at this Time; for I know you too well not to see that they are only calculated to preserve Money.*— This Speech of *Old Mobb*, was followed with fifty Oaths and Imprecations against the poor Judge, which threaten'd him with nothing but immediate Death, if he did not deliver his Money. *Jefferies* saw his Authority would now stand him in no Stead; so he gave what Money he had, which amounted to about fifty-six Guineas.

We took notice at the beginning of this Life of *Old Mobb*, that he sometimes was engaged with

the golden Farmer, the Reader may therefore justly expect an Account of some of their Actions in Concert, two Stories, the most remarkable and diverting that we have seen concerning them, now follow.

Having both of them a pretty deal of ready Cash, and being willing to retire a little while from the Highway, where they had lately made a great Noise, and were now very much sought after, they came to London, in order to make use of their Wits, of which they had both as great Shares as they of Strength and Courage. Here their first Work was to observe the Humours and Manners of the Citizens, which neither of them was well acquainted with before, that they might know the better how to proceed, and impose upon them in their own Way.

Every one knows that London is all hurry and Noise; every Man there is a Man of Business, and those who make good Appearances never want Credit, all People there live by mutual Dependence upon one another, and he who has dealt for two or three hundred Pounds, and made good his Payments, may afterwards be trusted for five. Our Adventurers soon perceived all this, and what Advantages many designing Men made of the general confidence, that People reposed in each other, they saw that no Body could teach them how to cheat a Citizen, so well as a Citizen himself, and thereupon he concluded, that the best Way they could take, was, to both turn Tradesmen.

Each of them now, takes a large handsome House, hires two or three Servants, and sets up for a great Dealer. The *Golden Farmer's* Habitation was in *Thames-street*, where he passed for a Cornchandler, which Occupation he had the most knowledge in of any. *Old Mobb* took up his residence somewhere near the Tower, and call'd himself a Holland Trader, he having been abroad when a Boy, and knowing pretty well what Commodities were exported to that Country, of the Language of which he had also a small Smattering. They went for near Relations, of the Name of *Bryan*, and said they were North-Country Men.

They now employ all their Time in enquiring after Goods in their several Ways, buying whatever comes to their Hands, and either paying ready Money themselves, or drawing upon each other, for one, two, or three Days; at which Time Payment was always punctually made. This constant Tide of Money was kept up by their continually selling privately what they bought (sometimes, perhaps, not a little to Loss) to such Persons as are glad to make use of their Cash in this Manner; and always wink at Things, which they can't comprehend, while they find their Interest in it. As they deal in very different Ways, the Chapmen of the one, had no Knowledge of those of the other; so that though every one of them had been sent at one Time or another, by his respective Customer, to receive Money of his Kinsman, none of them had any Notion, that the Correspondence was mutual, and consequently no Suspicion of a Fraud at the Bottom.

Thus they continued till they both found their Characters thoroughly established: Perhaps in this Time, they might each of them lose a hundred or two of Pounds, but they very well knew that this Loss would get them as many Thousands. When they saw that all who dealt with them were ready to send in what Goods they required, and not in the least Care about their Money, they thought their Project ripe for Execution, accordingly a Day was appointed for that Purpose.

They now order all their Customers to bring them in Goods on such a Day, as much, at least in Quantity, as they had ever before received at one Time of the respective Sorts; confining them all to particular Hours for the Delivery of what they brought, that they might not interfere with one another, and so suspect that some unfair Design was on Foot. At the same Time they inform'd those who usually bought

every Thing off their Hands, that they should have such and such Quantities of so many Sorts to dispose of, naming the next Day to that when they were to receive them; that they would sell them cheap, because they were obliged to make up a large Sum of Ready Money; that therefore they desired them to be punctual, and bring only Cash for what they designed to buy. The whole Scheme succeeded as well as they could wish; on one Side there was no Suspicion; and on the other, if there was any, it was not the Interest of the Parties to discover what they thought, because every one of them promised himself some Advantage.

The Goods were all delivered according to Order, at the Day and Hour appointed, and Notes were mutually drawn by the Kinsman in *Thames-Street* upon him by the *Tower*; and by the Kinsman by the *Tower*, upon him in *Thames-Street*, for the several Sums, to be paid at three Days after Date. Never were Men better satisfied than these poor Dupes, not one of them doubting but he should have all his Money the Moment he went for it, as usual. He went Home, and slept soundly that Night, and the two Nights succeeding.

Next Day came the Buyers, and entirely cleared both Houses, paying down Ready Money for all they carried off. These too were as well pleased as the rest, and with much better Reason. They imagined indeed, that their Chapmen were going to break, but what was that to them? No Matter how the poor Men were to live for the future, so long as they could have good Bargains at present.

There was now Time enough before the Day of Payment, for our two Merchants to take Care of themselves, and the Money they had raised, which they did very effectually.

When they came to Computation they found, that by this one bold Stroke, they had got clear into their Pockets, about sixteen hundred and thirty Pounds: A pretty considerable Sum for three Months, which was the longest Time they were in Trade.

When the Creditors came to receive their Money, they were surpriz'd at both Places to see the Doors fast, and the Windows shut, till they were informed by the Neighbours, that the Birds were flown the Day before; and that all their Furniture was either carried off in the Night, or seiz'd for Rent. How the Men now looked upon one another! Every one began to suspect that the rest who were attending came about the same Business as himself; and indeed when they came to examine the Matter, they found themselves not mistaken. Those who were earliest in *Thames-Street*, and had heard the melancholy News, went forthwith to the *Tower* to complain that Mr. Cousin was gone; and those at the *Tower* set out for *Thames-Street*. Now was the whole Plot unravell'd, when they saw both were departed quietly, and had learned of each other how they had been mutually imposed upon by the pretended Relations, when they told their several Cases.

One such Trick as this, is enough for a Man's whole Life, and as much as he can safely play in the same Kingdom. Our two *Bryans* now, therefore, resum'd their old Names and Habits, taking to the Highway again for some Time, till fresh Danger of being apprehended, put them once more to their Shifts. There was not less Art in what they now did, than in what we have just related, only they acted in a lower Sphere, not daring to aspire so high as to be Merchants, after they had brought so much Scandal upon the Name.

Men whose Thoughts are all turn'd upon Money, have no Regard to the Manner in which they get what they desire; nor need they, provided they come off with Impunity; for all People honour the Rich, without enquiring how they came to be so.

There were two wealthy Brothers of the Name of *Seals*, *Philip* and *Charles*, both Jewellers: *Philip* lived in *London*, and *Charles* resided at *Bristol*;

where they were both born, in a House which his Father left him. The *Golden Farmer* and *Old Mob* knew every Circumstance of the Family, from which these Men were descended, and were moreover particularly instructed in the private History of our Brothers. This made our Desperado's fix on them for their next Prize; now they were again reduced to Extremity. The Brothers were sickly consumptive Men, which inclined these arch Villains to undertake and perform what will be as diverting in the Relation, as it was unparallel'd in itself, and worthy of the Men who acted in it.

Having contriv'd and order'd the whole Affair, the first Step they took towards executing it, was writing, and copying the following Letter, making only the Alteration of the Place and Name, as they saw necessary.

March 26. 1686.

Dear Brother,

THIS comes to bring you the sorrowful News, that you have lost the best of Brothers, and I the kindest of Husbands, at a Time when we were in Hopes of his growing better, as the Spring advanced, and continuing with us at least one Summer longer. He died this Morning, about Eleven of the Clock, after he had kept his Bed only three Days.

I send so hastily to you, that you may be here before we prepare for the Funeral, which was the Desire of my dear Husband, who inform'd me, that he had made you joint Executor with me. The Will is in my Hands, and I shall defer opening it till you arrive here. I am too full of Grief to add any more, the Messenger, who is a very honest Man, and a Neighbour of mine, shall inform you of such Particulars as are needful from

Your Sorrowful Sister

SEALS.

P. S. I employ'd a Friend to write for me, which I desire you to excuse; for I was not able to do it myself, nor indeed to dictate any more.

These Letters being sealed, and properly directed, our two Adventurers dress'd themselves according to the Characters they were to bear, and parted from each other; one of them riding towards *London*, and the other towards *Bristol*, having so order'd it before-hand, that they might both come to the End of their Journey at the same Time.

They arriv'd, they deliver'd their Credentials, and were kindly received: 'Tis not to our Purpose to declare how many Tears were shed upon opening the Letters, and how many *Eulogias* each of the living Brothers bestow'd upon him whom he suppos'd to be dead. Much less shall we pretend to describe the Secret Joy which they both conceal'd under a sorrowful Countenance; but which naturally arose in their Breasts, when they understood that an Addition would now accrue to their Fortunes by the Death of a Brother. 'Tis true, they both lov'd one another; but of all Love, Self-Love is the strongest.

The Evening at each Place was spent in Talking over several Particulars of the Family. Subjects that at such a Time as this always come in the Way: Our Messengers were both very expert, and each Brother was convinc'd, that the Man whom his Sister had sent, had been long conversant in the Family, by the exact Account which he gave of Things. They moreover, added of their own Heads a great Deal of Stuff concerning the Manner of the respective Mr. *Seal's* Death, and what he said in his last Moments,

ments, which at this Time, was doubtless very moving. In a Word, the best Bed in both Houses was made ready for our two Sharpers, who were to depart the next Morning, and tell the Sisters-in-Law that their Brothers would come two Days after, which was as soon as their Mourning could be made, and other Things prepared for the Journey.

It may be proper to observe, that *Old Mobb* went to *Bristol*, and the *Golden Farmer* to *London*. The first of these found Means in the Evening to secure Jewels, to the Value of two hundred Pounds, which was all the Booty he had any Opportunity to make: But the *Golden Farmer* having well observed the Position of Mr. *Philip Seal's* Shop, arose in the Night, came silently down Stairs, and took to a much greater Value; among other Things a Diamond Necklace, which was just made for a Lady of the first Quality, but not to be delivered till some Days after, three very large Diamond Rings, and five small ones.

In the Morning both our Adventurers set out, one from *Bristol*, and the other from *London*. They met at a Place before appointed, and congratulated one another upon their Success.

But we must leave them together, and return to the Brothers, who were both getting ready for their Journey.

Such was the Hurry and Confusion which our Messengers had put the two Families in, that no Body in either of them took any Notice of the Shops, so that nothing of the Robberies was discovered Time enough to prevent the Masters setting out, and let them see that they were imposed on. The Shops were well furnished out, and what was carried off, took up but little Room; wherefore 'twas not surprising, that such a Thing should be overlooked, at a Time when no Business was thought of, but the Preparations for Travelling, and appearing decently at the Funeral.

The merriest Part of the whole Story was our two Brothers setting out the same Morning, and coming the same Evening to *Newberry*, where they took up their Lodging also at the same Inn. He from *London* came in first, and being fatigued went to Bed before the other arrived. The *Bristol* Man about two Hours after, passed through his Brother's Room, and a Companion with him, whom he had engaged to attend him, and reposed themselves where but a

thin Partition was between the two Chambers. *Philip*, the *Londoner*, was asleep when his Brother went by him, but the Discourse between *Charles*, and his Friend, surpriz'd him; he could not tell what they talk'd off; but was certain one of the Tongues was his Brothers, whom he was going to see buried.

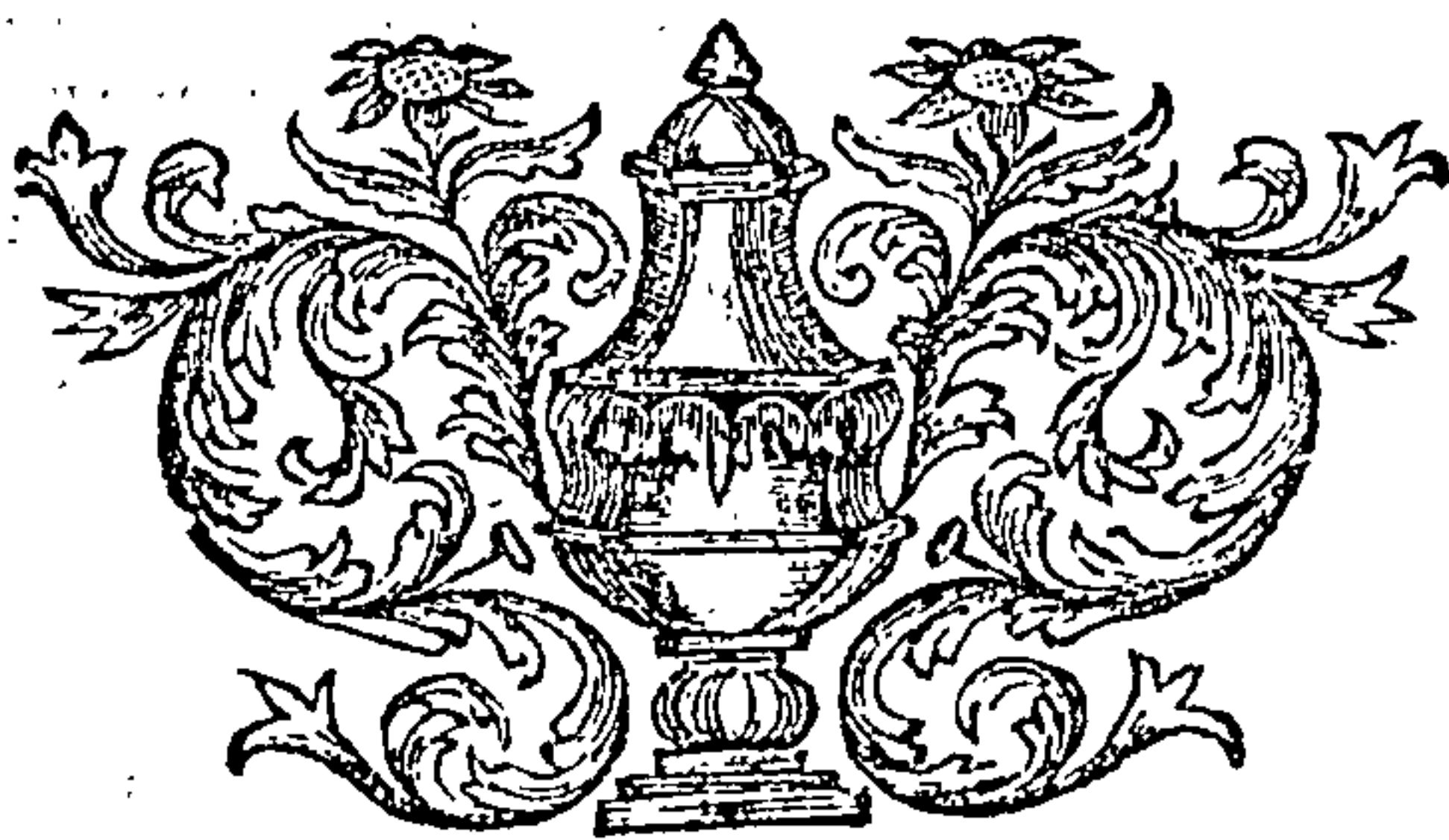
By and by *Charles* had Occasion to go to the necessary House; upon which he rises, and attempts to go through *Philip's* Chamber again, who by the Moon-light was still more convinced that he had not been deceived in the Voice: Upon this he screamed out, and *Charles* was now as much surpriz'd as his Brother; so that he ran back to Bed half dead with Fear.

In a Word, they both continued sweating, and frightening themselves till Morning, when they arose and dressed themselves in their Mourning Apparel. Below Stairs for some Time they shunn'd one another till they were taken Notice off by the People of the House, who with some Difficulty brought them together, after they had heard both their Stories. They now saw themselves imposed on, but could not imagine the Reason of it, till after spending two Days together at the Inn, they both returned, and found themselves robbed. Now was the Plot unravell'd.

Old Mobb, was at last apprehended in *Turbill-Street*, *Westminster*, committed to *Newgate*, and tried at the *Old-Bailey* on thirty-six Indictments; of thirty-two of which he was found Guilty.

On *Friday* the 30th of *May*, 1790. he was executed at *Tyburn*, without making any Speech or Confession; but continuing to act with his usual Intrepidity.

Thus does the divine Vengeance pursue the Workers of Iniquity, and very seldom suffers them to depart out of this Life, without exposing them to Shame and Iniquity. This, one would think, would be sufficient to convince the greatest Libertine of the Government of a just Providence; and make him tremble at his own Thoughts and Actions. 'Tis also very shocking to reflect upon the Departure of such a Man out of the World, in such an insensible Manner as Old Mobb made his Exit, since at best Death is a Launching forth into a State of Uncertainty.



The

An Account of the Murder of JOAN NORCOTT.

THE following Relation was found among the Papers of Sir John Maynard, an eminent Lawyer, and formerly one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal of England. We think proper to give it in his own Words.

The Case, or rather History of a Case, that happen'd in the County of Hertford, I thought good to report here, though it happened in the fourth Year of King Charles I. that the Memory of it may not be lost, by Miscarriage of my Papers, or otherwise. I wrote the Evidence that was given, which I and many others did hear; and I wrote it exactly according to what was depos'd at the Tryal, at the Bar of the King's Bench, viz.

Joan Norcott, Wife of Arthur Norcott, being murder'd, the Question was, *How she came by her Death?* The Coroner's Inquest, on View of the Body, and Depositions of Mary Norcott, John Okeman, and Agnes his Wife, inclin'd to find Joan Norcott, *Felon de se*. For they inform'd the Coroner and Jury, that she was found Dead in her Bed, the Knife sticking in the Floor, and her Throat cut. That the Night before, she went to Bed with her Child, her Husband being absent; and that no other Person, after such Time as she was gone to Bed, came into the House: That the Examinants, lying in the outer Room, must needs have seen or known if any Stranger had come in.

The Jury, upon these Evidences, gave up their Verdict to the Coroner, that she was *Felon de se*. But afterwards, upon Rumour among the Neighbourhood, and their Observation, divers Circumstances, which manifested that she did not, nor, according to those Circumstances, could not possibly murder herself, the Jury, whose Verdict was not yet drawn up in Form by the Coroner, desired the Coroner, that the Body which was buried, might be taken out of the Grave, which the Coroner assented to; so that thirty Days after her Death, she was taken up in the Presence of the Jury, and a great Number of People; whereupon the Jury changed their Verdict. The Persons being tried at Hertford Assizes, were acquitted; but so much against the Evidence, that Judge Harvey let fall his Opinion, that it were better an Appeal were brought, than so foul a Murder escape unpunished. Whereupon *Pascha 4 Car.* they were tried on the Appeal which was brought by the young Child against his Father, Grandmother, Aunt, and her Husband Okeman; and because the Evidence was so strange, I took exact and particular Notice, and it was as follows:

After the Matters above-mention'd were related, an antient and grave Person, Minister of the Parish where the Fact was committed, (being sworn to give Evidence according to Custom) depos'd, *That the Body being taken out of the Grave, thirty Days after the Party's Death, and lying on the Grass, and the four Defendants press'd, they were required each to touch the Dead Body, Okeman's Wife fell on her Knees, and pray'd God to shew some Token of her Innocency, or to that Purpose, her very Words I have forgot. The Appellees did touch the Dead Body, which was before of a livid and Carrion Colour (that was the verbal Expression in Terminus of the Witness) Whereupon the Brow of the Dead began to have a Dete, or gentle Sweat arise on it,*

which increased by Degrees, till the Sweat ran down by Drops on her Face. The Brow changed to a lively Colour, and the Dead open'd one of her Eyes, and shut it again; and this opening of the Eye was done three several Times: She likewise thrust out the Ring or Wedding-Finger, three Times, and pulled it in again, and the Finger dropped Blood from it on the Grass.

Sir Nicholas Hyde, Lord Chief Justice, seeming to doubt the Evidence, asked the Evidence, *Who saw this besides you?*

Witness. *I cannot swear what others saw; but, my Lord, I do believe the whole Company saw it; and, if it had been thought a Doubt, Proof would have been made of it, and many would have attested with me.*

Then the Witness, observing some Admiration in the Auditors, spake farther.

My Lord, I am Minister of the Parish, and have long known all the Parties; but never had any Occasion of Displeasure against any of them, nor any Thing to do with them, or they with me, but as I was their Minister. The Thing was wonderful to me; but I have no Interest in the Matter, only as I am called upon to testify the Truth, I have done it.

This Witness was a very Reverend Person, as I guess'd, about seventy Years of Age; his Testimony was deliver'd gravely, and temperately, but to the great Admiration of all the Auditory; whereupon applying himself to the Lord Chief Justice, he said farther.

My Lord, my Brother here present is Minister of the next Parish, adjacent, and I am assured he saw all done that I have affirm'd.

Here that Person was also sworn to give Evidence, and depos'd the same in every Point, viz. *The Sweating of the Brow, the Change of the Colour, the Opening of the Eye, the thrice moving of the Finger, and drawing it in again. Only the first Witness added, That he himself dipped his Finger in the Blood, which came from the Dead Body, to examine it, and he swore, that he believed it was Blood.*

I conferred afterwards with Sir Edward Poorel, Barrister at Law, and others, who all concurred in the Observation; and for myself, if I were upon my Oath, I can testify, that these Depositions, especially the first Witness, are truly reported in Substance.

The other Evidence was given against the Prisoners, viz. The Grandmother of the Plaintiff, and against Okeman and his Wife. That they confessed that they lay in the next Room to the dead Person that Night; and that none came into the House till they found her dead in the Morning. Therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the Murderers.

To prove that she did not murder herself it was farther depos'd.

First, *That she lay in a composed Manner in her Bed, the Bed-Cloaths nothing at all disturbed, and her Child by her in Bed.*

Secondly, *That her Neck was broke, and she could not possibly break her Neck in the Bed, if she first cut her Throat, nor contra.*

Thirdly,

Thirdly, *That there was no Blood in the Bed, saving a Tincture of Blood on the Bolster; whereon her Head lay; but no Substance of Blood at all.*

Fourthly, *That from the Bed's Head, there was a Stream of Blood on the Floor, which ran along till it ponded in the Bending of the Floor, in a very great Quantity; and that there was also another Stream of Blood on the Floor, at the Bed's Feet, which ponded also on the Floor, to another great Quantity, but no Continuance or Communication of Blood, at either of these two Places, from one to the other, neither upon the Bed; so that she bled in two Places severally. And it was deposed, That upon turning up the Mat of the Bed, there were found Clots of congeal'd Blood in the Straw of the Mat underneath.*

Fifthly, *That the bloody Knife was found in the Morning, sticking in the Floor, at a good Distance from the Bed; and that the Point of the Knife, as it stuck, was towards the Bed, and the Hilt from the Bed.*

Lastly, *That there was the Print of a Thumb and four Fingers of a Left Hand.*

Sir Nicholas Hyde, Lord Chief Justice, said to the Witness, *How can you know the Print of a Left-Hand, from the Print of a Right in such a Case?*

Witness. *My Lord, it is hard to describe; but if it please that honourable Judge to put his Left-Hand upon your Left-Hand, you cannot possibly place your own Right-Hand in the same Posture.* This was tried, and approved.

The Prisoners had now Time to make their Defence; but gave no Evidence to any Purpose; whereupon the Jury departed out of the Court; and returning, acquitted *Okeman*, and found the other three guilty; who being severally demanded what they could say, why Judgment should not be pronounced, they only cried out after one another, *I did not do it, I did not do it.*

Judgment was given, and the Grandmother and the Husband executed; but the Aunt, being with Child, had the Privilege to be spared Execution.

I enquired, if they confessed any Thing at the Gallows, but could not hear that they did.

Thus far the learned Knight has continued his Account of this surprizing Occurrence, and we have all the Reason in the World to believe, he really heard and saw what he has related, he being a Man of too much Candour and Good-Sense to be either imposed upon himself, or to impose upon others in an Affair of this Nature. 'Twas the extraordinary Effect that the Observing of this Tryal had upon his own Mind, which made him so careful to transmit it to Posterity; doubtless, that the Nature of the Facts might be examined.

A Question may here naturally arise, *Whether or no the Evidence of the two Ministers would have been sufficient to have convicted these Persons of Murder, if there had been no circumstantial Proofs of their Guilt produced by other Witnesses?*

Without pretending to decide in such a nice Point, we shall only make two or three general Observations on what Sir John Maynard has reported, and

then leave the judicious Reader to determine for himself.

In the first Place, if the Effects that appeared upon the Relations touching the dead Body, were caused by that natural Sympathy, which some stickle so much for, how does it yet appear, that these Effects were Signs of Guilt in the Persons who touched; since those who give us Instances of this Power in Nature, generally produce stronger Proofs of its Operation in Cases of extraordinary Love and Esteem, than on any other Account whatsoever?

Secondly, We have no Rules from Revelation, whereby to judge of Supernatural Appearances; so that if this sweating and moving was the immediate Work of Providence, how can we tell for what End it was design'd; or how were they who saw it able to determine, whether or no it was done to discover the Murderers, unless the Proofs had been yet plain-er? For if God really had an Hand in these Things, he might as well have made the dead Body speak, or any Thing else, as have caused it to sweat, or move a Lip, a Hand, or an Eye; and it is reasonable to suppose that the Divine Being will always make that familiar to our Senses, which he designs for our sudden Conviction in any Particular. The Miracles of *Moses* and our Saviour were of this Nature.

Thirdly, We have no Reason to expect any Thing out of the common Course of Nature; and therefore there is no Provision made by our Laws, for what may happen out of this ordinary Way. Now whether or no a Person can be convicted upon what has never before been admitted, or even thought of, as the Proof of any Fact, is a Point to be decided before we can determine the Validity of our Clergymen's Evidence; Because we can't account for any Appearance is not a sufficient Proof that the said Appearance is sent for our Information. With any reasonable Man, I think it should be the direct contrary.

But perhaps these Reflections may be thought foreign to my Purpose; or otherwise, some may imagine, that I am endeavouring to exclude Providence from having any Share in the Discovery I have been relating. In answer to the first Objection, I shall only say, that the best Histories now extant receive their Value from the judicious Observations of their Authors; and that I only endeavour to imitate. As to the excluding Providence from having the Direction of Second Causes, I am so far from it, that I think it every one's Duty to trace the Marks of the Divine Power in all Occurrences. Nevertheless, we dishonour, rather than honour the Disposer of all Things, when we attribute to him what on a like Occasion would seem unworthy a wise Man, and which, perhaps, has no Fitness for the End we apply it, but only in our own Fancies.

What has been here said, does not at all suppose that the Relations of *Joan Norkott* were not guilty of the Murder, there being other Proofs enough to convict them. Nor does it call in Question the Veracity either of Sir *John Maynard*, or the Clergymen, who deposed these strange Things, but only the Validity of the Facts themselves in the Case for which they were produced.

The LIFE of Capt. ZACHARY HOWARD.

THIS unhappy Person was a Gentleman born and bred : He came to an Estate in *Gloucestershire*, of 1400 *l. per Annum*, just about the Breaking out of the Civil War in 1641. his Father dying that Year. A sincere Love of Loyalty, and Allegiance, inspiring him with the Gallantry of fighting for his King and Country, he soon mortgaged his Estate for 20000 *l.* with which he raised a Troop of Horse for the Service of King *Charles I.* who gave him the Command of them. He remained in the Army, 'till the Republican Party became sole Conqueror, and triumph'd over Religion and Monarchy, when he, with many other Cavaliers, was obliged to retire into Exile, for Fear of the prevailing Power.

It was not long that he continued Abroad, before he returned to *England*, with King *Charles II.* on whom he attended at *Worcester* Fight, where he performed Wonders to the Honour of the Royal Army, and more especially to his own Glory and Praise ; for he was even taken Notice of, and applauded by his Majesty himself, who also that Day shewed himself worthy of the Crown he fought for, by his uncommon Courage. Every one knows that the *Parliamentarians* carried the Field in this Engagement, and that his Majesty escaped with much Difficulty, by hiding himself in an Oak in *Warwickshire*, whence, after six Weeks Wandering up and down, he at length found a Passage into *France*. We need not add, that he continued twelve Years in foreign Countries ; and that he was afterwards restored to the Throne of his Ancestors, by the general Consent of the Nation.

Zachary Howard, in the mean Time, remained in *England*, and having lost his Estate, and being out of all Employment, he could find no other Way of supporting himself, than by robbing on the Highway : A very indifferent Method, indeed ; but what a great many Gentlemen in those Days were either obliged to take to, or to want Bread.

'Tis said of *Howard*, that when he resolved on this Course of Life, he did, like *Hind*, and some others of his Contemporaries, in Swearing he would be revenged, as far as lay in his Power, of all Persons who were against the Interest of his Royal Master. Accordingly, we are told, that he attacked all whom he met, and knew to be of that Party. It appears too by the following Accounts, that he succeeded in hunting out those Regicides.

The first whom he assaulted on the Road was the Earl of *Essex*, who had been General in Chief of all the Parliament's Forces. His Lordship was riding over *Bagshot-Heath*, with five or six in Retinue ; nevertheless *Zachary* rode boldly up to the Coach-Door, commanded the Driver to stand, and my Lord to Deliver, adding, *That if he did not comply with his Demand without Words, neither he, nor any of his Servants should have any Quarters.* It was unaccountable, how a General, who had been always used to Success, with so many Attendants, should be terrified at the Menaces of a single Highwayman : But so it was, that his Honour gave him 1200 *l.* which he had in the Coach, and which had been squeezed out of forfeited Estates, Church-Lands, and Sequestrations, not being willing to venture his Life for such a Trifle, at a Time when the Party had

such a plentiful Harvest to reap. *Zachary* was so well contented with his Booty, that he let the Rebellious Nobleman pass without punishing him any farther for his Disloyalty, only desiring him to get such another Sum together against he met him again in some other convenient Place.

Another Time he overtook on *Newmarket-Heath*, the factious Earl of *P——*, so famous for his comical Speeches in the House of Commons. Only one Footman attended his Honour, and *Zachary* going in Company with them, held his Lordship in Discourse for about Half a Mile, when coming to a Place proper for his Design, he pulled out a Pistol, and spoke the terrifying Precept, with the Addition of a whole Volley of Oaths, what he would do to him, if he did not surrender that Minute : *You seem*, says the Earl, *by your swearing to be a Ranting Cavalier : Have you taken a Lease of your Life, Sir, that you dare venture it thus against two Men ?* *Howard* answer'd, *I would venture it against two more, with your Idol Cromwell at the Head of you, notwithstanding the great Noise he has made.* O, says *P——*, *he's a precious Man, and has fought the Lord's Battles with Success.* — *Zachary* reply'd, with calling *Oliver* and all his Crew, *A Company of Dastardly Cowards ;* and putting his Lordship in Mind, *That Talking bred Delays, and Delays are dangerous : Therefore*, says he, *out with your Parse this Moment, or I shall out with your Soul, if you have any.*

The Earl still delaying, *Howard* dismounted him, by shooting his Horse, and then took from him a Purse full of Broad Pieces of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring ; then making him mount behind his Man, he tied them Back to Back, and in that Condition left them. My Lord rode swearing, cursing, and damning, to the next Town, with his Face towards the Horse's Tail, when a great Multitude of People gather'd about him ; some laughing, others wondring at his riding in that preposterous Manner, till he declared the Occasion, and the People very civilly released him.

One Time *Fairfax*, who was also General of the Parliament Army after *Essex*, being with some Forces in the County of *Northumberland*, he took up his own Quarters at *Newcastle upon Tyne*, at the same Time that *Howard* chanced to be in the same Town. It came to the Captain's Ear that *Fairfax* was about sending a Man to his Lady with some Plate, which had been presented to him by the Mayor and Aldermen of that Corporation ; so that when the Day came that the Fellow set out with the Prize, our Highwayman also took his Leave of *Newcastle*, and rode after the Round-head Servant. He overtook him on the Road, and fell into deep Discourse with him, about the present Times, which *Howard* seemed as well pleased with as the other ; who took him really for an honest Fellow, as he seemed, and offer'd still to bear him Company. They baited, dined, supped, and lay together, and so continued in this friendly Manner, till the Messenger came within a Day's Journey of the Seat where his Lady resided. Next Morning being the last Day they were to be together, *Howard* thought it was now High Time to execute his Design, which he did with a great Deal

of Difficulty. Being come to a Place proper to act his Part in, *Zachary* pulled out his Commission, and commanded the Fellow to deliver the Portmanteau, in which was the Plate, to the Value of two hundred and fifty Pounds. The other being as resolute to preserve, as *Howard* was to take it from him, refused to comply; whereupon a sharp Combat ensued between them, in which the Captain had his Horse shot under him, after a Discharge of two or three Pistols on either Side. The Encounter still lasted; for our Highwayman continued to Fire on Foot, till he shot his Adversary through the Head, which occasioned him to fall, and breathe his last in a Moment.

When *Howard* saw the Man dead, he thought it his best Way to get off the Ground, as fast as he could; so nimbly mounting the remaining Horse who carried the Treasure, he rode about five Miles from the Place where the Fact was committed, and then deposited the Portmanteau in a hollow Tree, and went to Dinner at the next Town. From thence he made the best of his Way to *Faringdon* in *Berkshire*, where *Madam Fairfax* was, and whither the Fellow he had killed was bound. He reached thither that Evening, and delivered the following Letter to the Lady, which he had found in the Pockets of the Deceased.

Newcastle upon Tyne, Aug. 12. 1650.

My Dear,

HOPING that you and my Daughter Elizabeth are in good Health, this comes to acquaint you that my Presence is so agreeable to the Inhabitants of this Place, that their Mayor and Aldermen have presented me with a large Quantity of Plate, which I have sent to you by my Man Thomas, a new Servant; whom I would have you treat very kindly, he being recommended to me by several Gentlemen, as a very honest worthy Man. The Lord be praised, I am very well, and earnestly long for the Happiness of enjoying your Company, which I hope to do within this Month or five Weeks at farthest. In the mean Time, I subscribe myself,

Your Loving Husband, till Death,

FAIRFAX.

The Lady, learning by the Contents, that a Parcel of Plate was sent by the Bearer, enquired of him where it was. Her supposed Man readily told her, That he was in Danger of being robbed of it on such a Heath, by some suspicious Persons; and that therefore, lest he should meet with the same Men again, or others like them, he had lodged his Charge in the Hands of a substantial Inn-Keeper at such a Town; from whence he could fetch it in two Days. This Pretence of his Carefulness pleased his new Mistress very much, and confirmed the Character, which her Husband had sent; so that she made very much of him, and desired him to go to Bed betimes, that he might rest from the Fatigues of his Journey.

The whole Family at this Time consisted only of the Lady, her Daughter, two Maids, and two Men Servants. No sooner were all these gone to their Repose, than *Howard* arose, dressed himself, and with Sword and Pistol in Hand, went into the Servants Apartments, whom he threaten'd with present Death, if they made the least Noise. All four of these, he tied with the Bed-Cords, and gagged them. Having secured these, whom he most feared, he went into Mrs. Fairfax's Chamber, and served her and her Daughter, as he had done the Servants; then he ravished them both, beginning with the Daughter, and next proceeded to make a strict Scrutiny into the Trunks, Boxes, and Chests of Drawers, finding in all two thousand Broad-Pieces of Gold, and some

Silver, with which he departed to his Portmanteau in the Tree, which he also carried off.

After he had committed this Robbery and Murder, there was a Proclamation issued out by the Commonwealth, promising five hundred Pounds to any one who should apprehend him; whereupon, to avoid being taken, he fled into *Ireland*, where he continued his former Courses, till being grown as notorious there, as in *England*, he thought it advisable to return. He landed at *Highlake*, and came to the City of *Chester* at the same Time that *Oliver Cromwell* lay there with a Party of Horse, putting up in the same Inn, where that Arch-Traitor had taken up his Quarters. Here he passed for a Gentleman that was going to travel into foreign Countries for his Improvement, and behaved himself agreeably to such a Character, spending his Money with a great Deal of Profuseness.

He moreover, counterfeited himself a Round-head, and frequently spoke against the Royal Family, applauding the Murder of King *Charles I.* up to the Skies. By this Means, he got familiar with *Cromwell*, who was so taken with his Conversation, that he would seldom dine, or sup without him, or hardly suffer him to be ever out of his Company.

About a Fortnight after this Acquaintance between them was confirmed, *Howard* went one Morning very early, to pay old *Nol* a Visit in his Bed-Chamber, which was on the same Floor with his own. He found an easy Admittance, and the hypocritical Villain desired, That as he had come before he had been at Prayers, he would please to join with him in that Exercise. — *Zachary* consented, but no sooner was *Cromwell* down upon his Marrow-bones, than he knocked him down with the Butt-End of a Pistol, presenting it afterwards to his Breast, and swearing, That if he did but attempt to make the least Noise, he would shoot him through the Heart, though he were sure to be hanged for it the next Minute on the Sign-Post before the Door. — These terrifying Words struck the Republican Hero with such a Pannick Fear, that he permitted the Assaulter to do what he pleased, who, thereupon, gagged him, and bound him Hand-and-Foot. After this, he rifled a Couple of Trunks, out of which he took about 1100 *Jacobusses*, and then taking the Pan out of a Close-Stool that stood in the Room, which happened to be pretty well filled, he clapped it on the Head of the Rebel, crowning him in such a Manner as he deserved.

Having finished what he designed, he went hastily down Stairs, and mounted his Horse, which he had before ordered to be ready, under Pretence of some urgent Business a few Miles out of Town.

By this Means he got clear off, before *Oliver*, who fell to knocking as soon as he thought the Enemy safe, could make any Body hear him.

At last several of the Family went up Stairs, and were guided by their Noses to where the poor General sat, in the miserable Pickle we have described, unable to move out of the Place. Some of them, at first Sight, thought he had put his Head-piece on, till the nauseous Filth, which ran down his Face and Shoulders, convinced them of their Mistake, and made them speedily unbind him.

As soon as he was loose, and pretty well wiped, he fell upon his Knees to give Thanks for so signal a Deliverance from the Fury of a wicked Cavalier; for such he now believed *Howard* to be.

Within a Week after this, *Howard* sent *Oliver* a Letter, wherein he signified, That he was in good Health, and that what he had done was only to make him reflect, that notwithstanding his great Successes, his Life was still in the Power of any single Man, who would be bold enough to execute Justice. Then he made very merry with the old Villain, about the Condition he had left him in, adding, That he would have him for the future be more cautious, how he entered into Friendship with a Man before he knew him. For, says he, the Cruelties

Cruelties of you, and your Party, have made us like yourselves; so that the bravest Gentlemen in the Kingdom are glad to turn Hypocrites, either to secure themselves, or be nobly revenged, as I have been.

Our Captain enjoy'd his Liberty but a very little Time after this Exploit; for venturing one Day to attack Half a Dozen Republican Officers together, as they were riding over *Black-heath*, he was over-powered by their Number; and, though he vigorously defended himself, so as to kill one, and wound two more of them, he was at last taken by the remaining three. These were soon assisted by several Passengers who came by, and joined in carrying this bold Robber before a Magistrate, who forthwith committed him to *Maidstone-Goal*. Thither *Oliver* went to see him, and insulted him with a great many Reproaches: To all which *Howard* reply'd with his usual Bravery and Wit, to the utter Confusion of poor *Noll*.

When he came on his Tryal at the ensuing Assizes, he had Evidences enough appeared against him, to have convicted him, if he had had twenty Lives to have lost. Not only the Officers who took him, but even *Cromwell* himself, and General *Fair-*

fax's Wife and Daughter gave in their Depositions, besides a vast Number of others whom he had robbed at several Times. So that he was sentenced for two Rapes, two Murders, and as many Robberies, to be hanged till he was dead.

When he came to the Place of Execution, apparelled all in white, he confessed himself Guilty of every Thing he stood charged with; but declared he was sorry for nothing but the Murders he had committed: *Yet even these*, he said, *appeared to him the less criminal, when he considered the Persons on whom they were acted.* He professed farther, *That if he were pardoned, and at Liberty again, he would never leave off robbing the Round-heads, so long as there were any of them left in England.*

What was most remarkable at *Howard's* Death, was, his smiling on *Oliver*, who came into the Country on Purpose to see the last of him, with an Air of Scorn and Contempt; telling him, *That, if he had had his Reward, he had been in the same Circumstances, as he himself was now in, several Years ago.*

He ended his Life in 1651-2. being thirty-two Years of Age.

The LIFE of Major GEORGE STRANGWAYS.

MR. *George Strangways*, was the second Son of Mr. *James Strangways*, of *Mussen* in *Dorsetshire*, a Gentleman of an ancient and unblemished Family. He was a Person that had a brave and generous Soul, in a stout and active Body; being tall of Stature, and framed to the most masculine Proportion of Man. The Virtues of his Father he rather seem'd to improve than degenerate from, till he was hurried on by an ungovernable Passion to commit the horrid Fact which we are going to relate.

As his Constitution in his Youth made him fitter to follow *Mars* than the Muses, he attained to the Degree of a Major in the Service of King *Charles I.* which Military Office he executed with a great Deal of Bravery and Gallantry, during the whole Course of the Civil War: Yet was he not a stranger to those Arts that finish a Gentleman; for (as Mr. *Dryden* says of my Lord *Roscommon*) *He had made both Minerva's his own.* In the most important Consultations he had always a Head as dexterous to advise, as a Heart daring to act. Only in Love he appeared either unskillful, or unsuccessful; for he was never married.

The Father of Mr. *Strangways* died about ten Years before the unhappy Accident happened, which brought Destruction upon his Son: At his Death the Major was left in Possession of *Mussen* Farm, and his eldest Sister, Mrs. *Abellah Strangways*, was constituted Executrix by Will.

This Sister, being then an ancient Maid, rented her Brother's Farm, and stock'd it at her own Cost; engaging herself to him in a Bond of 350 *l.* which she borrow'd towards the procuring of the said Stock. The Major, presuming upon her Continuance of a single Life, and expecting that the greatest Part, if not all of her personal Estate, would in Time revert to him as her Heir, entrusted her, not only with the Bond, but also with that Part of the Stock, and such U-

tenils of the House, as, by his Father's Will, properly belonged to him. His Reason for doing this was, that they would be more secure by passing them, so far as his whole Estate was liable to Sequestration; by which, at that Time of Day, great many thousand loyal Gentlemen were ruined. Sad Times, indeed, when Honesty, which, by those who have just Notions of Providence, is esteemed a common Preservative against Calamity, was the principal Means that made People obnoxious to it! But this was not the only Age, in which that noble Principle has been out of Fashion.

His Estate being thus in a fair Probability of being preserved from those Vultures of the Commonwealth, who had then the Administration of Publick Affairs, he lived for some Time very happily with his Sister, of whose Prudence and Discretion he had a very high Opinion, at his Farm of *Mussen*.

But all on a sudden the Scene altered, and she whom he thought sufficiently Proof against all Inclinations to Matrimony, began to express some Affection for Mr. *Fussel*, a Gentleman well esteemed at *Blandford*, the Place of his Residence, and of much Repute for his eminent Abilities in Matters of Law.

Mrs. *Abellah Strangways* had now contracted an Intimacy with Mr. *Fussel*, and she made it the least Part of her Care to disguise her Sentiments concerning him; so that it was not long before her Brother came to a perfect Knowledge of their mutual Resolutions. Whether it was that he had any former Dislike to the Man, or that he imagined one of that Profession might injure him in his Property; or whether it was only the being disappointed in the Hope he had conceiv'd of enjoying after his Sister the whole Substance of the Family, is not easy to determine: but certain it is, that he no sooner heard of a Proposal of Marriage between this Gentleman and his Sister, than he shewed himself absolutely against it, and took an Opportunity of telling his Sister privately, by

mean

much he disapproved her Design. Mrs. *Malbell*, as freely told him how stedfast she was in her Purpose; upon which he broke out into the most violent Expressions of Passion, affirming with bitter Imprecations, that if ever she married Mr. *Fussel*, he would certainly be the Death of him soon afterwards.

These Family Quarrels soon occasion'd a Separation between our unhappy Brother and Sister; and the Rupture was still encreased by mutual Complaints between them. She pretends, that he unjustly detains from her much of the Stock of the Farm, which, either by her Father's Will, or her own Purchase, was lawfully hers; at the same Time he denies that ever he sealed the afore-mentioned Bond, insinuating, that it was only a Forgery of her Brother's. The Major, on the other Hand, cried out as loudly against his Sister, accusing her with nothing less than a Design to defraud him of part of his Estate, besides the Money due by the Bond. These were the Differences, which first fomented a Rage that was not to be quenched but by Blood.

Soon after their Parting Mrs. *Malbell*, and Mr. *Fussel* were married, and the Grievances between the Brother and Sister commenced a Law-Suit; for the prosecuting of which, as well as for the carrying on of several other Causes which he was employ'd in, he being a Man of great Business, Mr. *Fussel* was come up to *London*, it being *Hilary-Term*, at the unhappy Time when he lost his Life, in the following Manner:

Mr. *Fussel* lodged up one Pair of Stairs, at the Sign of the *George and Half-Moon*, three Doors from the *Palmer's-Head Tavern*, without *Temple-Bar*, opposite to a Pewterer's Shop. He came in one Evening between Nine and Ten, and retired to his Study, which fronted the Street, sitting behind a Desk, with his Face towards the Window, the Curtains being so near drawn, that there was but just Room enough left to discern him. In this Manner he had not sat above a Quarter of an Hour, before two Bullets shot from a Carbine, struck him, the one through the Forehead, and the other in about his Mouth, a third Bullet, or Slug, stuck in the lower Part of the Timber of the Window, and the Passage, by which the two former entered, was so narrow, that little less than an Inch over or under had obstructed their Passage.

He drop'd down upon his Desk without so much as a Groan; so that his Clerk, who was in the Room at the same Time, did not at first apprehend any Thing of what was done; till at last perceiving him lean his Head, and knowing him not apt to fall asleep as he wrote, he imagined something more than ordinary was the Matter. Upon this he drew near, to be satisfy'd, when he was suddenly struck with such Horror and Amazement at the unexpected Sight of Blood, that, for the present he was utterly incapable of Action. As soon as he had recollected himself, he called up some of the Family, by whose Assistance he discovered what an unhappy Accident had bereaved him of his Master. Instantly they all ran down into the Street, but could see nothing that might give them the least Information, every Thing appearing, as they conceived, more silent and still than is usual at that Time of Night, in the Publick parts of the City. Officers were sent for, and Mr. *Fussel*'s Son (for he had been married before) was acquainted with the melancholy News; who immediately made use of all the Means he could think of to discover the Authors of this horrid Fact.

Several Places were searched in vain; and a Barber, who lodged in the same House with Mr. *Fussel*, was apprehended on Suspicion, he having been absent at the Time when the Deed was perpetrated.

While they were considering what could induce any Body to such an Action, young *Fussel* called to Mind those irreconcilable Quarrels which had for some Time subsisted between his Father, and his

Uncle *Strangways*; and thereupon proposes the apprehending him to the Officers, which Motion, they, in general, approved of.

They now proceed to put it in Execution, and between Two and Three in the Morning, the Major is apprehended in his Bed, at his Lodging, over-against *Jay-Bridge* in the *Strand*, at the House of one Mr. *Pym*, a Taylor, next Door to the *Black-Bull Inn*, which is now *Bull-Inn Court*.

Being in the Custody of the Officers, he was had before Justice *Blake*, before whom he denied the Fact, with an undaunted Confidence. However, as there was so much Room for Suspicion, the Justice committed him to *Newgate*, where remaining till next Morning, he was then convey'd to the Place where Mr. *Fussel*'s Body was. When he came there, he was commanded to take his dead Brother-in-Law by the Hand, and touch his Wounds before the Coroner's Inquest, a Method mightily relied on by the Defenders of Sympathy.

But there having been nothing discovered by this Experiment, he was remanded back to Prison, and the Jury proceed in their Inquiry, though with little Hopes of Satisfaction. Several Ways were propounded by the Foreman, for the Detection of the Murderer; one of which was, *That all the Gunsmiths in London, and the adjacent Places, should be examined what Guns they had either lent or sold that Day*. This, in the Opinion of most of the Jurymen, was an unpracticable Task; and one Mr. *Holloway*, a Gunsmith in the *Strand*, who was one of the Number, told them all, *That the Men of his Profession were so numerous, that he thought it next to impossible for them to make such an Enquiry without missing many; that, for his own Part, he had that Day lent a Carbine, and did not question but several of the Trade did the same every Day that passed*. This Saying of Mr. *Holloway*'s, was presently taken hold of by the Foreman, who desired him, for the Satisfaction of them all, to declare whom he had lent the said Piece to: Mr. *Holloway*, after some small Recollection, answered, *To one Mr. Thompson in Long-Acre, who had formerly been a Major in the King's Army, and was now married to a Daughter of Sir James Aston*. Upon this, a speedy Search was made after Major *Thompson*, who being abroad, his Wife was taken into Custody, and detained a Prisoner, till her Husband should be produced, though she cleared herself very handsomely from having any Knowledge of Borrowing, or even seeing any such Thing as a Gun.

Mr. *Thompson* was that Morning gone into the Country on some urgent Occasions; but on the first News of his Wife's Confinement, he returned hastily to *London*, where being examined before a Justice of the Peace, he confessed, *That he had borrowed a Carbine of Mr. Holloway, at the Time mentioned, for the Use of Major Strangways, who told him, that all he intended to do with it, was to kill a Deer; and that having loaded it with a Brace of Bullets and a Slug, he delivered it to the said Major Strangways, in St. Clement's Church-Yard, between the Hours of Seven and Eight at Night*.

This was all the certain Intelligence they could get of what passed before the firing of the Gun. Who did the desperate Deed was never known; for Mr. *Strangways* carried that great Secret with him to the Grave, refusing to confess any Thing before Man, and reserving this Discovery for the general Assize hereafter, when the Inmost Recesses of Mens Hearts shall be laid open. Thus much farther they learned of Major *Thompson*, *That between the Hours of Ten and Eleven, Major Strangways brought back the Gun to his House, left it, and retired to his Lodging*.

These Circumstances were enough to increase the Suspicion of the Inquisitive Jury, and when they were told to Mr. *Strangways*, he seemed to be

struck with Terror; so that he continued some Moments in a profound Silence; afterwards he acknowledged in a very pathetick Manner, that the immediate Hand of God was in the Affair, for nothing less could have brought about such a wonderful Detection. He farther owned, that the Night the Murder was committed, he left one at his Quarters to personate him, whom he took Care to introduce about Seven in the Evening, while the People of the House were employ'd in their necessary Affairs, and not at Leisure to take any Notice of his Actions. This Friend, he said, walked about the Chamber, so as to be heard of all the Family, which occasioned them to give a wrong Deposition, concerning his being at Home, when he was examined before the Magistrate. He added, That when the Fact was committed (by whom, as we have observed already, he would never confess) he returned to his Lodging, found Means to discharge his Friend, then hastened to Bed, and lay there till he was apprehended, at Three in the Morning.

On the 24th of February, 1657-8. Major George Strangeways was brought to his Tryal, at the Sessions-House in the Old Bailey; where his Indictment being read, and he commanded to plead, he absolutely refused to comply with the Method of the Court, *Unless, he said, he might be permitted, when he was condemned, to die in the same Manner as his Brother-in-Law had done. If they refused this, he told them, he would continue in his Contempt of the Court, that he might preserve his Estate, which would be forfeited on his Conviction, in order to bestow it on such Friends as he had most Affection for, as well as to free himself from the ignominious Death of a Publick Gibbet.*

Many Arguments were urged by the Lord Chief Justice Glyn, and the rest of the Bench, to induce him to plead; particularly, the great Sin he committed, in refusing to submit to the ordinary Course of the Law, and the Terror of the Death, which his obstinate Silence would oblige them to inflict upon him. But these, and all the other Motives they made Use of, were ineffectual; he still remained immovable, refusing either to plead, or to discover who it was that fir'd the Gun; only affirming, both then, and always afterwards till his Death, *That whoever did it, it was done by his Direction.*

When the Court perceiv'd they could work nothing on him, the Lord Chief Justice read the following dreadful Sentence:

THAT the Prisoner be sent back to the Place from whence he came, and there put into a mean Room, where no Light can enter; that he be laid upon his Back, with his Body bare, save something to cover his Privy Parts; that his Arms be stretched forth with a Cord, one to one Side of the Prison, and the other to the other Side of the Prison, and in like Manner his Legs shall be used; that upon his Body be laid as much Iron and Stone as he can bear, and more; that the first Day he shall have three Morsels of Barley-Bread, and the next Day he shall drink thrice of the Water in the next Channel to the Prison Door, but no Spring or Fountain Water; and this shall be his Punishment till he dies.

Sentence being past upon him, he was remanded back to Newgate, where he was attended by several eminent and pious Divines till the Day of his Death, namely, Dr. Wild, Dr. Warmstrey, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Norton.

Monday, the last Day of February, was the fatal Day appointed for executing the Judgment past on him, when about eleven o'Clock in the Forenoon, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, accompanied with several of their Officers, came to the Press-Yard in Newgate. After a short Stay, Major Strangeways was guarded down, cloathed all in White,

Waistcoat, Stockings, Drawers, and Cap, over which was cast a long Mourning Cloak. From whence he was conducted to the Dungeon, the dismal Place of Execution, being still attended with a few of his Friends, among whom was the Reverend Dr. Warmstrey, to whom turning, he said, *Sir, will you be pleased to assist me with your Prayers?* The Doctor answer'd, *Yes, Major, I come on Purpose to officiate in that Christian Work: The Lord strengthen your Faith, and give you Confidence and Assurance in Jesus Christ.*

After they had spent some Time in Prayers, the Major addressed himself to the Company in general, and with a Voice something more elevated than ordinary, spoke as follows:

I Thank my God, I never had a Thought in my Heart to doubt the Truth of the Religion I profess: I die a Christian, and am assured of my Interest in Christ Jesus, through whose Merits I question not but e'er long, my Soul shall triumph over her present Afflictions in an Eternity of Glory, being reconciled to God by the Blood of my Saviour. The Lord bless you all in this World, and bring you at last to a World of Blessedness, which is the Reward of the Elect. The Lord bless me in this last and dreadful Tryal: So let us all pray, Jesus, Jesus, have Mercy on me!

Having said this, he took his solemn last Leave of all his lamenting Friends, and prepared himself for the dreadful Assault of Death, with whom he was speedily to encounter. He desired his Friends, when he gave the Signal, to lay on the Weights, and they placed themselves at the Corners of the Press for that Purpose.

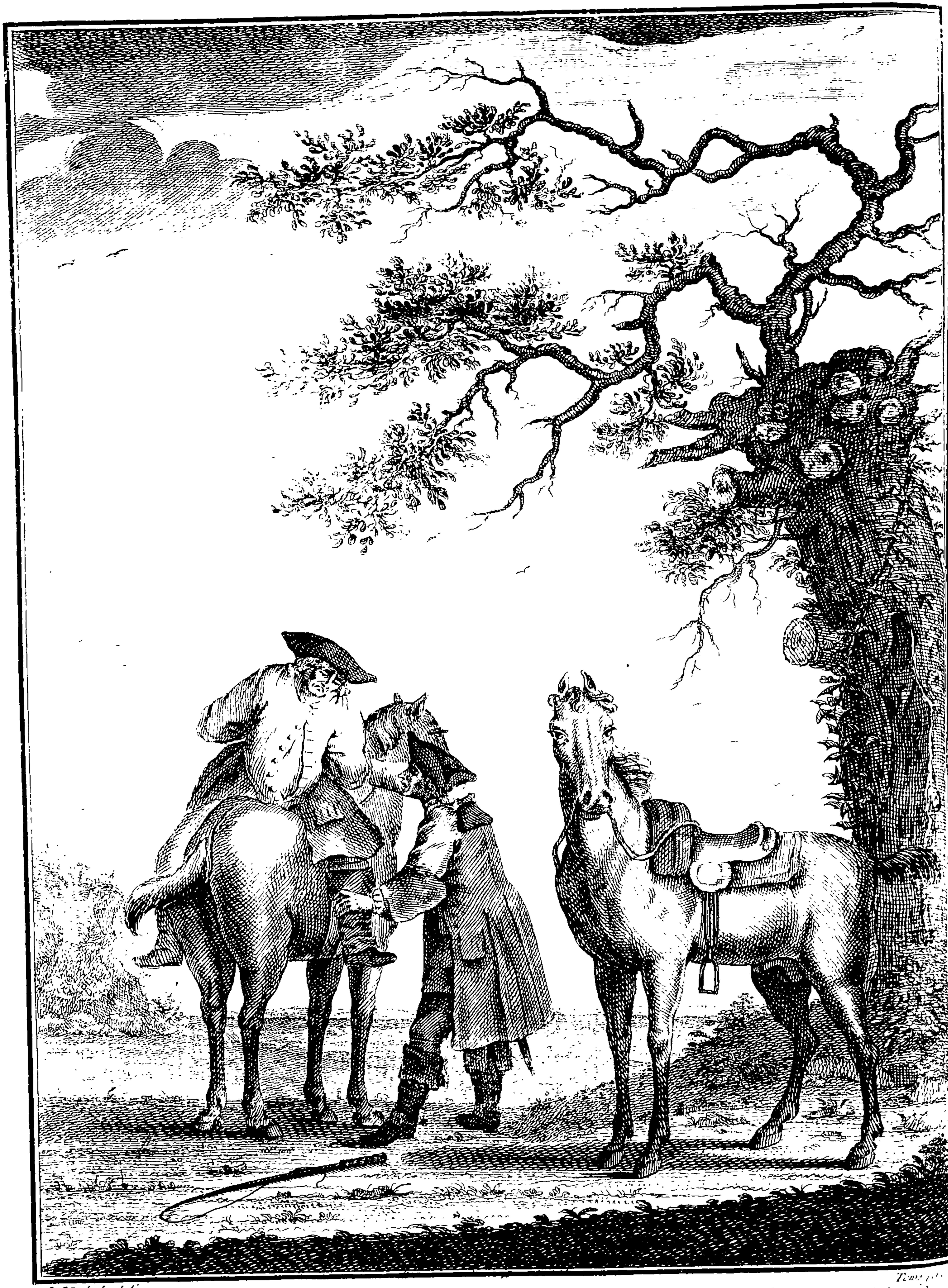
His Arms and Legs were extended, according to the Sentence, in which Action he cried out, *Thus were the sacred Limbs of my ever-blessed Saviour stretched forth on the Cross, when he suffered to free the sin-polluted World from an eternal Curse.* Then crying with a sprightly Voice, *Lord Jesus receive my Soul,* which were the Words he had told them, his mournful Attendants performed their dreadful Task. They soon perceived, that the Weight they laid on was not sufficient to put him suddenly out of Pain, so several of them added their own Weight, that they might the sooner release his Soul. While he was dying, it was horrible to all that stood by, as well as dreadful to himself, to see the Agonies he was put into, and hear his loud and doleful Groans. But this dismal Scene was over in about eight or ten Minutes, when his Spirit departed, and left her tortured Mansion, till the Great Day that shall unite them again.

His Body having lain some Time in the Press, was brought forth, and exposed to Publick View, so that a great many beheld the Bruises made by the Press, one Angle of which being purposely placed over his Heart, he was the sooner deprived of Life, though he was deny'd what is usual in these Cases, to have a sharp Piece of Timber under his Back to hasten the Execution. The Body appeared void of Scars, and not deform'd with Blood, save where the Extremities of the Press came, on the Breast, and upper Part of the Belly. The Face was bloody, but not from any external Injury, but the violent forcing of the Blood from the larger Vessels into the Veins of the Face and Eyes. After the dead Corps had been thus examined, it was put into a Coffin, and in a Cart that attended at the Prison Door, convey'd to Christ-Church, where it was interr'd.

While he was under Sentence, he wrote the following Letter to Major Dewey, a Member of Parliament, who had married one of his Sisters:

Dear Brother,

I Hope for Forgiveness from you and the rest of my Friends; for my Conscience bears me Witness that I was



L. Nichols delin
Whitney Robbing an old Usurer tying his hands behind him with his face to the horses
Temple

I was grievously provoked by my Brother-in-Law's Wrongs. It was after he had abused me by Prosecutions, and refused to fight me in single Combat, that I suffer'd myself to be tempted to do what I did, though I intended only to have terrified, and not kill'd him. In a Word, each hath his Desert; he fell to my Revenge, and I to the Law: I suffer willingly, being satisfy'd, that my Crime is cancel'd before the Almighty. From

Your Dying Brother,

G. STRANGWAYS.

'Tis said the Major had often fallen into most impetuous Storms of Rage at the Sight of Mr. Fuffel, and had offered him Odds in Length of Weapon, to fight with him: Once in particular, he met him in Westminster-Hall, when they had a Cause there depending, and told him, *That Calice-Sands was a much sitter Place for them, who were both Cavaliers, to dispute in, than that Court, where most of the Judges were their Enemies.* But Mr. Fuffel not only refused that Way of deciding their Quarrel, but indicted him as a Challenger, which added Fuel to his former Rage, and put him upon the dreadful Manner of satisfying his Passion, for which he suffered.

The LIFE of WHITNEY.

THIS notorious Malefactor was born at Stevenage in Hertfordshire, where he was put Apprentice to a Butcher, as soon as he was fit for Service. He serv'd his Time, as far as we have heard, very faithfully; but was not long his own Master before he took to the irregular Courses that brought Destruction upon him, and branded his Name with Infamy.

He was pleasantly disappointed, as he would himself frequently confess afterwards, in the first Piece of Knavery that ever he contrived. Going with another Butcher to Romford in Essex, in order to buy Calves, they met with one which they had a particular Fancy to; but the Owner demanded what they thought an extravagant Price for it, so that they could not strike a Bargain: However, as the Man kept a Publick House, our Companions agreed to go in and drink with him. They were very much vex'd in their Minds, to think that they could not have their Wish, and were contriving how to be revenged of their Landlord; when Whitney suddenly whispered these Words to his Comrade, *What Business have we to give so much Money out of our Pockets, for what we may by and by get for nothing? We know where the Calf is, and what should hinder our taking him, when we have an Opportunity?* The other came directly into his Measure, and so they sat boozing till Night.

In the Evening there came a Fellow into the Town with a great She Bear, which he carried about for a Show, and was his Fortune to put up at the House where our two Butchers were drinking in an inner Room; for it being just at the Town's End, there was no Place so convenient besides. The Man of the House was some Time before he could conclude where to put the Bear, at last he resolv'd to move the Calf into another Out-house, and tie Madam Bruin up in his Place, which was done accordingly, without the Knowledge of Whitney, and his Friend, who continued drinking till they were told, it was Time to go to Bed.

Upon this Warning they paid their Reckoning, and went out, staving in the Fields near the Town, till they imagined the Time favour'd their Design. The Night was very dark, and they came to the Stall without making any Noise or Disturbance. Whitney was to go in and fetch out their Prey, while the other watched without. When he was entered, he groped about for the Calf till he got hold of the Bear, which lying after the sluggish Manner peculiar to these Creatures, he began to tickle it to make it rise. At last being awaked, the poor Beatt, being

muzzled and blind, rose up on her Hind Legs, not knowing but it was her Master going to throw her. Whitney still continued feeling about, wondering at the length of the Calf's Hair, and that he should stand in such a Posture, till the Bear caught hold of him, and hugg'd him fast between her fore Feet.

In this Posture he remain'd, unable to move, and afraid to cry out, till the other Butcher, wondering at his long Stay, put his Head in at the Door, and said, with a low Voice, *What a Pox, will you be all the Night stealing a Calf? A Calf,* quoth Whitney, *I believe it's the Devil, that I am going to steal; for he hugs me as closely as he does the Horse in the Statue. Let it be the Devil,* says the other, *bring him out, however, that we may see what he is like, which is something that I should be very glad to know.* Whitney was too much surpris'd to be pleas'd with the Jestings of his Companion, so that he replied with some Choller: *Come and see him yourself; for may I be pos'd, if I half like him.* Hereupon the other enter'd, and after a little Examination, found, how they were bit. By his Assistance Whitney got loose, and they both swore, they would never attempt to steal Calves any more for this Trick.

Whitney, after this, took the George Inn at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, where he entertain'd all Sorts of bad Company; but not thriving in this Way, he was in a little Time oblig'd to shut up his Doors, and entirely give over the Occupation. He now came up to London, the common Sanctuary of such Men, where he lived very irregularly, and at last, when Necessitous Circumstances came on him apace, wholly gave himself up to Villainy.

It was still some Time before he took to the Highway, following only the common Tricks practis'd by the Sharpers of the Town, in which he was the more successful as he always went dressed like a Gentleman; it being easier to impose upon Mankind with a good Suit of Cloaths, than any other Way whatsoever. But the World is governed by Appearances, and always will be, unless Providence should ever see fit to make the Characters of Virtue and Vice more visible. A poor Man, tho' endow'd with ever so honest, and generous a Soul, is avoided by every Body; so that he can hardly in his Life find an Opportunity to discover himself, and let a mistaken World see what he possesses: While the greatest Villain that ever was born, may be caressed by all Companies, if he has but Credit enough to get good Apparel, and Impudence to thrust himself forwards.

One

One Morning, *Whitney* stood on *Ludgate-Hill*, at a *Mercer's Door*, waiting for a Friend whom he expected to come by, when two Misses of the Town well habited came along. These Ladies took our Gentleman for the Master of the Shop, and supposing him by his Looks to be an amorous young Batchelor; one of them, in order to begin a little Conversation, asked him, if he had any fine Silks of the newest Fashion, *Whitney* readily replied, *That he had none by him at present, but in a Day or two's Time, he should have Choice. Several Weavers being to bring him in Pieces made from the cast Patterns that were going. Then Ladies, says he, I shall be glad to supply you with what you want; and there is no Man in England will use you better. Only please to leave your Names, and where you live, that I may do myself the Honour to wait on you.* Here our Madams were put to it for an Answer; but looking a little on one another, she that spoke first told him, *That being newly come to Town, they did not remember the Name of the Street where they lodged; but it was not far off, and if he pleased to go with them, they would show him their Habitation, such as it was.*

Whitney, to be sure consented, and to make the Affair appear with a better Face, he stepp'd into the Shop as if he went to give Orders to the Apprentice, to whom he only put some impertinent Questions, and came out again unsuspected. Away trudge the Ladies and their Squire, who when they told him they were come to the Door, very civilly offered to take his Leave of them. *Nay, Sir, says one of them, but you shall walk in, and take a Glass of Wine with us, since you have been so good as to give yourself all this Trouble?* *Whitney* thanked them, and with Abundance of Complaisance, accepted the Favour.

Hitherto both Parties were deceived. *Whitney* really took them for Gentlewomen of Fortune, and came Home with them only to learn something that might forward him to make a Prey of them, and they as confidently believed him to be the *Mercer*, who own'd the Shop at which they picked him up. Their Designs were to get his Money out of his Pocket, and if they could, a Suit or two of Cloaths into the Bargain. What confirm'd them in this Opinion was, the Notice he took of several Gentlemen as he pass'd along the Street, by pulling off his Hat to them; and their returning the same Compliment. *Whitney* did it for this very Purpose; and it is natural and common for Men of Fashion to re-salute those who salute them, whether they know them or no, because a Man may be known by one whom he can't remember on a sudden to have ever seen before.

The Ladies introduced their supposed Cully into an Apartment splendidly furnished, where a Table was instantly spread with a fine cold Collation. This being over, the Maid and one of the Mistresses withdrew, leaving the other to manage *Whitney*. She immediately fell into amorous Discourse, and soon proceeded to greater Freedoms, telling him, he was bashful, and offering to teach him a soft Love-Lesson. *Whitney* now began to understand his Company, yet, as he hoped to get a little Love by the Bargain, he was willing to keep on the Mask, and profess'd himself her Slave, devoted to her Service, and willing to fulfil her Pleasure, promising withal after a great many mutual Endearments, to give her as much Silk as would make a Suit of Cloaths. This was all she required of him before she granted him the last Favour, and upon this single Promise, she suffer'd him to play over the *Jeu d'amour* as often as he pleas'd, entertaining him, after all, with two or three more Bottles free-cost.

Whitney was so well pleas'd with his Reception at this Place, that he was resolv'd, if possible, to have a little more of the same Sport; and to that End went to a *Mercer*, and told him, that such a Lady had sent him to desire that he would let one of his Men carry two or three Pieces of the richest

Silk in his Shop, for her to choose a Gown and Petticoat. The *Mercer* knew the Person of Quality whom he nam'd, she having been his Customer before, and without mistrusting any Thing, sent a Youth, who was but newly come Prentice, telling him the Prices in *Whitney's* Hearing. Our Adventurer led the Lad through as many By-Streets as he could, in order to carry him out of his Knowledge, till observing a House in *Suffolk-Street*, which had a Thorough-fair into *Hedge-Lane*, he desired the young Man to stay at the Door, while he carried in the Silks to shew them to the Lady, who lodg'd there. The Youth obey'd very readily, and *Whitney* went into the House, and asked the People for somebody whom they did not know; upon their telling him no such Person liv'd in that Neighbourhood, he desired Leave to go through, which was granted.

Now, Good Night Mr. *Mercer*, you may wait till you are weary, and go back lighter by all your Load. In a Word, *Whitney* went to his Mistress, and distributed the Prize between them. After which he revelled on all Manner of Excess for several Days, till he was glad to retire of himself.

He was resolv'd, however, that no Body but himself should enjoy the Fruit of his Industry, since he could not have the Profit of his Cheat, it would be a Piece of Honesty in him, he thought, to restore the *Mercer's* Goods again. To this End he writes a Letter where the Women lived, and the Shop-keeper getting a Warrant, and a Constable, went and found the Silks in their Custody. To be sure they were enough frighten'd to see themselves apprehended for what they thought had been given them by the Right Owner; but all their Excuses were in vain, they were hurried before a Magistrate, who committed them to *Tuttil-Fields*, *Bridewell*, where they were taught the Discipline of the Place, by that celebrated Lector, Mr. *Redding*, and their Backs were covered with Stripes of the Cat-and-Nine-Tails, instead of the Eleemosynary Silks, which they thought themselves so sure of.

When *Whitney* was grown a confirmed Highwayman, he one Day met a Gentleman on *Bagshot-Heath*, whom he commanded to stand and deliver. To which the Gentleman replied, *Sir, 'tis well you spoke first; for I was just going to say the same Thing to you. — Why, are you a Gentleman Thief then,* quoth *Whitney*? — *Yes,* said the Stranger, *but I have had very bad Success to Day; for I have been riding up and down all this Morning, without meeting with any Prize.* *Whitney*, upon this, wish'd him better Luck, and took his Leave, really supposing him to be what he pretended.

At Night it was the Fortune of *Whitney*, and this Impostor to put up at the same Inn, when our Gentleman told some other Travellers by what a Stratagem he had escap'd being robb'd on the Road: *Whitney* had so alter'd his Habit and Speech, that the Gentleman did not know him again; so that he heard all the Story without being taken any Notice of. Among other Things he heard him tell one of the Company softly, that he had sav'd an hundred Pounds by his Contrivance. The Person to whom he whisper'd this, was going the same Way the next Morning, and said, he had also a considerable Sum about him, and if he pleas'd, should be glad to travel with him for Security. It was agreed between them, and *Whitney* at the same Time resolv'd to make one with them.

When Morning came, our Fellow-Travellers set out, and *Whitney* about a Quarter of an Hour after them. All the Discourse of the Gentlemen was about cheating the Highwaymen, if they should meet with any, and all *Whitney's* Thoughts were upon being revenged for the Abuse which was put on him the Day before.

At a convenient Place he got before them, and bid them stand. The Gentleman whom he met before,

before, not knowing him, he having disguised himself after another Manner, briskly cried out, *We were going to say the same to you, Sir, — Were you so? quoth Whitney, And are you of my Profession then? — Yes, said they both. If you are, reply'd Whitney, I suppose you remember the old Proverb, Two of a Trade can never agree, so that you must not expect any Favour on that Score. But to be plain, Gentlemen, the Trick will do no longer. I know you very well, and must have your hundred Pounds, Sir; and your considerable Sum, Sir, turning to the other, let it be what it will, or I shall make bold to send a Brace of Bullets through each of your Heads. You, Mr. Highwayman, should have kept your Secret a little longer, and not have boasted so soon of having out-witted a Thief. There is now nothing for you to do but deliver, or die. —* These terrible Words put them both into a sad Consternation: They were loth to lose their Money, but more loth to lose their Lives; so of two Evils, they chose the least; the Tell-tale Coxcomb disbursing his hundred Pounds, and the other a somewhat larger Sum, professing that they would be careful for the future not to count without their Host.

Another Time Whitney met with one Mr. Hull, an old Uferer in the Strand, as he was riding a-cross Hounslow-Heath. He could hardly have chosen a Wretch more in Love with Money, and consequently who would have been more unwilling to have parted with it.

When the dreadful Words were spoken, he trembled like a Paralytic; and fell to expostulating the Case in the most moving Expressions he was Master of, professing that he was a very poor Man, had a large Family of Children, and should be utterly ruined, if he was so hard hearted as to take his Money from him. He added, moreover, a great Deal concerning the Illegality of such an Action, and how very dangerous it was to engage in such evil Courses. Whitney, who knew him, cried out in a great Passion: *Sirrah, do you pretend to preach Morality to an honest Man than yourself? Is it not much more generous to take a Man's Money from him bravely, than to grind him to Death with eight or ten per Cent. under Colour of serving him? You make a Prey of all Mankind, and Necessity in an honest Man, often is the Means of his falling into your Clutches, who are certain quite to undo him. I am a Man of more Honour than to show any Regard to one whom I esteem an Enemy to the whole human Species. This once, Sir, I shall oblige you to lend me what you have without Bond, and consequently without Interest; so make no Words. —* Old Hull, hereupon, pulled out about eighteen Pound, which he gave with a pretty Deal of Grumbling; telling him withal, that he should see him one Time or another, ride up Holbourn-Hill backwards.

Whitney was going about his Business, till he heard these Words, when he returned, and pulled the old Gentleman off his Horse, putting him on again with his Face towards the Horse's Tail, and tying his Legs. Now, says he, *you old Rogue, let me see what a Figure a Man makes when he rides backwards, and let me have the Pleasure, at least, of beholding you first in that Posture.* So giving the Horse three or four good Licks with his Whip, he set him a running so fast, that he never stop'd till he came to Hounslow Town, where the People loosed our Gentleman, after they had made themselves a little merry with the Sight.

Whitney, like a great many others of the same Profession, affected always to appear generous and noble: There is one Instance of this Temper in him, which it may not be amiss to relate. Meeting one Day with a Gentleman on New-market-Heath, whose Name was Long, and having robb'd him of an hundred Pounds in Silver, which was in his Portmanteau, tied up in a great Bag: The Gentleman told him, that he had a great Way to

go, and as he was unknown upon the Road, should meet with many Difficulties, if he did not restore as much as would bear his Expences. Whitney upon this open'd the Mouth of the Bag, and holding it to Mr. Long, Here, says he, *take what you have Occasion for.* Mr. Long put in his Hand, and took out as much as he could hold: To which Whitney made no Opposition, but only said with a Smile; *I thought you would have had more Confidence, Sir.*

Doubtless it must make some of our Readers merry, when they observe how often the Heroes of these Sheets are introduced as talking of Conscience, Virtue, Honour, Generosity, &c. And it must be confessed, that they have Reason for their Mirth. This may, however, prove the real Beauty of these Perfections of human Nature, *That even those who have least of them, discover a Sort of Secret Value for them, and would affect to possess what they are of all Men the farthest from.*

Our dexterous Butcher came once to Doncaster in Yorkshire, where he put up at the Red-Lyon-Inn, and made a very great Figure, having a pretty round Sum in his Possession. While he resided here, he was informed that the Landlord of the House was reputed rich; but that he was withal so covetous, as that he would do nothing to help a poor Relation or Neighbour in Distress; and so very sharp in his Business, that it was next to impossible for any one living to impose on him in the least Particular. Nothing could be so pleasing to such a Man as Whitney, as out-witting one who was esteemed able to out-wit all the World, wherefore he was resolved to attempt this Master-stroke of Invention, as he supposed it must be, if he succeeded.

He now gives it out, that he had a good Estate, that he travelled about the Country merely for his Pleasure, and had his Money remitted to him as the Rents came in, still continuing for some Time to pay for every Thing he had, till supposing his Host sufficiently satisfy'd that he was really what he pretended, he one Day took an Opportunity to tell him that his Money ran short, and he should be obliged to him for Credit, till he could have Returns. *O dear, Sir, says my Landlord, you need not give yourself the least Uneasiness about such an Affair as this. Every Thing that I have is at your Service, and I shall think myself honoured, if you please to make use of me as a Friend.* Whitney returned the Compliment with Abundance of Thanks and other Expressions of Esteem, eating and drinking from Day to Day at the good Man's Table, his Horse also, all the while, being fed plentifully with the best of Corn and Hay. And the better to colour the Matter, and to prove that he really came out of Curiosity to see the Country, there was seldom a Day passed, but he rode out to some of the Neighbouring Villages, sometimes getting Mr. Inn-keeper; sometimes other Gentlemen in the Town, to bear him Company, they being all proud of the Honour.

It happened, that while he remain'd there, there was a Fair, according to annual Custom. Upon the Fair Day in the Morning a small Box, carefully sealed, and very weighty, came directed to him. He open'd it, took out a Letter, and read, lock'd it up, and gave it to his Landlady, desiring her to keep it in her Custody for the present, because it would be safer than in his own Hands; and ordering the Landlord, at the same Time to write out his Bill, that he might pay him next Morning. As soon as he had done thus, he went out, as though to see the Fair.

In the Afternoon he comes home again in a great Hurry, and desires his Horse may be dressed and saddled, he having a Mind to shew him in the Fair, and, if he could, to exchange him for one which he had seen, and which he thought was the finest that ever he fix'd his Eyes on. *I will have him,*

says he, *if possible, whether the Owner will buy mine or no, and though he cost me forty Guineas*: He then asked for his Landlady to help him to his Box, but was told she was gone to the Fair; whereupon he fell a Swearing like a Madman, That he supposed she had locked up what he gave her, and taken the Keys with her, *If she has, quoth he, I had rather have given ten Guineas; for I have no Money at all, but what is in your Possession*. Enquiry was made, and it was found to be as he said, which put him into a still greater Passion, though it was what he wished for, and even expected, the whole Comedy having been invented for the sake of this single Scene,

The Landlord quickly had Notice of our Gentleman's Anger, and the Occasion of it; upon which he comes to him, and begs of him to be easy, offering to lend him the Sum he wanted, till his Wife came Home. *Whitney* seemed to resent it highly, That he must be obliged to borrow Money when he had so much of his own; however, as there was no other Way, he condescended, with Abundance of Reluctance, to accept the Proposal, adding, That he desired an Account of all he was indebted as soon as possible, for it was not his Custom to run Hand over Head.

Having received forty Guineas, the Sum he pretended to want, he mounts his Horse, and rides towards the Fair; but instead of dealing there, for another Horse, he spurred his own thro' the Crowd, as fast as he could conveniently, and made the best of his Way towards *London*. At Night the People of the Inn sat up very late for his Coming Home, nor did they suspect any Thing the first, or even the second Night, when they saw nothing of him, he having been out before a Day or two together in his Progress round the Country, which they concluded was now the Case. But at the End of two or three Days, the Landlord was a little uneasy; and after he had waited a Week to no Purpose, it came into his Head to break open the Box, in order to examine it. With this View he goes to the Magistrate of the Place, procures his Warrant for so doing, and a Constable, with other proper Witnesses to be present. We need not tell the Reader he was cheated, for every one will naturally conclude so, nor need we say, he was ready to hang himself, when he found only Sand and Stones covered over, his Character may give an Idea of his Temper at this

Time: But *Whitney* did not Care for his Landlord's Passion, so long as he got off safe, with the Money.

This was, however, the last of his Adventures in the Country, for not long after his Arrival in Town, he was apprehended in *White-Friars*, upon the Information of one Mother *Cofens*, who kept a Bawdy-house in *Milford Lane*, over-against *St. Clement's Church*. The Magistrate who took the Information, committed him to *Newgate*, where he remained till the next Sessions at the *Old-Bailey*.

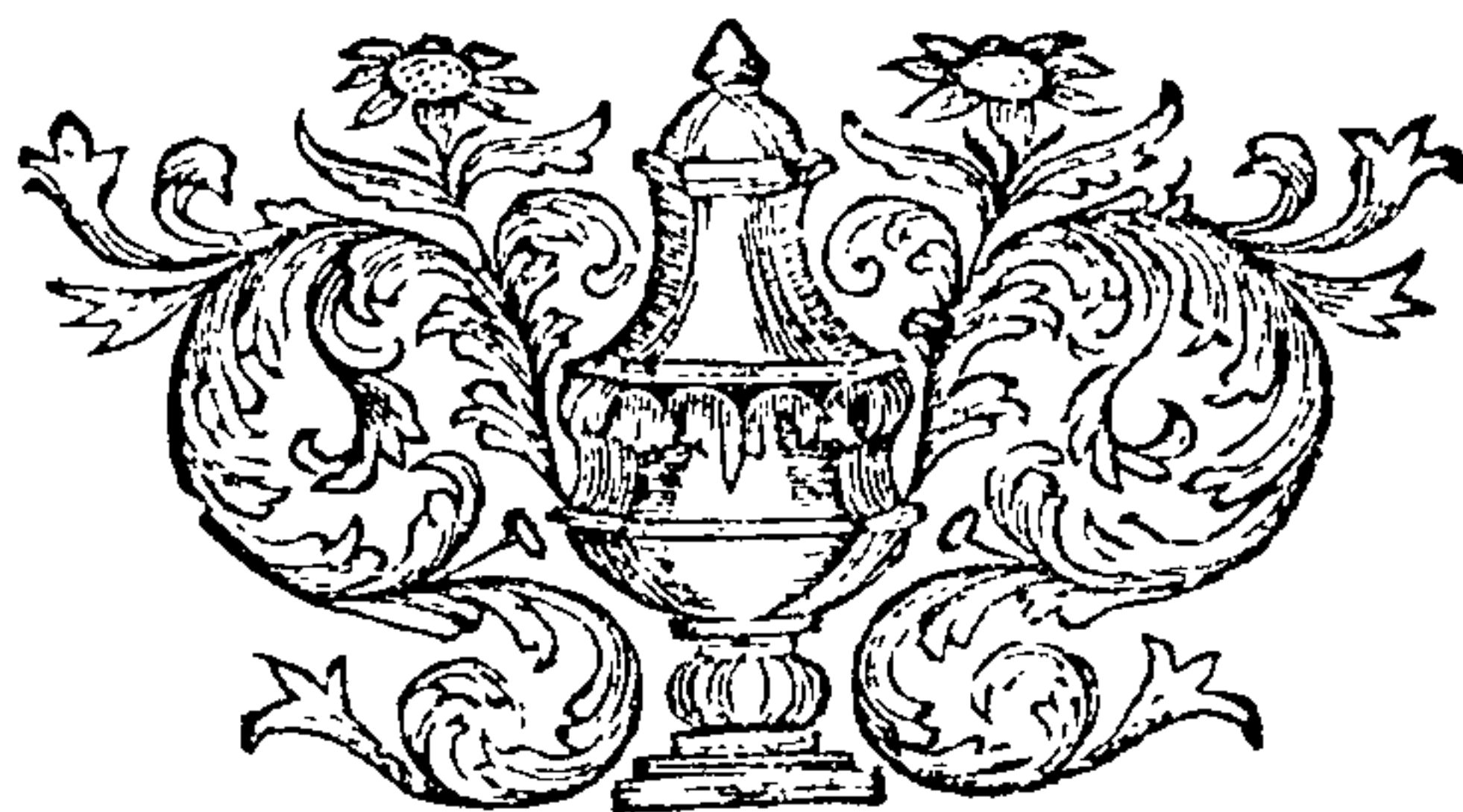
After his Conviction, Sir *S———*, Knt. Recorder of *London*, made an excellent Speech before he passed Sentence of Death, to him, and the other Malefactors, setting forth the Nature of their several Offences in very strong Expressions, and addressing himself to *Whitney* in particular, who he exhorted to a sincere Repentance, as it was impossible for him to hope for any Reprieve, after such a Course of Villainies. Vindicating the Justice of the Law, and urging the Certainty of a Providence, which pursues such as him, and at last takes Vengeance on them for their Crimes.

On *Wednesday*, the 19th of *December*, 1694. *Whitney* was carried to the Place of Execution, which was at *Porter's Block*, near *Smithfield*. When he came there, and saw no Hopes of any Favour, he addressed these few Words to the People:

I Have been a very great Offender, both against God, and my Country, by transgressing all Laws both Human and Divine. I believe there is not one here present but has often heard my Name, before my Confinement, and seen a large Catalogue of my Crimes, which has been made publick since. Why should I then pretend to vindicate a Life stain'd with so many enormous Deeds?

The Sentence past on me is just, and I can see the Footsteps of a Providence, which I had before profanely laugh'd at, in my Apprehending and Conviction. I hope the Sense which I have of these Things, has enabled me to make my Peace with Heaven, the only Thing that is now of any Concern to me. Join in your Prayers with me, my dear Countrymen, that God would not forsake me in my last Moments.

Having spoke thus, and afterwards spent a few Moments in private Devotion, he was turned off, being about 34 Years of Age.



An Account of the Murder of the Rev. Mr. JOHN TALBOT.

THIS Gentleman had been Chaplain to a Regiment in *Portugal*, in the Reign of King *Charles II.* where he continued in the Discharge of his Office, till the Recalling of the said Regiment: When arriving in *London*, he preached three Months at *St. Alphage in the Wall*. Afterwards he was Curate at a Town called *Laindon* in *Essex*, where a Law-Suit commenced between him and some Persons of the said Parish, upon the Account of which, he came up to *London* at the unhappy Time when a Period was put to his Life in the following Manner.

Several profligate abandon'd Wretches, to the Number of six Men, and one Woman, took into their Heads one Day to way-lay, rob, and murder this poor Man. Whether hearing his Business, they might think he had a pretty Deal of Money about him: or whether they acted at the Instigations of some of Mr. *Talbot's* Enemies, is not certain; however it was, they dogged him from four a-Clock in the Afternoon, whethersoever he went. The Names of some of these Miscreants were, *Stephen Eaton*, a Confectioner; *George Roades*, a Broker; *Henry Prichard*, a Taylor; and *Sarah Swift*.

Mr. *Talbot* had received Information, that his Adversaries design'd to arrest him, which made him a little circumspect while he was abroad; for every one who took any Notice of him, he imagined to be an Officer. This occasioned him the sooner to be alarm'd when he saw himself followed by five or six People, from Place to Place; so that turn which Way soever he would, he was certain of meeting one or more of them.

After he had shifted about a long Time to no Purpose, in order to avoid, as he thought, their clapping a Writ on his Back, he betook himself to *Gray's-Inn*, whither being still pursued, he had there a good Opportunity to take particular and accurate Notice of some or all of these evil-disposed Persons. Here he took Shelter a little while, and writ Letters to some of his Acquaintance and Friends, requesting them to come and lend him their Assistance in order to secure his Person.

The Persons whom he sent to failing him, he got Admittance into the Chambers of one of the Gentlemen of the Place, where he stay'd till he supposed all the Danger was over; then taking a little Refreshment, he took the back Way, through *Old-Street*, and so over the Fields to *Shoreditch*.

Not long after he had got into the Fields, he perceived the same Persons at his Heels, who had dogged him before. He was now more surpriz'd than ever, it being Eleven a-Clock at Night. The most probable Method of escaping that he could see, was by breaking through a Reed-Hedge, to a Garden-House; but before he could reach the Place, one or more of the Villains seiz'd him, and began to pick his Pockets. They found about twenty Shillings, and his Knife, with which they attempted to kill him, by cutting his Throat.

Whether it was by Chance, or these Wretches pretended to an extraordinary Skill in Butchering Men, is uncertain; but they first cut out a Piece of his

Throat, about the Breadth of a Crown-Piece, without touching the Wind-pipe; and then, in the dependant Part of the Orifice, they stabbed him with the Knife so deep, that the Point almost reached his Lungs. However, Providence so far over-ruled their Cruelty, that they did not cut the Recurrent Nerves, which would have stopped his Speech, nor the Jugular Veins and Arteries, which if they had done, he had instantly bled to Death without Remedy, and then possibly no Discovery had been made.

There was a Cut in the Collar of his Doublet, which seemed to shew that they attempted this Piece of Butchery before they stripped him; but then the Nature of the Wound intimated, on the Contrary, that they pulled off his Coat and Doublet before they accomplished their Design.

This bloody Deed was perpetrated at *Misfield-Clear*, on Friday Night, the Second of July, 1669. While the Wretches were committing their Butchery, the Dogs bark'd, and the Beasts bellow'd in an uncommon Manner; so that several Gardeners rose out of their Beds to prepare for the Marker, supposing it had been Day-light, soon after it thunder'd and rain'd in a terrible Manner, which drew several Brick-makers out of their Lodgings to secure their Bricks from the Weather, and was also the Occasion that the Murderers did not get far from the Place where their Barbarity was acted before they were apprehended, so that Heaven and Earth seem'd to unite in crying out against the inhuman Deed, and detecting the wicked Authors of it.

Some of the Brick-makers, who had been alarm'd by the Thunder and Rain, discover'd Mr. *Talbot* lying in his Shirt and Drawers all bloody: These gave Notice to their Companions, who also came up. They then raised him, and cherish'd him with a Dram which one of them had at Hand; whereupon he immediately pointed which Way the Murderers went. The Watch near *Shoreditch* were soon inform'd what had happen'd, and some of them came as well to take Care of the wounded Gentleman, as to apprehend the Authors of his Misfortune. One of the Number quickly discover'd a Man lying among the Nettles, and called up his Companions, supposing he also had been murder'd; but when they came to a nearer Examination, they saw a bloody Knife on one Side of him, and the Minister's Doublet on the other. Upon these Circumstances, presuming he was guilty of the Murder, they apprehended him. At first he feign'd himself a-sleep, and then suddenly starting up, he attempted to make his Escape, but in vain. A Pewter Pot, with the Mark was newly scraped out, was found near him, and one of the Watchmen broke his Head with it, which made him a little more tractable. In the mean Time, Mr. *Talbot*, by the great Care of the Officers of the Night, was carried to the *Star Inn* at *Shoreditch Church*, where he was put to Bed, and whither a Surgeon was sent for to dress, and take Care of his Wounds.

This Man, who was apprehended, was *Eaton*, the Confectioner, he was carried before Mr. *Tillotson*, who

who instantly knew him, and by Writing, declared that he was the Man who cut his Throat; and that five more Men, and a Woman, were his Associates. A second Time, upon Mr. Talbot's own Request, Eaton was brought before him, when he continued his former Accusation against him; whereupon he was carried before Justice Pitfield, and by him committed to Newgate. It was not long after Eaton, before the Woman was found, who also pretended to be a-sleep. Mr. Talbot swore as positively to her, as he had done to the other, and enquired of the Constable whether her Name was not Sarah? For he had heard one of her Comrades say to her, when in Holborn, *Shall we have a Coach Sarah?* The Constable demanded her Name, and she not suspecting the Reason, told him right, which confirmed the Evidence of the dying Gentleman. Shortly after a Third, and then a Fourth was taken, who were also committed to Newgate, Mr. Talbot knowing one of these also.

The Care of Mr. Talbot's Wounds was committed to one Mr. Litchfield, an able Surgeon, who diligently attended him; and that nothing might be omitted which might conduce to his Recovery, Dr. Hodges one of the Physicians employ'd by the City, during the dreadful Visitation in 1665. was likewise called. To these, at the Request of the Minister of the *Charter-house*, Dr. Ridgely was added. By their joint Direction, he was in a fair Way to be cured, no ill Symptoms appearing from Monday Morning to the Sabbath Day following, either upon Account of his Wounds, or otherwise; for though he lay some Time in the Wet, yet thro' the Experience of these Gentlemen, he was kept from a Fever. Several other Surgeons also freely offered their Assistance.

About Noon on Sunday he was dressed, the Wound look'd well, and he seem'd more chearful than ordinary; but within two or three Hours after, a violent Fit of Coughing seiz'd him, which broke the jugular Vein, and caused such an Effusion of Blood, that he fainted, and his extreme Parts were cold, before any one could come to his Assistance. The Flux was once stop'd, but upon coughing he bled again, so that his Case was almost past Hopes.

About one or two next Morning, he sent for Dr. Atfield, Minister of *Shoreditch* Church; and though he had before said little more than Ay or No, and his Physicians desired him not to strain those Parts where his Danger lay, but rather write his Mind; Notwithstanding all this, he talk'd very familiarly to the Doctor, telling him, *That he hoped to be saved by the Merits of Jesus Christ only.* Then the Doctor pressed him to declare, whether he were still fully satisfy'd as to the Persons he swore against: To which he readily answered, *That he was certain he was not mistaken in what he had done.* Being asked whether or no he could freely forgive them, he replied, *That he pray'd for the Welfare of their Souls, but desired the Law might be executed on their Bodies.* In a Word, this Reverend Gentleman seem'd very submissive under this severe Dispensation, believing a Providence in every Thing that happens. The Doctor pray'd by him, and departed, and within two Hours after, he expired, having been very devout and composed to the last Moment.

Several Attestations were made before the Justice, and at the Tryal of the Prisoners, concerning Mr. Talbot's having been dogg'd and murdered, by those who had either seen him the Day before, or came

up to him first, when he was left in the lamentable Condition we have been describing. Mr. Went, in particular, who was Constable of the Night, when this Murder was committed, gave a particular Relation of taking the Prisoners, and of what Mr. Talbot said and wrote, when he saw any one of them. The Papers which the Deceased wrote were likewise produced in Court, and it was observable that he particularly exclaim'd against the Woman, whom he called bloody every Time he mentioned her, affirming, that she said to her Companions several Times, *Kill the Dog, kill him.*

The Facts and Circumstances were so plain, that the Jury found all the four that had been taken, guilty of the Murder, not one of them being able to give a satisfactory Account of themselves, or to prove where they were after six o'Clock, the Night the bloody Deed was done. The Names of these four was given at the Beginning of this Relation.

Mr. Coroner, the Coroner, and Mr. Litchfield the Surgeon, gave in their Informations, an exact Account of Mr. Talbot's Wound, and both of them deposed, *That they verily thought it to be the Occasion of his Death.* Mr. Litchfield said, *The Knife really penetrated his Lungs.*

The Night before Mr. Talbot died, he wrote to Mr. Went the Constable, desiring him to go to the Ordinary, and enquire with him of Eaton, whether any of *Laindon's* People, employ'd or abetted him in the Fact he had committed, if they did, to get their Names of him. But Eaton persisted in denying, not only that, but even the Fact itself, telling them in the most solemn Manner, *That, to his Knowledge, he never in his Life saw Mr. Talbot, till he was brought before him, after he was taken.* Sarah Swift likewise being questioned concerning her Guilt, and urged to confess what she knew, she answered, *That she would burn in Hell before she would own any Thing of the Matter.* To such an uncommon Degree had these Wretches hardened themselves in their Crimes.

Mr. Talbot wrote also several Letters to his Friends, with an exact Account of the Manner how he had been followed for seven Hours together, and how he was at last set upon, and used in the barbarous Manner herein related; but the Substance of these Letters being interspersed in the Story itself, it is needless to give them at large.

On Wednesday the 14th of July, 1669. Stephen Eaton, George Roades, and Sarah Swift were convey'd in a Cart to Tyburn, where the two Men confessed the Murder; but the Woman continued obstinate to the last. Henry Prichard was reprieved upon some favourable Circumstances that were produced.

'Tis wonderful what could excite these poor Creatures to pursue the Blood of an innocent Man at this unaccountable Rate, and indeed 'tis scarce to be imagin'd, that they should pitch upon one from whom they could have no very great Expectations, unless they had been hired to do it, or had some Personal Quarrel with him, which latter could not be true. However as none of them own'd who were their Abettors, or whether they were employ'd at all or no, we must not take upon us to judge in this Case; but leave the Decision of this Point to that great and awful Day, when the Secrets of Men's Hearts shall be revealed, and every Thing that has been hid shall be made manifest.

The LIFE of MARY CHANNEL.

THE following Life was sent us by a Gentleman unknown, who has assured us the Facts were all within his own Knowledge, and desired it might be immediately inserted. We take this Opportunity to thank our ingenious Correspondent, whosoever he may be, and to assure him, or any other Gentleman who can furnish us with the Lives of any extraordinary Malefactors, that the same Care and Expedition shall always be made Use of in publishing what they may communicate.

MARY CHANNEL was the Daughter of one Mr. Woods, a Person of good Repute, who resided in a little Village near *Dorchester* in the County of *Dorset*. He was a Person of known Wealth, and good Credit, who by his Industry and Diligence, daily encreased his Riches: And perceiving his Daughter to be of a promising Disposition, and amiable both in Body and Mind, he gave her a liberal Education, to improve and refine those good Qualifications by Art and Study, wherewith she was liberally endow'd by the Bounty of Nature. She made so speedy a Progress in her Learning, that she soon outvied her Schoolfellows; and the strong Imaginations, polite Behaviour, and majestic Graces in her Carriage, so lively display'd themselves, that she became the Mirrour and Discourse of all who knew her. Though her Birth gave Place to those of the highest Rank and Quality, yet her Education was not inferior to them; and her incomparable Wit, united with her beautiful Presence, rendered her so agreeable, that she was to be preferr'd even to many of a superior Rank.

But it's doing Justice to give her a more ample Description: Her Eyes then were said to be large, and full of Vivacity; her inimitable Complexion was like a Mixture of Lillies and Roses; her Shape small and delicate: To all this she had an Air of Majesty, worthy of her Character, and knew how to explain herself with an admirable Grace. Her Charms were capable of triumphing over the Heart of a Prince: For Wit, Beauty, and an Affluence of Fortune, Perfections seldom found together, were all united in her Person, whereby the young Men invented a thousand Stratagems to rival each other's Views; but she became envied by her neighbouring Virgins.

Her Charms did not consist in adorning and dressing herself in magnificent and gay attire, decked with Pearls and Diamonds, which gives a false Gloss of Beauty to Persons, whose Natures are opposite, and only serve to brighten the Lustre of their pretended fine Qualities. In a Word, she was generally esteemed the most celebrated Wit, and accomplished Beauty of her Age.

*Not she for whom the Lapithides took Arms,
Nor Sparta's Queen could boast such heavenly
Charms.* GARTH.

Being now in the Flower of her Youth, and Bloom of her Beauty, she had several Suitors of good Repute, who all became Captives to her Beauty, and hardly did they find themselves ensnared, but they had the Boldness to flatter themselves with the Hopes

of one Day possessing such a charming Object. Amongst the rest, one Mr. Channel, a wealthy Grocer of *Dorchester*, came to pay his Respects to her, who for the great Riches he enjoy'd, was gratefully accepted by her Parents, though by her altogether contemn'd and slighted: He had nothing to recommend him but his Wealth, which was so much superior to the rest of her Suitors, as his Person was inferior to them; his Limbs and Body were in some Measure ill-proportion'd, and his Features in no wise agreeable; but what render'd him the more detestable and ridiculous in her Sight, was his Splay-Foot, which did not in the least concur with her sublime and lofty Temper, which was capable of encouraging none but amiable young Gallants, whom she was free in entertaining with her Company, though not any Ways inconsistent with her Honour; for (to give her her Due) she generally bore the Character of modest. But the Proverb (*Pecunia o'edient omnia*) is too often fulfilled. Her Father, therefore, evidently perceiving the Addresses of Mr. Channel were gratify'd, and accepted by her with Scorn and Reproofs, entreated her to receive him with less Disdain, and listen to his respectful Addresses. These Admonitions and Sollicitations wrought no Influence on her, and all her Father's Advice and Instructions (on this Account) were fruitless, and to no Effect; for she still persisted, saying, *she could by no Means love him*. He then took a new Method to ripen her Love towards Mr. Channel, by menacing her with his utmost Displeasure, in Case of her Resistance, and by even compelling her to express a Kindness for him whom she utterly abhorred. Her slight and slow Advances also greatly grieved and disquieted her Lover; yet whenever he studied what Measure to take in his own Justification, Love had always the upper Hand, and he was thus perswaded to accommodate the Sights and Injuries his Charmer had shewn him. Yet, however, contrary to her Inclinations, his Addresses might be sometimes out of Gratitude, and to soften her Parents' Threats, she affected a beseeching Air of Tenderness, which her Father at first took for a Mark of Obedience, and her Suitor for the greatest Proofs of Love; but they were both ignorant of the Motive that induced her to behave after such a Manner, which only served to appease and mitigate the irreconcilable Wrath of her Parents, for the Compliments she made were with a dissimbled and ironical Pleasure. Yet, this outward Courtesy soon vanished; for animating and aspiring her Lover with fresh Hopes of attaining his desired Success, and being thus encouraged, he pursued his Inclinations with greater Force than before. Hereupon being weary of his fond Familiarities, she determined to abandon herself from him, and never more admit him into her Presence or Society. She had no sooner put her Design in Execution, but it reached her Father's Ears, who upon this Revelation, discovering her false Pretences, and counterfeiting Air, kept a more strict Guard, and watchful Eye over her Behaviour and Conduct; and forthwith continued his absurd and unreasonable Expostulations, and imprudent Menaces to enforce and augment her Love. She in vain endeavour'd to excuse herself, by disputing the most solid and rational Arguments; but

how much the more she persisted, by so much the more her Parents Resolution was incensed and irritated, pressing her to consent to a speedy Marriage, and telling her she would discharge the Duty, under which she was obligated to them, by assenting to, and complying with their Commands. *Alas, said she, How easy is it to be dutiful, when it's agreeable to the Inclination? But how difficult a Thing is it to retain and discharge one's Duty when it's contrary to and exclusive of the Limits of Nature? If this be a Duty, and I, unhappy I, compelled to obey and embrace it; then ——— hard is my Fate! His Possessions indeed, are larger than others: He has made a Purchase then, of my mercenary Heart!* She often uttered these and such like Expressions, to endeavour, (if possible) to recall her Father's Resolution, though to no Purpose. Permit me here to recite the Opinion of a celebrated Author, treating on the like Subject; which intimates much in the Favour and Behalf of Mrs. Channell, as touching her Marriage, and which every impartial Person cannot but allow to be Equity. *I confess (says he) it is just and proper, that Children should pay Obedience to their Parents Commands; but it is also very convenient, and much better, that Parents should allow their Children to embrace what Condition of Life they like best; and since Marriage is a Knot which is untied only by Death, both Parties should be entirely satisfy'd in the tying it.* At length, being continually fatigued and importuned by her Parents to have the Marriage solemniz'd, she consented, tho' with the greatest Reluctance: And on the Day appointed, the Ceremony was ordained.

*Thus far obliging Love employ'd her Art,
But now Revenge must act a Tragick Part.*

TATE.

Having now gratify'd her Parents Desire, and yielded to their Compulsions, by putting the finishing Stroke to her Marriage, she still continued her Sights and Contempts towards her Husband, and he became the intire Object of her Scorn. Soon after the Solemnization of the Marriage, she began to plot and contrive new Scenes of Tragedies, and her Thoughts were chiefly employ'd, and taken up in studying what Measures to take to get rid of her Husband, and set herself at Liberty. Nothing would satisfy her enormous Desires but his Death, which she determined to expiate by Poison: And in Order thereto, she sent her Maid to the Apothecary's for some White-Mercury, telling her, 'twas to kill Rats and Mice; tho' 'tis certain her Design was reverse, which she intended to fulfil as soon as Opportunity would give Reins to her vicious Inclinations. A little after she gave Orders for Rice Milk to be made for Breakfast: That Morning particularly, she was observed to demonstrate a seeming Diligence in procuring every one their proper Messes; and no one was permitted to serve her Husband but herself. Accordingly she prepar'd and gave him the poisonous Draught, mix'd, and infused with the Mercury, which she had reserved for this desperate Use, and which proved his fatal Dish. After he had eaten somewhat liberally, he discovered an ill Savour in his Milk, and said it tasted amiss. Hereupon he offered his Wife's Brother (a Youth who boarded with him) to taste it; but she would by no Means permit her Brother to comply with this reasonable Request, which caused a strong Suspicion throughout the Family. Then Mr. Channell required the Maid to taste it; but she had no sooner taken it into her Hands, than her Mistress in a violent Passion caught it from her, and forthwith convey'd it away, and cast it into the House of Office. It was now too late to recal what had past,

or to seek for Refuge; for his Body presently began to swell vehemently, which the Domesticks perceiving, immediately sent for a Doctor; but the infused Mercury had so great an Effect upon him, that no Remedy could expel it; and he expired before the Physicians came to his Assistance. Having thus resign'd his Breath, and there being visible Proofs of his being poison'd, 'twas not without Reason she was suspected to be the principal and only Actress and Procurer thereof. Hereupon, she was immediately seiz'd, and convey'd before a Justice, before whom she entirely denied the Fact; nevertheless, on her Servants Information, he committed her to *Dorchester Goal*.

At the Assizes ensuing at *Dorchester*, she was brought to receive her Trial, but she pleaded her Belly; upon which she was conducted back to Goal to be kept in Custody 'till after her Delivery; but a Jury of Matrons being empannelled, they brought her in, *Not quick with Child*: Upon which she was a second Time carried to receive her Trial, and the Indictment being read, she pleaded, *Not Guilty*. Her Maid deposed, she fetched the Mercury for her, and the Apothecary to the same Effect. She made an excellent Defence, wherein she endeavoured to extenuate her Guilt, and prove her Innocence: She said her Parents Compulsions had brought this her Shame and Disgrace on her, by forcing her, contrary to her Inclinations, to wed one whom she so utterly despised; and desired the Judge to consider her Youth, and that as for the Mercury, she solemnly protested she intended it for no other Purpose than for killing Rats and Mice, (which she had also told the Justice before her Commitment) which if it was her real Intention, happy it would have been for her had she continued her Resolution; but this was looked upon as a fallacious and counterfeit Pretext or Excuse. In fine, the Defence she made (whether it was real or pretended) was so full of Wit and Ingenuity, and uttered with such an extraordinary Courage and Humility, that it caused Admiration in the Judges, and Pity and Compassion in all who heard her Trial. But this availed Nothing; for the Evidences appearing plain against her, and the Friends of her deceased Husband, being very substantial People, she received Sentence to be burnt at the Stake till she was dead.

The Day, whereon she was to suffer being come, she was guarded by proper Officers to the Place of Execution, with her Hood veil'd over her Face; being at the Stake, she was exhorted to make a free Confession, but would not, and further declared, That she had no more to add to her former Confession; whether she confessed the Fact to her Maid in private (as was supposed) is uncertain. After she had uttered some private Ejaculations, she pulled off her Gown and white Silk Hood, and delivered them to her Maid, who accompanied her to the Stake. And then ——— suffered Death, according to the Sentence before pronounced against her, declaring her Faith in Christ; and to the last continued to exclaim against her Parents Constraints, which had been the sole Cause of her torturing Death. Thus at a small Distance from the Town of *Dorchester*, she yielded her Breath, in or about the Month of *April*, *Anno Domini* 1703. in the 18th Year of her Age; being greatly bewailed and lamented, though the Sentence was acknowledged to be just and lawful.

Her Parents being troubled at their Daughter's miserable End, and not being able to sustain the injurious Reflections and Reproaches of the County, took Coach the same Day, and came for *London*.

*Parents by these Examples strictly prove,
Ne'er to enforce, or cross your Children's Love;
But that submit, to Providence above.*

The LIFE of WILLIAM MORELL.

WE have hitherto entertain'd our Readers chiefly with the Lives of such Men as have been celebrated for their Dexterity and Success in the common Ways of Vice and Villainy. Most of the Names have been before generally known, and not a few of their Actions have been many Years upon Record. It must indeed be acknowledged, that our Accounts are the most particular of any that have ever appeared; and we make no Scruple also to affirm, that they are the most Authentic: But we are sensible something more than this will be expected. In a Work of so great a Bulk, as our Lives of the Highwaymen will be, 'tis reasonable for every one to think of meeting with the History of some at least, whose Deeds have never before come to his Knowledge. This was thought of when we gave the Town Capt. *Stafford's* Adventures, which were all entirely new to most of our Subscribers, and the very same Motive has directed us to the Choice which we have now made. The Reader will here see the Picture of Knavery in the very Abstract, such a Picture as History can hardly parallel, and as Fancy would find it difficult to design. A Man who seems to have eras'd from his Mind every Sentiment that might give a Check to his Proceedings, who we cannot tell how to believe had any Views beyond the Grave, and who therefore found himself at Liberty to speak and Act whatever a depraved Inclination, heighten'd with an Invention far above the common Standard, could prompt him to.

William Morell was born at *Banbury* in *Oxfordshire* of very reputable Parents, we have never learned in what Year, but conceive it might be about 1650. This is not, however, very material; since we have the Time of his Death more exactly; that Time being, if the Expression may be allowed, the most remarkable of his whole Life; forasmuch as he then play'd the Master-piece of all his Impostures, even in those Moments when the most abandon'd usually begin to reflect, and look back upon their past Actions with Horror, and repent. Whether it was that he really disbelieved the Existence of a Divine Being, who made, and who upholds and governs the Universe: Whether he imagined, that if there be such an Almighty Cause, he takes no Notice of our Actions, and consequently will exact no Account of them after we leave the Body; or whether, lastly, he was so desperate as to Risque his Salvation for the sake of being recorded as an uncommon Villain, even though he believed, all the Divine Revelation; Which, I say, of these was the Case, 'tis impossible to determine; nor is it worth While to pass any Judgment on it, since view him in which Light you please, he appears a Monster.

But I anticipate my own Design, and prevent the Readers Curiosity, which is far from being my proper Province. To proceed therefore, in our Story, *William Morell* was put Apprentice to a Surgeon, as soon as his Father thought him fit for Servitude. He went through the usual Time with Abundance of Satisfaction to his Master, and Honour to himself, having acquired a Knowledge beyond what is commonly found in young Theorists. He understood Anatomy very well, and would reason finely upon all the Systems of the human OEconomy. All this Knowledge was afterwards confirm'd and increased

by Practice, when he came to set up at *Banbury*, on the Death of his Master, where he continued some Time in very great Reputation, which he really deserved both for his Penetration and Diligence. What put an End to his living here, was his running beyond his Income, though that was large, and exposing himself daily to vexatious Suits and Arrests, till, at last, he was obliged to leave the Place, and seek his Fortune.

What little Money he carried off with him was soon expended, when he was out of the Way of getting more. Now he began to reflect upon his own Conduct which had been the Occasion of his present Misfortunes; but Reflection would do him little Service; new Resolutions were needful, in order to his getting a Subsistence for the future. The first Means that presented itself to his Thought was turning Quack, and travelling the Country as a Mountebank; for which Profession he was the more fit, as he was very capable of performing such manual Operations as these Impostors generally pretend to, and observing the Judicious, see that he understood something, if the Family should ever challenge him to a Trial of Skill, as it has frequently happened.

He was resolv'd, however, not to do any Hurt with the Medicines he sold, as a great many ignorant Fellows do, who destroy the Lives of others, purely to maintain their own. To this End, he made up a Quantity of very innocent Pills, with a little fine Flower and Treacle, making use of the same Powder to roll them in, as other Physicians do. These Pills were a Sovereign Remedy for all internal Distempers whatsoever. They were the only specific under the Sun, and took up, as he said, a great deal of Time, as well as Expence, in preparing. For all green Wounds, Bruises, and Pains, he had a Plaster altogether as harmless, having no other Quality than that of sticking to the Skin, whereforever it was plac'd. He had moreover, a little Spring-Water, tinged with something that changed the Colour, without altering the Property in the least, and this was to cure all the blind People in the Kingdom. For Agues, Colds, and such Diseases as are most common among the Country People, he had Plenty of Amulets, which were to be disposed of to those who had most Faith and least Reason; for such People prefer Remedies of this Kind to those that operate in a natural Way, and give some rational Ground for our expecting a good Effect from them.

Being thus prepared, he set out without any Retinue at all, designing to be only a Cavalier Doctor, which was far less expensive than keeping a Stage would be, and far more honourable, than travelling on Foot. He had still two or three good Suits of Cloaths left, in all which he appeared at several Times in every Place he came to.

The Harangue with which he commonly addressed the People was to this Effect, though he had more Wit than to be confin'd to any expert Form, having always something New to add, suitable to the Time, the Occasion, the Place, the Company, or the like.

Gentlemen,
IF I was come hither to impose upon you, I should tell you a long Story of my Country and Family; how that I was the seventh Son of some great Man
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in Germany or France, who was also a Seventh Son, and that I lost a good Estate, purely that I might be of Service to Mankind, by my great Knowledge in the Arcana of Nature. I might also cover the Imposture, by talking the Language of the Country, which I pretended to be a Native of; for there is scarce a Tongue in Europe, which I cannot speak to Perfection. But as I am far from desiring to make you believe a Word more than what is strictly true, I confess myself to be an Englishman. And why, my Countrymen, should I deny it? Is it any Honour to our Nation for a Foreigner to pretend he knows more than we? May not a Native of Great Britain, by his long and unwearied Application to the Study of the occult Sciences, attain to as wonderful an Insight into the Mysteries of the little World, as any High-Dutch Man whatsoever? I am very certain no Man in the World has taken more Pains than myself; and I may without Vanity boast of the Success which has attended my Endeavours in every Thing I have undertaken. I could surprise you with a Catalogue of the Cures, which I have frequently perform'd in the Space of only a Month; but that it would look Empirical, a Thing which I hate, as I am far above using any Art to extend my Fame. Give me Leave, therefore, in a few Words only to rehearse the Qualities of my Remedies.

First, Gentlemen, here are my Pillulæ Admirandæ, or Wonder-working Pills, which I defy any Man living to prepare, or even to tell me how they are prepared. They are the Effect of a long Course of Study, and an intimate Acquaintance with human Nature; upon which they operate in the kindest yet strongest Manner imaginable, where their Force and sovereign Virtue is requisite; otherwise, they pass innocently through the Body without affecting it in the least. You need take nothing else, either to know whether your Body be in a good Estate, or to repair a Constitution which you know to be decay'd, than only these Pills. In a Word, if your Stomach be foul, they will purge off every Thing noxious, if you are only weak they will, on the contrary, strengthen, without purging, if nothing ails you, they will, as I have just observ'd, do nothing but go through you imperceptibly, it being their peculiar Quality only to oppose what is hurtful. I need not run over a List of the Distempers which they cure, since they penetrate into, and remove the Causes of all Distempers incident to Mankind.

In the second Place, here is my Emplastrum Salutivum, or Plaister of Health, which infinitely exceeds all the Plaisters, Salves, Ointments, Cere-Cloaths, &c. which have ever before been invented, and has more Virtues than I should have Time to tell you, were I to talk till Sun-set. There is no Part of the Body, to which you may not apply it with Safety, nor no Indisposition that requires an external Application, in which it will miss the desired Effect. Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, nay even the Rheumatism, and the Gout, those two troublesome Companions, which are incurable by any other Medicines, will be speedily removed by this excellent, and I may say, miraculous Plaister. Have you ever broke a Leg or an Arm, and had the Misfortune to apply to an unskilful Surgeon, who has suffered the Muscles and Tendons to be contracted; and thereby made a Cripple of you, this will extend them again to their pristine State, and restore them to their proper Uses and Functions in a very short Time.

The next Thing, good People, that I present you with, is my Aqua Ophthalmica. This little Bottle is worth a King's Ransom, 'tis indeed of greater Value than I am able to say, according to what has been allow'd by all who ever made use of it. In a few Times using it dissipates all the Obstructions of Sight, strengthens the visual Nerves, and causes the glorious Orbs of Light, which are to the Microcosm as the Sun and Stars are in the greater Creation, to roll and shine in their full Lustre, though they have been dim many Years, and esteem'd by less able Phy-

sicians as past all Remedy. In short, if the Use of this Tincture was to become universal, as I make no doubt but in a few Years it will, the Trade of Spectacle-making would not be worth a Groat, and all the charitable Gifts to the Blind, throughout the Nation would revert to the Successors of the Donors, or to his Majesty, for want of People to enjoy the Benefit of them.

Why should I mention all my Febrifuga Magna, of different Sorts, according to the Age and Condition of the Persons who are to make use of them. There is no Kind of that common, though indeed dreadful Disease, the Ague, whether Quartan, Tertian, or Quotidian, but will all infallibly remove, in a few Days, without discommoding the Patient in the least. Their Virtue remains in full Strength longer than any Man lives, and they may serve as well fifty Years hence to ease any of you of that hurtful and troublesome Distemper as they will at present, tho' I'll engage that no Person who has been once cured by it, and shall afterwards continue to wear them, will ever have any Returns.

Gentlemen and Ladies, we are all mortal, I don't pretend to secure either you or myself from Death at one Time or another; yet give me Leave to say, that the Use of these Remedies which I exhibit for Publick Good, will preserve any Constitution to the last Day allotted it by Nature, which is as much as Paracelsus, Albumazar, Galen, Hippocrates, or even Esculapius himself could ever promise, and I must add, whatever my Brethren of the Faculty may say to the contrary, that those who pretend to more, are no better than Quacks, Empyrics, and Impostors.

I say, my good Country People, even I, who prepare these unparallel'd Medicines, must one Day go the Way of all Flesh, whether I shall depart before I have communicated the Secrets I know to some other Person, God knows, but this I can assure you, I shall keep these Things in my own Breast, till I meet with some Person more worthy of them, than any I have yet seen. Consider, therefore, whether it be not every one's Interest to provide themselves with these Specificks, while they may be had, and before the World be deprived of them, as possibly it may when I am no longer in it.

By such Rhetorick as this, he prevailed upon the poor ignorant Country People, so that they bought up his Remedies as fast as he could wish. It was not however, his Interest to appear above two or three Times in a Place, which he was sensible of; and therefore shifted his Ground very often, living all the Time in Splendor, admired, and even adored by his deluded Patients. Besides what he profess'd to do by his Medicines already named, he also had a great Deal of Practice in Surgery, in which he was really expert, as has been before noted, and this served to raise his Character upon other Accounts, as his Operations were skilful, and worthy of the best Surgeons.

But his former Misfortune, and a View of the present mean Way of living which he was reduced to, lay very heavy upon his Mind, and made him uneasy and unsettled wheresoever he came. I call his present Way of living a mean one, not because he wanted any Thing in Appearance, or was at all despised where he came. The direct Contrary has been just now affirm'd; but only with respect to his own Mind, which was naturally great and aspiring, very much above submitting to an Employment, which he looked upon as an Imposition on the Weak and Unwary; till his Circumstances tempted him to it. Even then it was a great while before he could go any farther, till he had habituated himself to Fraud and Deceit, and made it natural for him to practise them upon every Occasion. After that it was that he began to think of abusing every one that lay open to him, and of making a Prey of his Fellow-Mortals, as often as he had Opportunity.

Here we may naturally reflect on the great Power of Vice to spoil the best Mind, and the Danger of giving up our Truth and Simplicity upon any Account whatsoever. A Man that has suffered himself to tell a Falshood frequently, will at last do it without a Blush, and it will be impossible to know when he speaks Truth. There is nothing can do us so much Hurt, as giving Way to this foolish Pleasure, and sacrificing our sincerity to our Mirth, or even to our Interest; for though the last may to some appear excusable, as it is done for Necessity, yet there can be no Excuse in Reality for our imposing on others, whatsoever may be the Pretence for our so doing. Mr. *Morell* was an unhappy Instance of this, who, after he had once learn'd to tell what he knew would do neither Good nor Hurt, for an excellent specifick, with a good Face, was till the End of his Life capable of saying or doing any Thing which was likely to turn to his Advantage, with the same Assurance.

Being once got very far into the North of *England*, and having quack'd it from Town to Town as long as he could with Safety, he had a mighty Inclination to come up to *London*, but had not at that Time Money enough to pay the Expence of such a Journey, nor even to discharge his Lodging where he now resided. How to get out of this Scrape he could not for some Days tell; for it was impossible to come at his Horse without Money, unless he broke open the Stable, which was a Remedy worse than the Disease. What did he do at last but take several Sheets of clean Paper, folded them up, and sealed them very carefully in the Form of Letters, directing one to my Lord *Middleton*, another to another Nobleman, and so on to all the Officers of King *James's* Court at *St. Germain's*. Every one knows, that in the Reign of King *William* it was high Treason to hold any Correspondence with the abdicated Monarch, and consequently with any in Trust under him. These blank Letters, if I may so call them, he laid carefully in one Corner of a Table in the Room where he lay, and went out as about Business.

While he was gone, the Maid went according to Custom to make his Bed, and being able to read Writing, she had the Curiosity to look on our Gentleman's Letters, when she was surprized to see so many great Names upon the Out-side of them. Down Stairs she runs as soon as ever she had done her Work, and tells her Master what great Men the Doctor was acquainted with. Our Host was like his Servant, and indeed like all of the same Profession, very inquisitive. He was moreover, pretty well acquainted with the National Affairs of that Time, by reading the News, and hearing the Conversation of Gentlemen; all which *Morell* had before noted, and concluded from it, that the Consequence of what he had done would be as he desired it.

The Landlord goes up as fast as he could carry his Belly, and takes Hold of the Papers; but what a Consternation was he in, when he beheld whom they were directed to! Treason without Dispute! O Mr. Doctor, we see now what you are; you don't travel to heal the Bodies of People only, but to corrupt their Minds, and converse with the Enemies of the Nation. These shall all be open'd above, my Boy, and I warrant, I shall lose nothing by making such a Discovery. My Lord *Middleton*, and my Lord *Middleton's* Master, may wait long enough before they have any News from you: 'Tis like indeed, that they may hear of you soon, when you are drawn in State up *Holborn-Hill* on a Sledge.

The next Thing was to apply to the chief Magistrate of the City (for it was at *Carlisle*) for a Warrant to secure the Person of *William Morell*, as a dangerous Man to the State. This, to be sure, was readily granted, and a Messenger sent to the Secretary of State with an Account of the whole Affair, who immediately dispatched a proper Officer, with Orders to bring up both Prisoner and Papers to Town, that they might be examin'd in Form.

No. 24.

Now had *Morell* all he desired, the Allowance of a State Prisoner, and a safe Conduct up to Town; where he was kept on his Arrival, at the House of a Messenger of State, till next Day, when he was carried to the Secretary's Office. The Secretaries were as much surpriz'd at the Inside of the Letters, as our Landlord had been at the Out-side, when they saw nothing there but Blank Paper: All the Ways they could think of to make the Writing appear, were made Use of; for they imagined he had found out some Art to conceal his Business, if the Letters should happen to be intercepted. At last, when every Thing else was found in vain, a free Pardon was offered him upon Condition that he should discover all the Secrets of his Correspondence, and tell the Persons who were concerned in it here in *England*, that they might be apprehended.

To make short of the Story, he now frankly confessed the whole Truth, begging Pardon of their Honours for giving them so much Trouble, and professing he was as Loyal a Subject of King *William*, as any one in the three Kingdom's: Adding, that he had been reduced to extreme Necessity, and could think of no other Way of coming up to *London*. Those who examin'd him, could see no Reason for disbelieving what he said; and therefore, though they were a little offended, that such an insignificant Fellow should make free with Men in their High Station, yet as there appeared something so matterly in the Invention and Execution of this Piece of Policy, they could not help forgiving him, and laughing at the Affair among themselves, while they dismissed him with an Air of Severity, and Abundance of Threatnings, which they were to execute, if ever he did such a Thing again. But *Morell* knew as well as they could tell him, that once was enough to play such a Trick as this upon Secretaries of State.

This Man was as great a Gallant, as any one we have ever heard of, for his Story informs us, that he had no less than six Wives living at one Time in different Parts of the Kingdom, it being Customary with him to marry for the sake of enjoying his Desires, when he could prevail upon the Woman he had a Fancy to no other Way. There is something related concerning the Simplicity of one or two of these Women, which it may be worth while to rehearse.

There was a beautiful young Widow at one of the Towns he came to, whose former Husband was so old, as never to give her a Taste of the Joys of Wedlock. She was certainly very simple as well as poorly instructed by her Mother, to think that all Men were the same; and that there was nothing more in Matrimony, than she had been Partaker of; but thus it was, and from this Conclusion she was averse to any second Marriage; so that it was with Difficulty, that her Parents persuaded her to give Ear to the Doctor's Solicitations, when he made Love to her, and propos'd to make her his Wife. They were, however, so importunate, as they had Hopes from the Figure Mr. *Morell* made, that he would make a Gentlewoman of her, that they at last brought her to consent, and married they were publicly, a great Entertainment being prepared.

We omit the Particulars of the Feast to view our Couple in Bed, whether they went as soon as was Convenient and Decent. Our Doctor had been informed what her other Spouse was, which made him say, as soon as the Candles were out, Is it possible, my Dear, that such an old Man could perform the Duty of an Husband? — Yes, reply'd the poor Ignorant. — And pray, says *Morell*, how many Times a-Night might he caress you? — About Seven or Eight, quoth she. — 'Tis impossible, said he, my Dear. — Indeed, but 'tis very true. — And what did he do to you then? — Why, he kiss'd me, and hugg'd me in his Arms, and then gave several little Blows with his Hand on my Belly, and tickled my Bosom, telling me with a Laugh, that was Fish. —

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Was that all, says *Morell*, I shall shew you another and better Sort of Pastime in a Minute. With that going to address himself to the Sport of *Venus*, the dear innocent Soul, cried out, *What are you a going to do to me? — Oh*, quoth he, *your other Husband, I understand, gave you nothing but dry Fish; now I am a going to give you a little Sauce to your Fish. — Are you so*, says she, *why I have heard say, indeed, that the Sauce is commonly better than the Fish, and I find 'tis very true.* No Body need doubt, but our Doctor was sufficiently pleased with his Wife's Simplicity.

In another Place, for he never continued long with one Wife, having contracted with an elderly Gentleman for his Daughter, and a considerable Sum of Money, which was to be paid the next Day after the Wedding, he was married, and went to receive the Portion. The old Gentleman's not having the Money by him, put him off for a few Day's, at which he seemed very angry, protesting that the Daughter should suffer for the Father's breaking his Word, every Night, till the Sum agreed for was punctually paid down.

Accordingly, he went Home to his Wife, who was much about as ignorant as the former, told her how her Father had served him; and that she must go to Bed with him, in order to receive the Punishment he had threatened. The poor Creature was frighten'd out of her Wits, yet durst not but obey her Lord, trembling like an Aspen Leaf, when he proceeded to inflict his Displeasure which he had omitted the Night before, on Account of an Indisposition. But the Scene was changed, when she had tasted of his Anger, and she wished to herself that the Money might never be paid.

In a Word, she was able to receive more of his Indignation, than he had Strength to dispense; so that the Punishment was every Night less and less, till at last it was quite neglected. Whereupon, she very seriously asked him, with a Tone that argued Discontent, whether or no her Father had paid the Portion. A few Days after, the Money was told down in earnest, and then *Morell*, according to his usual Custom, left his Spouse, and went to seek another.

There was scarce a Character to be thought of, in which *Morell* did not at one Time or other appear, and always with Success; sometimes he was a Fortune-teller and Astrologer; sometimes a decay'd Gentleman; sometimes a Clergyman; and sometimes a Foreigner, who left his own Country for the Sake of Religion. There was no Shape, no Pretence that might move Pity, but he put on, and never failed of gaining Belief. Not a few Times, he was a Man of a great Fortune, and made Love to the richest young Ladies he could hear of, having his Servants at his Heels, like our Modern Irish Fortune-Hunters, there being always Men wicked enough to assist in such Enterprizes from a View of sharing in the Booty. Two or three virtuous Women he married and ruin'd by these Means; besides making a great many Cuckolds, and winning Abundance to his Desires, who never submitted to the common Ceremony, most of whom he wheedled out of a pretty Deal of Money, and afterwards blasted their Characters, taking Care to let their Husband's know their Foibles, if they were married, or if they were single to send an Account of his Success to their Friends, or Sweet-hearts, if they had any.

He continued these Practices so long in every Part of the Country, that it was become dangerous for him to continue them any longer: Several Gentlemen, made Enquiry after him, in order to have him punished, for personating them in Places where they had Interest, and were not personally known, by which Means he imposed upon Abundance of Tradesmen, and cheated them of their Goods. In short, he had no Hopes left of hiding himself any where but in *London*.

Being in Town, and having got such Information as was necessary for his Proceeding, he applied himself for Lodging to a rich Baker in the *Strand*, telling him that his Name was *Humphry Wickham, Esq;* of —

The Baker knew the Family of the *Wickham* very well, being their Countryman, though he was not acquainted with the Gentleman, who at present enjoy'd the Estate, as he had not been in the Country for a great many Years. However he made no Scruple of entertaining our Sham Esquire. Nay, he was so far from it, that he carress'd him, and returned him a thousand Thanks for doing him so much Honour as to reside at his House. *Morell* told him, that he had a private Affair in Town, which would detain him for some Time; and that he came in such an obscure Manner, because he was not willing to be known; his own Family, all but his Steward and the Man who waited on him, being ignorant of the Place of his Residence. He added, that when the Business was over, he would inform him of the Particulars, and take him down to his Country Seat with him for a Month or two.

Several Days pass'd, and still our Baker was satisfied, never mentioning a Word to any of his Friends, concerning Mr. *Wickham*, lest he should injure him in the Business, of which he spoke. A Fellow in a Livery came every Morning, Cap in Hand, to receive his Worship's Commands, and was very diligent in dispatching every Thing he set him about. After about a Week our good-natured Host heard Mr. *Wickham* talk aloud to his Man about the Steward's Neglect in not sending up the Linnen and Money which he had written for; Proud to make a Merit of this carelessness of the Servant, he took the first Opportunity to tell his Worship in a very submissive Manner, what he had overheard, desiring him to make Use of what he had till his own Box came, and complaining that he did not honour him so far as to let him know his Necessity. Our pretended Esquire protested he was ashamed to abuse his Generosity. However, as he had understood how Things were, he would accept of his Love. Upon this, the Baker in a Minute fetches down half a Dozen of his best holland Shirts, one of which Mr. *Wickham* put on, and prevailed on his Worship further to accept of fifty Guineas till his Money arrived.

The next Day after this, *Morell* fell Sick, and now is the Time that we are to see him Play such a Farce, as was never before heard of. As soon as his Illness was known, a Doctor was sent for, who found him in a high Fever, writ a Prescription to the Apothecary, in Conjunction with whom he waited on him every Day afterwards. The Baker ask'd him if he should Write into the Country, but Mr. *Wickham* said No, for he had never a Wife, and Servants would but disturb him, so that he had rather they should know nothing of the Matter, till he saw how it was like to go with him.

The Fever began to increase, and after a few Days his Life was thought in Danger, the Doctor told him his Sentiments freely, and he desired Mr. Baker to send for an Attorney to make his Will, which was accordingly done, and the Writings lodg'd in the Hands of our Landlord, whom he enjoy'd to open it as soon as he was Dead, which was no longer than the next Day.

Now the Neighbours are sent for, and the Will is unseal'd, the Baker is constituted one of the Executors, a considerable Estate is given him, besides abundance of Plate, Linnen, and Jewels to his Wife, and large Legacies to all his Children, several Sums are allotted to charitable Uses, all the Servants are rewarded according to their Places and Merit. He is to be interr'd in Town, and the whole Management of the Funeral is left to the Care of his good Friend the Baker, who is over and over mention'd with a good Deal of Respect. To complete all, the Law-

yer is named who has all the Writings of his Estates, and who is to produce the several Sums of Money at the Times specified.

The *Baker* knew the Lawyer whom he mentioned, and was certain that he used to do Business for the Family. He could not, however, go to hinder him directly, as he had Money in the House to defray necessary Expences, and as he was willing to shew as much respect as possible to the Deceased: his House is hung with Mourning, a leaden Coffin is made, the Body is embowelled, and laid in State. The best of Cloth and Silk is bought for himself and Family, besides Rings and other Particulars. An Undertaker is agreed with, and in short every Thing is got ready for Solemnising the Obsequies on such a Day, till when, wax Tapers are continually burning in the Room where the Corpse lay.

The Day before the Interment was to be, our *Baker* goes to the Lawyer, and invites him, telling him the Particulars of Mr. *Wickham's* Will, and desiring he would let him have some Money in a few Days, to pay such Things as were not paid, because he had

exhausted all his Cash. The Lawyer was startled to hear him talk of Mr. *Wickham's* Death, he having received a Letter from him but the Day before, on some special Business. It was a pretty while before they could come to a right Understanding, at last all was found to be an Imposture, and confirmed by a Letter from the Fellow who had waited upon *Morell*, and was willing to make some Merit of discovering a Cheat, which he could no longer carry on. The Body was now strip'd of all its finery, and thrown with little Ceremony into a common Grave, in *St. Clement's Church-Yard*.

This was the End of *Morell*, in the Year 1660. An Account of the Affair was soon sent to the real Mr. *Wickham*, who being a Man of Honour and Generosity, he made up the *Baker's* Loss, telling him that tho' he had been thus imposed on, he looked on the Deed, as tho' it really had been done to himself. The Undertaker, and all who had furnish'd any Thing towards the Funeral, considered the Case, and took their Goods again as they were.

The LIFE of the GERMAN PRINCESS.

THIS Woman was so called from her pretending to be born at *Collogn* in *Germany*, and that her Father was *Henry Van Wolzway* a Doctor of the civil Law, and Lord of *Holmstein*. But this Story was of a Piece with her Actions, for she was really the Daughter of one *Medors* a Chorister at the Cathedral of *Canterbury*, as, some say, only an indifferent Trader of that City, in which she was born the 11th of *January*, 1642. We can say little of her Education, only from her Inclinations afterwards we may suppose she had as much Learning as is commonly given to her Sex. She took great Delight in Reading, especially of Romances, and Books of Knight Errantry; *Parismus* and *Parismentus*, *Don Bellianis* of *Greece*, and *Amadis de Gaul*, were some of her favourite Authors; and she was so touched with the Character of *Otiana* in the Letter, that she frequently conceived herself a Princess, or a Lady of high Quality. *Casandra* and *Cleopatra* were also read in their turns, and her Memory was so Tenacious, that she could repeat a great Part of their Amours and Adventures very readily.

Her Marriage was not agreeable to the high Opinion she had entertained of her own Merit, instead of a Knight, or a Squire at least, which she had promised herself; she took up with a Journeyman Shoemaker whose Name was *Steelman*, by whom she had two Children, who both died in their Infancy. This Man being unable to maintain her Extravagances, and support her in the Splendour she always aim'd at, she was continually discontented, till at last she resolv'd to leave him, and seek her Fortune. A Woman of her Spirit is never long in executing Things of this Nature, she made an Elopement, she went to *Dover*, she married another Husband who was a Surgeon of that Town.

Information of this Affair was soon taken, and she was apprehended and indicted at *Maidstone*, for having two Husbands, but by some masterly Stroke, which she never wanted on a pressing Occasion, she was quickly acquitted. This emboldened her to a third Marriage, with one *John Carleton*, a Londoner,

which was the Occasion of her being first publicly known in Town; for some of her old Acquaintance giving *Carleton's* brother an Account of her former Weddings, she was again taken, committed to *Newgate*, and try'd at the Old-Bailey for Polygamy. Here again the Evidence against her was insufficient, so that she was a second Time acquitted.

'Tis requisite, before we proceed any further in our Relation, to observe, that between the two last Marriages, she embark'd on board a Merchant Ship which carried her to *Holland* from whence she travelled by Land to the Place she had so often talk'd of, the City of *Cologn*, where being now Mistress of a considerable Sum of Money; she took a fine Lodging at a House of Entertainment, and lived in greater Splendour than she had ever before done. As it is customary in *England*, to go to *Epsom* or *Tunbridge Wells* in the Summer Season, so in *Germany*, the Quallity usually frequent the *Spaw*: Here our Adventuress had the picking of a few Feathers from an old Gentleman who fell in Love with her, and who had a good Estate not many Miles distant from *Collogn*, at *Liege* or *Lugct*: By the Assistance of the Landlady she managed this Affair with so much Artifice, that he presented her with several fine and valuable Jewels, besides a gold Chain, with a very costly Medal, which had been formerly given him for some remarkable good Service, under Count *Tilly* against the valiant King of *Sweden*, *Gustavus Adolphus*. The foolish old Dotard, urged his Passion with all the Vehemence of a young vigorous Lover, pressing her to Matrimony, and making her very large Promises, till at last she gave her Consent to espouse him in three Days, and he left the Preparation of Things necessary to her Care, giving her large Sums of Money for that purpose. Madam now perceived it was high Time to be gone, and, in order to her getting off with the greater Security, she acquainted her Landlady with the Design, who had before shared pretty largely in the Spoils of the old Captain. The Hostess to be sure, was willing to hearken to any Proposal that would help her a little more to free the doting Inamorato.

The

The Princess, however, was resolved this Time to have all the Booty to herself; and to accomplish this, she persuaded her Landlady to go into the Town, and get a Place for her in some Carriage that did not go to *Collogn*; because, she said her Lover should not know whether to follow her. The old Trot saw that this Precaution was very necessary, and therefore away goes she, to provide for the safety of her Guest, who was now sufficiently to reward her out of her Dorard's Favours. This was all our Adventuress wanted, for as soon as she found herself left alone, she broke open a Chest, where she had observed her Landlady to put all her Treasure, and there she found not only what she had shared with her out of the old Man's Benevolence, but also an additional Sum of Money not inconsiderable. There is little Reason to tell the Reader that she took all that was worth taking, there being none of her Character apt to spare what it is in their Power to Seize, tho' it be from a Brother or Sister of their own Profession. Madam soon pack'd up her Parcel, and having before privately made sure of a Passage to *Utrecht*. She fled thither, from thence she went to *Amsterdam* where she sold her gold Chain, Medal, and some of the Jewels, then proceeded to *Rotterdam*, and then, to the *Brill*, where she took Shipping for *England*.

She landed at *Billingsgate* one Morning very early, about the latter End of *March*, in the Year, 1663. but found no House open till she came to the Exchange Tavern, where she first obtained the Title of the *German Princess*, in the following Manner.

She was got into the aforesaid Tavern, in Company with some Gentlemen, who she perceived, were pretty full of Money. These Gentlemen addressing her in the Manner usual on such Occasions, she immediately feigned a Cry which she had always at Command. The Tears trickled down her Cheeks, she sigh'd, she sobb'd, and, the Cause being demanded, told them, that she little thought once of being reduced to such a wretched Necessity as she was now in, of exposing her Body to the Pleasure of every Bidder. Here she repeated the History of her Extractions and Education, telling them a great Deal about her pretended Father, the Lord *Henry Van Wolway*; who, she said, was a sovereign Prince of the Empire, independent of any Man but his sacred imperial Majesty. Certainly, continued she, any Gentleman may suppose what a Mortification it must be to a Woman born of such noble Parents, and bred up in all the Pomp of a Court, under the Care of an indulgent Father, to suffer as I now do; yet why ask I say indulgent Father? Alas! was it not his Cruelty that I misbe my only Daughter, from his Dominions, only for marrying a Nobleman of the Court, whom I loved to Excess, without his Knowledge? Was it not my Father that occasioned my dear Lord and Husband to be cut off in the Bloom of his Age, by falsely accusing him of a Design against his Person, a Deed which his virtuous Soul abhorred. Here she pretended her Sorrow would permit her to rehearse no more of her Misfortunes, and the whole Company was touched with Compassion at the melancholly Relation, which she so well humoured, that they all looked upon it as true, giving her out of mere Pity, all the Money they had about them, promising to meet her again with more. This they also accomplished, and ever afterwards called her, the poor unfortunate *German Princess*; which Name she laid Claim to in all Companies.

The Exchange Tavern was kept by one Mr. King, who was the same as kept it when our Princess received her Honourary Title. As she was now come from foreign Parts, with a great Deal of Riches, he believed more than ever the Truth of what she had before affirmed: Nor was Madam backwards in telling him that she had raised all her Wealth by private Contribution from some Princes of the Empire,

who were acquainted with her Circumstances, and to whom she had made herself known: Adding, that not one of those who had given her any Thing, dared to acquaint her Father that they knew where she was, because they were all his Neighbours, and vastly inferior to him in the Number and Strength of their Forces, For, said she, my Father is so inexorable, that he would make War upon any Prince, who he knew extended his Pity to me.

John Carleton, whom we mentioned before as her third Husband, was Brother-in-Law to Mr. King. He made his Addresses to the Princess *Van Wolway*, in the most dutiful and submissive Manner that could be imagined, making Use of his Brother's Interest, to negotiate the Affair between them, till with a great Deal of seeming Reluctance at Marrying one of common Blood, her Highness consented to take him to her Embraces. Now was Mr. Carleton as great as his Majesty, in the Arms of an imaginary Princess; he formed to himself a thousand Pleasures, which the vulgar Herd could have no Notion of; he threw himself at her Feet in Transport, and made Use of all the Rhetoric he could collect, to thank her for the prodigious Honour she had done him. But Alas! how was he surprized, when Mr. King presented him with the following Letter.

S I R,

I am an entire Stranger to your Person, yet common Justice and Humanity obliges me to give you Notice, that the pretended Princess, who has passed herself upon your Brother, Mr. John Carleton, is a Cheat and an Impostor.

If I tell you, Sir, that she has already married several Men in our County of Kent, and afterwards made off with all the Money she could get into her Hands, I say no more than could be proved, were she brought in the Face of Justice.

That you may be certain I am not mistaken in the Woman, please to observe that she has high Breasts, a very graceful Appearance, and speaks several Languages fluently.

Yours unknown,

T. B.

After Mrs. Carleton (for so we may at present call her) had got rid of her Husband, and of the Prosecution for marrying him, she was entertained by the Players, who were in Hopes of gaining by a Woman, who had made such a considerable Figure on the real Theatre of the World. The House was very much resorted to upon her Account, and she got a great deal of Applause in her Dramatical Capacity, by the several Characters she performed, which were generally either Jilt, Coquette, or Chamber-Maid, either of which was agreeable to her artful intriguing Genius; but what contributed most to her Fame, was a Play, written purely upon her Account, called the *German Princess*, from her Name, and in which she performed a principal Part, besides speaking the following Epilogue.

*I've past one Trial, but it is my Fear
I shall receive a rigid Sentence here:
You think me a bold Cheat, put Case 'twere so,
Which of you are not? Now you'd swear I know.
But do not, lest that you deserve to be
Censur'd worse than you can Censure me:
The World's a Cheat, and we that move in it,
In our Degrees, do exercise our Wit;
And better 'tis to get a glorious Name,
However got, than live by common Fame.*

The Princess had too much Mercury in her Constitution to be long settled in any Way of Life whatsoever: The whole City of *London* was too little for her to Act in, how was it possible then that she should

should be confined in the narrow Limits of a Theatre? She did not, however, leave the Stage so soon but she had procured a considerable Number of Adorers, who having either seen her Person, or heard of her Fame, were desirous of a nearer Acquaintance with her. As she was naturally given to Company and Gallantry, she was not very difficult of Access; yet when you were in her Presence, you were certain to meet with an Air of Indifferency.

There were two of her Bullies who doted on her beyond all the Rest, a couple of smart young Fellows, who had abundance more in their Pockets, than they had in their Heads. These from a deficiency of Wit in themselves, were very fond in the large Quantity of that Commodity which they discovered in our Princess, and for that Reason were frequently in her Company. There is no Doubt but they had other Designs than just to converse with her, for they several Times discovered an Inclination to come a little nearer to her Body: And Madam was not so ignorant, but she knew their Meaning by their Whining; she therefore gave them Encouragement, till she had drained about 300*l.* apiece out of them, and then, finding their Stock pretty well exhausted, she turn'd them both off, telling them she wondered how they could have the Impudence to pretend Love to a Princess.

After this, an elderly Gentleman fell into the same Condition, at seeing her, as several had done before, tho' he was fifty Years of Age, and not ignorant of her former Tricks. He was worth about 400*l.* per Annum, and immediately resolv'd to be at the Charge of a constant Maintenance, provided she would consent to live with him. To bring about which he made her several valuable Presents of Rings, Jewels, &c. At last, after a long Siege, he became Master of the Fort; yet in such a Manner, that it seemed rather to be surrender'd out of pure Love and Generosity, than from any mercenary Views, for she always protested against being Corrupted, so far as to part with her Honour, for the sake of filthy Lucre, which is a common Artifice of the Sex. Our Gentleman, tho', as has been remark'd, he was sensible what she was; yet by Degrees he became so enamour'd, as to believe every Thing she said, and to look upon her as the most virtuous Woman alive.

Living now as Man and Wife, she seem'd to redouble her Endearments, and to give them all a greater Air of Sincerity, so that he was continually gratifying her with some costly present or another, which she always took Care to receive with an Appearance of being ashamed he should bear so many Obligations on her, telling him continually that she was not worthy of so many Favours. Thus did she vary her Behaviour, according to the Circumstances and Temper of the Person she had to deal with. At last, our old Lover came home one Night very much in Liquor, and gave her a Jewel of 5*l.* Value, and our Princess thought this as proper a Time as any she was like to meet with, for her to make the most of his Worship's Passion. Accordingly having got him to Bed, and seen him fast asleep, which he soon was at this Time, she proceeded to rifle him, finding his Pocket-Book, with a Bill for 100*l.* upon a Goldsmith in the City, and the Keys of his Trunks, and Effects.

She now proceeded to secure all that was worth her while; among other Things, she made herself Mistress of 20 pieces of old Gold, a gold Watch, a gold Seal, an old Silver Watch, and several pieces of Plate, with other valuable Moveables, to the Value in all of 150*l.* Now she thought it best for her to make off as fast as she could with her Prize. So as soon as it was Day she took Coach, and drove to the Goldsmith, who mistrusted nothing, having seen her before with the Gentleman, and instantly paid the 10 *l.* upon which she delivered up the Bill.

Having thus over-reached her old Lover, Madam took a convenient Lodging, at which she paid for a

Virgin, with a Fortune of a 1000*l.* left her by an Uncle; to this she added, that her Father was very Rich, and able to give her as much more, but that disliking a Man whom he had provided for her Husband, she had left the Country, and retired to London; where she was in Hopes none of her Relations would find her. That this Story might appear the more probable, she contrived Letters from a Friend which were brought her continually; and in which, she pretended, she received an Account of all that pass'd, with respect to her Father and Lover. These Letters being loosely laid about the Chamber, were pick'd up by her Landlady, who out of Curiosity perused the Contents, and by that Means became more and more satisfied in her Temptation. This Landlady had a Nephew of considerable Substance, and it was now all her Endeavour to make a Match between him and her young Gentlewoman, whom she soon brought to be pretty intimately acquainted together.

The new Lover presents her with a Watch, as a Token of his Esteem for her Person, but the poor innocent Creature refused it with abundance of Modesty. However, she was at last prevailed upon to accept this little Favour, and the young Man thought himself with one Foot in Paradise already, that she was so condescending. Their Amour after this, went on to both their Satisfaction; Madam seeing a fair Prospect of making a Penny of her Mamour, and he not in the least doubting but he should obtain his Wish, and one Day or another enjoy that Heaven of Bliss, which, as he frequently expressed it, was treasured in her Arms.

One Day as they were conversing together, and entertaining each other with all the soft and tender Endearments of young Lovers, a Porter knocks at the Door, and upon being admitted, delivers a Letter to our Lady, being introduced by the Maid, who had received her Instructions beforehand. Madam immediately opens and reads the Letter, but scarce had she made an End, before altering her Countenance, she shrieked out, *Oh! I am undone, I am undone.* All the Company could scarce prevent her falling into a Swoon, tho' the smelling Bottle was at Hand, and her young Lover sitting by her; who, to be sure, did not fail to use all the Rhetoric he was Master of, in order to comfort her, and learn the Cause of her Surprise. *She*, quoth she at last, *since you are already acquainted with most of my Concerns, I shall not make a Secret of this. Therefore, if you please, read this Letter, and know the Occasion of my Affliction.* The young Gentleman received it at her Hands, and read as follows.

Dear Madam,

I have several Times taken my Pen in Hand, on purpose to write to you, and as often laid it aside again, for fear of giving you more Trouble than you already labour under. However, as the Affair so immediately concerns you, I cannot in Justice hide what I tremble to disclose, but must in Duty tell you the worst of News, whatever may be the Consequence of my so doing.

Know then, that your affectionate and tender Brother is Dead. I am sensible how dear he was to you, and you to him; yet let me intreat you for your own sake to acquiesce in the Will of Providence as much as possible, since our Lives are all at his Disposal who gave us Being.

*I could use another Argument to comfort you, that with a Sister less loving than you would be of more Weight than that I have urged, but I know your Soul is above all mercenary Views. I cannot, however, forbear just to inform you that he has left you all he had; and you know further, that your Father's Estate of 200*l.* per Annum, can now involve upon No-Body after his Decease, but yourself, who are now his only Child.*

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What, I am next to acquaint you with, may perhaps be almost as bad as the former Particular. Your hated Lover has been so importunate with your Father, especially since your Brother's Decease, that the old Gentleman resolves, if ever he should hear of you any more, to marry you to him, and he makes this the Condition of your being received again into his Favour, and having your former Disobedience, as he calls it, forgiven: While your Brother lived, he was every Day endeavouring to soften the Heart of your Father; and we were but last Week in Hopes he would have consented to let you follow your Inclinations, if you would come Home to him again; but now there is never an Advocate in your Cause, who can Work upon the old Man's peevish Temper; for he says, as you are now his sole Heir, he ought to be more Resolute in the Disposal of you in Marriage.

While I am Writing, I am surpris'd with an Account that your Father and Lover are both preparing to come to London, where they say they can find you out. Whether or no this be only a Device, I cannot tell, nor can I imagine where they could receive their Information if it be true: However, to prevent the Worst, consider, whether or no you can cast off your old Aversion, and submit to your Father's Commands; for if you cannot, it will be most adviseable, in my Opinion, to change your Habitation. I have no more to say in the Affair, being unwilling to direct you in such a very nice Circumstance, the Temper of your own Mind will be the best Instructor you can apply to, for your future Happiness or Misery, during Life, depends on your Choice. God grant that every Thing may turn for the Better.

From your Friend,

S. E.

Our young Lover having read the Letter, found that she had real Cause to be afflicted. Pity for her, and above all, a Concern for his own Interest, and the Fear of losing his Mistress to the Country Lover, thro' the Authority of her Father, put him upon persuading her to remove from her Habitation, and come to reside with him, having very handsome Rooms, fit for the Reception of a Person of such high Quality. Thither she went the next Day, with her Maid, who knew her Design, and had engaged to assist her therein to the utmost of her Ability. When they were come into Madam's Bed-Chamber, they resolved not to go to Rest, that they might be ready to move off in the Morning at the first Opportunity. By turns they slept in their Cloths on the Bed, and towards Morning when all were fast, but themselves, they went to Work, broke open a Trunk, took a Bag with 100*l.* in it, and several Suits of Apparel, and then slip't out, leaving our poor Lover to look for his Money and Mistress together when he was stirring, who were both by that Time far enough out of his Way.

In a Word, it would be impossible to relate half the Tricks which she play'd, and mention half the Lodgings in which she at Times resided. Seldom did she miss carrying off a considerable Booty wheresoever she came; at best she never fail'd of something, for all was Fish that came to her Net, where there was no Plate, a pair of Sheets, half a dozen Napkins, or a Pillowbier; nay, even Things of a less Value than these would serve her Turn, rather than she would suffer her Hands to be out of Practice. Captain Smith, for the Sake of swelling her Life, has made her the Actress of several Things which he has in other Places apply'd to other People. We can see no Cause he had to do thus, since there are many more genuine Facts that have come to our Knowledge than we shall insert.

One Time she went to a Mercer's in Cheap-side, with her pretended Maid, where she agreed for as

much Silk as came to 6*l.* and pulled out her Purse to pay for it, but there was nothing therein but several particular pieces of Gold, which she pretended to have a great Value for: The Mercer to be sure, would not be so rude as to let a Gentlewoman of Figure part with what she had so much esteem for; so he ordered one of his Men to go along with her to her Lodgings, and receive the Money there. A Coach was ready which she had brought along with her, and they all three went up into it. When they came to the Royal-Exchange, Madam ordered the Coachman to set her down, pretending to the Mercer that she wanted to buy some Ribbons suitable to the Silk; upon which he suffered the Maid, without any Scruple, to take the Goods along with her, staying in the Coach for their return. But he might have staid long enough, if he had attended till they came again, for they found Means to get off into Threadneedle-street, and the young Man having waited till he was quite Weary, made the best of his Way home to rehearse his Misfortune to his Master.

Something of a Piece with this, was a Cheat she put upon a French Master Weaver in Spittlefields, of whom she bought to the Value 40*l.* taking him Home with her to her Lodging, and bidding him make a Bill of Parcels, for half the Silk was for a Kinswoman of hers in the next Room. The Frenchman sat down very orderly to do as she bid him, whilst she took the Silk into the next Room for her Niece to see it: Half an Hour he waited pretty contentedly, drinking some Wine, which Madam had left him. At last beginning to be a little uneasy, he made bold to Knock, when the People of the House came up, and upon his asking for the Gentlewoman, told him she had been gone out some Time, and was to come there no more. The poor Man seeming surpris'd, they took him into the next Room, and shew'd him a pair of back Stairs which was the proper Way to her Apartment. Monsieur was at first in a Passion with the People, till they convinced him that they knew nothing of his Gentlewoman, any more than that she had taken their Room for a Month, which being expired, she was removed they could not tell whether.

The next Landlord she had was a Taylor, whom she employed to make up what she bilked the Mercer and Weaver of. The Taylor imagines he has got an excellent Job, as well as a topping Woman for his Lodger, so he fell to Work immediately, and by the Assistance of some Journeymen which he hired on this Occasion, he got the Cloths finished against a Day which she appointed, when she pretended she was to receive a great Number of Visitors. Against the same Time she gave her Landlady 20*s.* to provide a Supper, desiring her to send for what was needful, and she would pay the Overplus next Day. Accordingly an elegant Entertainment was prepared, Abundance of Wine was Drank, and the poor Taylor was as Drunk as a Beast. This was what our Princess wanted, for the Landlady going up to put her Husband to Bed, she and all her Guests slip'd out, one with a silver Tankard, another with a Salt, her Maid with their Cloths which was not on their Backs; and, in a Word, not one of them all went off empty-handed. Being got into the Street, they put the Maid and the Booty into the Coach, getting themselves into others, and driving by different Ways to the Place of their next Residence, not one of them being discovered.

Another Time, she had a mighty Mind, it seems, to put herself into Mourning, to which Purpose, she sent her Woman to a Shop in the New-Exchange in the Strand, where she had bought some Things the Day before, to desire that the People would bring Choice of Hoods, Knots, Scarves, Aprons, Cuffs, and other Mourning Accoutrements, to her Lodging instantly, for her Father was dead, and she must be ready in so many Days to appear at his Funeral. The Woman of the Shop presently look'd out the



J. Nicholls delin.

The German Princess *with her Supposed* Husband *and* Lawyer

J. Savin sculp.

best she had of each of these Commodities, and made the best of her Way to Madam's Quarters. When she came there, the poor Lady was sadly indispos'd, so that she was not able to look over the Things till after Dinner; when, if Madam Millener wou'd please to come again, she did not doubt but they shou'd deal. The good Woman was very well satisfy'd, and refus'd to take her Goods back again, but desir'd she might trouble her Ladyship so far as to leave them there till she came again; which was very readily granted. At the Time appointed comes our Tradeswoman, and asks if the Gentlewoman above Stairs was at Home, but was told, to her great Mortification, that she was gone out they could not tell whither, and that they believ'd she would never return again; for she had found Means, before her Departure, to convey away several of the most valuable Parts of Furniture in the Room which she had hir'd. The next Day confirm'd their Suspicion, and made both the Landlord and Millener give her up her for an Impostor, and their Goods for lost.

Being habited, *à la Mode*, all in Sable, she took Rooms in *Fuller's-Rents* in *Holborn*, and sent for a young Barrister of *Gray's-Inn*. When Mr. *Justinian* came, she told him she was Heir to her deceas'd Father, but that having an extravagant Husband, with whom she did not live, she was willing to secure her Estate in such a Manner as that he might not enjoy the Benefit of it, or have any Command over it, for, if he had, she was certain of coming to want Bread in a little Time. Here she wept plentifully, to make her Case have the greater Effect, and engage the Lawyer to stay with her till the Plot she had laid could be executed. While the grave young Man was putting his Face into a proper Position, and speaking to the Affair in Hand with all the Learning of *Coke*, a Woman came up Stairs on a sudden, crying out, *O Lord, Madam, we are all undone! for my Master is below. He has been asking after you, and swears he will come up to your Chamber. I am afraid the People of the House will not be able to hinder him, he appears so resolute. O Heavens!* says our Counterfeit, *what shall I do? Why?* says the Lawyer. *Why?* quoth she, *I mean for you, dear me, what Excuse shall I make for your being here? I dare not tell him your Quality and Business; for that would endanger all. Alas, on the other Side, he is extremely jealous. There, ere, good Sir, step into that Closet till I can send him away.* The Lawyer being surpris'd, and not knowing what to do so on a sudden, complied with her Request, and she lock'd him into the Closet, drawing the Curtains of the Bed, and going to the Door to receive her counterfeit Husband, who, by this Time, had demanded Entrance.

No sooner was our Gentleman enter'd, but he began to give his Spouse the most opprobrious Language he could invent. *O Mrs. Devil, says he, I understand you have a Man in the Room a pretty Companion for a poor innocent Woman, truly! one who is always complaining how hardly I use her. Where is the Son of a Whore? I shall sacrifice him this Moment. Is this your Modesty, Madam? This your Virtue? Let me see your Gallant immediately, or, by the Light, you shall be the first Victim yourself.* Upon this, he made to the Closet-Door, and forc'd it open in a great Fury, as he had before been directed. Here he discovers our young Lawyer, all pale, and trembling, ready to sink through the Floor at the Sight of one from whom he could expect no Mercy. Out flies the Sword, and poor *Littleton* was upon his Marrow-bones in a Moment. Just in this Instant Madam interpos'd, being resolv'd rather to die herself than see the Blood of an innocent Man spilt in her Apartment, and upon her Account. A Companion, also, of our Bully Husband, stepp'd up, and wrested the Sword out of his Hand by main Strength, endeavouring to pacify him with all the Reason and Art he was Master of. But still, that there might be no Appearance of Imposure, the

more they strove, the more enrag'd our injur'd poor Cornuto appear'd, for such he thought to make the Lawyer believe he imagin'd himself.

They cou'd not, however, so effectually impose on our Limb of the Law, as that he discern'd nothing of the Artifice: He began to see himself trapp'd, and ventur'd to speak in his own Behalf, and tell the whole Truth of the Story. But he might as well have said nothing; for the other insisted upon it that this was only Pretence, and that he came there for other Purposes. His Honour was injur'd, and nothing would serve but Blood, or other sufficient Reparation. It was at last referr'd to the Arbitration of the other Man, who came with the same Lineband; and he propos'd the Sum of 500*l.* to make up the Matter. This was a large Sum, and, indeed, more than the Lawyer could well raise: However, he at last consented to pay down 100*l.* rather than bring himself into fresh Inconveniences; which they oblig'd him immediately to send for, first looking over the Note, to see that he did not send for a Constable instead of the Money. Upon the Payment, they discharg'd him from his Confinement.

Not long after this, our Princess was apprehended for stealing a Silver Tankard in *Covent-Garden*, and, after Examination, committed to *Newgate*. At the following Sessions she was found guilty, and condemn'd, but was afterwards repriev'd, and order'd for Transportation. This Sentence was executed and she was sent to *Jamaica*, where she had not been above two Years, before she return'd to *England* again, and set up for a rich Heiress. By this Means, she got married to a very wealthy Apothecary at *Westminster*, whom she robb'd of above 300*l.* and then left him.

After this, she took a Lodging, in a House where no body liv'd but the Landlady, a Watchmaker, who was also a Lodger, and herself and Maid. When she thought her Character here pretty well established, she one Night invited the Watchmaker and her Landlady to go with her and see a Play, pretending she had a Present of some Tickets. They consented, and only Madam's Maid, who was almost as good as herself, was left at Home. She, according to Agreement, in their Absence broke open almost all the Locks in the House, stole 200*l.* in Money, and about thirty Watches; so that the Prize, in all, amounted to about 600*l.* which she carried to a Place before provided, in another Part of the Town. After the Play was over, our Princess invited her Companions to drink with her at the *Green Dragon Tavern* in *Fleetstreet*, where she gave them the Slip, and went to her Maid.

We now proceed to the Catastrophe of this prodigious Woman, who, had she been virtuously inclin'd, was capable of being the Phoenix of her Age; for it was impossible for her not to be admir'd in every Thing she said and did. The Manner of her last and fatal Apprehension, was as follows, we having taken the Account from the Papers of those Times.

One Mr. *Freeman*, a Brewer in *Southwark*, had been robb'd of about 200*l.* whereupon he went to Mr. *Loxeman*, Keeper of the *Marshalsea*, and desired him to search all suspicious Places, in order to discover the Thieves. One *Lancaster* was the Person most suspected, and while they were searching a House near *New Spring-Gardens* for him, they spied a Gentlewoman, as she seemed to be, walking in the two pair of Stairs Room in a Night-Gown: Mr. *Loxeman* immediately enters the Room, spies three Letters on the Table, and begins to examine them: Madam seems offended with him, and their Dispute caused him to look on her so stedfastly that he knew her, call'd her by her Name, and carried away both her and her Letters.

This was in *December 1672*, and she was kept close Prisoner till the 16th of *January* following, when she was brought by Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to the *Old-Baily*, and ask'd whether or no she was the Woman who usually went by the Name of

Mary

Mary Carleton, to which she answered, that she was the same, the Court then demanded the Reason of her returning so soon from the Transportation she had been Sentenced to. Here she made a great many trifling Evasions, to gain Time, by which Means she gave the Bench two or three Days Trouble. At last, when she found nothing else would do, she pleaded her Belly, but a Jury of Matrons being called, they brought her in not quick with Child. So that on the last Day of the Sessions she received Sentence of Death, in the usual Form, with a great deal of Intrepidity.

After Condemnation she had abundance of Visitors, some out of Curiosity, others to converse with her, learn her Sentiments of Futurity, and give her such Instructions as were needful. Among the latter, was a Gentleman to whom she gave a great many regular Responses; in which she discovered herself to be a *Roman Catholick*, profess her Sorrow for her past Life, and wish'd she had her Days to live over again; she also blam'd the Women who were her Jury for their Verdict, saying, that she believed they could not be sure of what they testify'd, and that they might have given her a little more Time.

On the 22d of *January*, which was the Day of her Execution, she appeared rather more Gay and Brisk than ever before. When her Irons were taken off, (for she was shackled) she pinn'd the Picture of her Husband *Carleton* on her Sleeve, and in that manner carried it with her to *Tyburn*. Seeing the Gentleman who had conversed with her, she said to him in French, *Mon Ami, le bon Dieu vous benisse, My Friend, God bless you*. At hearing St. Sepulchre's Bell toll, she made use of several Ejaculations. One Mr. *Crouch*, a Friend of hers, rode with her in the Cart, to whom she gave at the Gallows two Popish Books, called, *The Key of Paradise*, and *The Manual of Daily Devotion*. At the Place of Execution she told the People, *That she had been a very*

vain Woman, and expected to be made a Precedent for Sin; that tho' the World had condemned her, she had much to say for herself; that she pray'd God to forgive her, as she did her Enemies; and a little more to the same Effect. After which, she was turn'd off, in the 38th Year of her Age, and in the same Month she was born in.

Her Body was put into a Coffin, and decently buried in St. Martin's Church Yard, on which Occasion a merry Wag wrote this Distich.

The *German Princess* here, against her Will,
Lies Underneath, and yet, Oh strange! lies still.

Verses on the *German Princess*.

I.

WHAT might our *Princess* be esteem'd,
If Women all are Wonders deem'd;
Since, from the same unfounted Cause,
Of Wonders, she the Wonder was?

II.

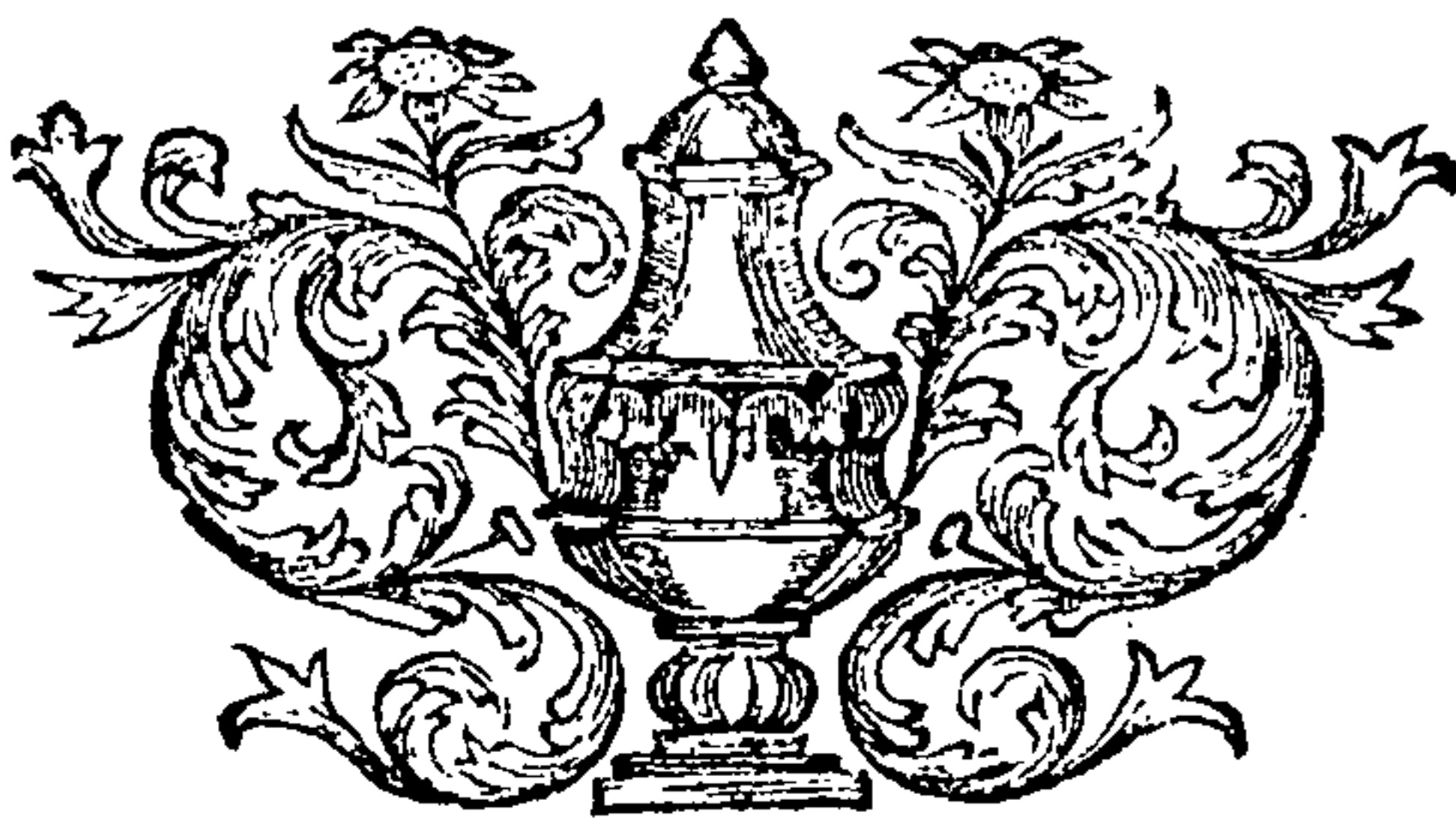
A Woman's Arts, the learn'd pretend,
No Man alive can comprehend:
Carleton in wiles, whenever try'd,
Exceeded all the Sex beside.

III.

No Woman's Craving can be still'd,
So Solomon the wise Man held;
By any single Man be meant;
Not fifty *Carleton* could content.

IV.

In Vain her Qualities we trace;
O'er all the Sex she claims a Place;
For all the wondrous Sex combin'd
To call her Wonder of their Kind:



The LIFE of JOHN RODDY, a Murderer.

A Description of the two following Murders, were sent us by the Gentleman who gave us the Life of Mary Channel, before inserted, and who has assured us the Facts were all within his own Knowledge, and desired it might be immediately inserted.

BEFORE I begin my Relation of the two following Malefactors, I think myself obliged to acquaint the Reader, that no extraordinary or remarkable Occurrences happened to either of them in their Youths; neither doth it greatly matter, since they are not worthy regarding, or taking Notice of. But the chief Motive that induced me to write the two following Lives, is, to give the Reader an authentic Account of two of the most remarkable, and most notorious Murders, that can be paralleled or produced. Was I here to numerate and accumulate all the inconsiderable and frivolous Passages that occurred in the Youths of these Persons, I should even tire the impatient Reader, and my present Undertaking would thereby be raised to so huge and needless a Bulk, that I should scarce find any Bounds to it; therefore, duly considering, that much might be understood by a compendious Writing, I hope no one will object against the Brevity of my Relation. The Method, then, I propose (after giving them a Description and Character, according as their Actions merit) is, to set forth an accurate and full Account of the latter Part of their Lives, which brought them to their miserable End, which is the only Part that can properly claim a Place in this History, or which is capable of affording a sufficient Attention to the curious Reader; and only now and then throw in a Reflection or Supposition, according as the Thing itself will admit of: Which I shall enter upon, without any further Introduction or Apology, hoping it will meet with its desired Success, by proving attentive to Curiosity, and an Example to Iniquity, and by escaping the vulgar Cogitations, and absurd Reflections, of the censorious Critick.

A Place called *Hutton*, situate near the River *Severn*, in the County of *Somerset*, claims the Birth of *John Roddy*. He was born of honest Parents, who brought him up, and instructed him, in the Affairs of Husbandry; and, in this Occupation, he enjoyed the Pleasure of a moderate rural Life, never being addicted to steal, or any other idle or unlawful Courses, but led a very regular and innocent Life; bearing the Character of an honest and industrious young Man. He retained the same Character, and enjoyed this transitory state of Bliss, till the Death of his Parents, who dying, left two Children behind them, (*viz*) *John*, the unhappy Subject of my Discourse, and one Daughter, whose Name was *Ursula*.

After the Death of his Parents, being arrived to Man's Estate, he grew intimately acquainted with one *Hester Plummer*, of the same Parish, and pretended Courtship to her. She was a Woman of a lewd and ill Character, and prone to all manner of Wickedness, being given to Stealing, and other felonious Practices from her Infancy. But the Consequence of this Courtship became fatal, and terminated in a deep Tragedy, instead of the Enjoyment of a Marriage State; as will appear in the Sequel.

Roddy being very easy of Access, had at length so profoundly engaged himself with this vicious Woman, that she could prevail upon him to acquiesce in any Thing she required of him, and to participate with her in any Transaction or Enterprize whatever. Their Amours at last raised to so great a Pitch, that they promised themselves in Marriage to each other. Whilst this was in Agitation, *Hester*, foreseeing the miserable Fate which consequently would attend a Life surrounded with Poverty and Want (they being not in a Capacity to support the Expence of a Family), racks her Invention, and berthought how she might prevent it, by enriching themselves by the Spoils of others. The Devil engraved these Attempts deeply in her Heart; and being naturally inclined to Wickedness, her evil Intentions, and sanguinary Projections, soon became practicable. She opened her Design to *Roddy*, and they both concluded to rob the House of one *Jane Troubridge*, of *Hutton*, as soon as Opportunity would admit them to put it in Practice.

Accordingly, the 25th of *March* 1706, was the Day destined to fulfil their felonious and blood-thirsty Desires; when, the better to accomplish their villainous Acts, they consulted how they might prevail on the old Woman (*Jane Troubridge*) to quit the House; which they executed thus: *Hester* framed a frivolous Excuse to go out to see the old Woman's Sheep; when she returned, she told *Jane*, that her Ewe had yeaned two Lambs, one of which was almost dead, and would die if she did not immediately fetch him Home. The credulous Woman, having this Information, went, according to *Hester's* Directions. Mean while, *Roddy* and his Accomplice robbed the House of what Money and Goods they imagined they could procure, and retain, undiscovered. But this did not satisfy their Inclinations, nor compleat their Intentions; for having thus far succeeded without Interruption, they barbarously murdered two Children, who were left alone in the House, throwing one into the Yeast-Hole, and leaving the other on the Bed, where they murdered it. Soon after, the old Woman returned, and went to Spinning, being ignorant of what had pass'd during her Absence. She had no sooner taken her Work in Hand, but she was interceded by *Roddy*; who, coming behind her with an Iron Bar, knocked her down, and left her prostrate, almost dead. The old Woman, as they thought, being left breathless, they proceeded in the last Act of their intollerable Inhumanities; which was, by setting the House on Fire. And having now compleated their Designs, they retired to their own separate Homes with their Booty; *Roddy* to his Master's House, and *Hester* to her Father's.

The House was no sooner in a Flame, but it was fortunately discovered by the Neighbours, who immediately surrounded it, and entered the House before the Fire became unextinguishable. As soon as they had entered, their Surprise was greatly augmented, by finding the old Woman in the deplorable Condition which the merciless Wretches had left her, whom they took up, and (to prevent her being burnt) conveyed her out, and threw her on a Midden adjacent to the House. Their Surprise, at length, being somewhat mitigated, and the Violence of the Conflagration in some Measure abated, they lifted

the old Woman from off the Dunghill, and perceiving some small Remains of Life in her, conveyed her to a more proper Place; which *Hester Plummer* perceiving, (well knowing, that if she should recover, their Villanies would be discovered) voluntarily offered her Service to Watch with her a Night, but the Neighbours wisely opposed her Design, (which doubtless meant no Good) and refused her Offer.

Roddy and his Accomplice *Hester*, remained in the Parish during the Uproar, thinking it improper to Abscond, or make their Escape by Flight, least it should create and give Room for Suspicion. The Day following being the 26th of *March*, they had the Confidence to go to *Abbridge* (a neat Market-Town, situate under *Mendip-Hills*, about five Miles from the Place where the Murder was committed) to furnish themselves with some Household Stuff, and other Necessaries against the Wedding, which they proposed to solemnize the *Easter* following.

During all this Time, the old Woman remained Insensible and Speechless, and continued in this lamentable Condition for the Space of three Days before she uttered one Word, when at length she a little recovered her Speech, though entirely Void of any rational Sense or eloquent Utterance. When first she spoke 'twas to *Roddy's* Master, with whom he lived in Service, and said, *John is a naughty Boy, John is a naughty Boy*: These Words she spoke distinctly several Times, which was all she spoke or was capable of Uttering or Revealing.

Hereupon, *Roddy* and *Hester* were apprehended in *Hutton*; and being charged with the Murder, *Roddy* peremptorily acknowledged it, but *Hester* obstinately denied it. They were both carried before Mr. Justice *Pigott*, of *Brockley*, who committed them to *Hester* Gaol. I shall here take Occasion to entertain the Reader with a Story, which happened a few Years since, in the City of *Wells*.

A poor Woman in *Wells*, having unlawfully acted in the Garden of *Venus*, proved with Child; upon which foreseeing her future Shame and Disgrace, by training up a base-born Child, and the Thoughts of being rejected by a fugitive and absconded Father, made so great an Impression in her disconsolate Mind, that she was resolved to put an End to the hard Fate wherewith she seemed to be threatened, and close up all by a speedy Death. Accordingly, she hanged herself. In the same Place resided the famous and skilled Doctor *Boulton*, who hearing of the Disaster, required the Body to Anatomize it, and obtained his request accordingly. Having the Body in his Possession, he, being Youthful and Frolicksome, he invented an unluckly Project, which he intended to put in Execution before he dissected the Corpse; but which afterwards gave him Cause to lament, even to the Hour of his Death. To be brief then, the Resolution wherein he so absurdly engaged himself, was to take off the Skin of the dead Body, and afterwards cause it to be Tanned. He made privy his Designs to his Servant *William Holt*, and ordered him to assist him therein. *Holt* readily complied with his Master's enthusiastic Request, as doubtless imagining it no Sin to engage with him in any kind of Illegality, seeing it was in Obedience to his Master's Commands; which is the Opinion of too many. Thus far the Doctor succeeded, and having accomplished his Design, he sent for one *Simon Plaister* (commonly known by the Name of Captain *Plaister*) a *Tanner*, to Tan the Skin; he assented thereto, and carried it Home for the same Purpose; but they were stopped from proceeding any further in their beastial Projections; for *Plaister* had no sooner cast the Skin into the Tan-Pit, and sunk it, but it presently resumed to the Top, and notwithstanding all his Art and Strength, as often as he sunk it to the Bottom, as often it would rise on the Surface of the Water;

Till at length, finding it fruitless to withstand any longer, he declined proceeding any further in his Undertaking. But now mark the just Judgment of God, which ensued on these three Persons, for attempting such an inhuman Action. The Consequence was this; the Doctor was struck stark Blind, with his Eyes remaining open, and lost not the illustrious Beauty of them, (which were Large, very Dazling, and full of Lustre,) though he was entirely deprived of any Advantage hereby, which was much to be marvelled at; he died soon after. His Man *Holt* was bereaved of his Senses, and ever after continued in a Fit of Madness. The *Tanner* could never after use the Art of Tanning, and is still living in *Wells*, and not much better than Mad, often suffering himself to be conveyed about the Town in a Wheel-Barrow, attended by a Mob of Boys, who make him their Sport and Pastime; and several such like ridiculous Frolicks, which I shall omit for Brevity's sake, and shall only beg Leave to add, That once seeing his Hand bound up, and being curious to know what had befallen this Hair-Brained *Don Quixotte*, I was credibly informed, that he being one Evening at a Tavern where there happened to be some Professors of Musick, opposed their Playing, swearing they could not beat true Time, upon which, he caught up a red-hot Iron, which lay in the Fire, and fried his Fingers thereon, by beating Time, insomuch, that he was for some Time under a Doctor's Care. But to return to *Roddy*.

At the ensuing Assizes at *Wells*, *John Roddy* and *Hester Plummer* were brought to receive their Trial. The Indictment being read, *Roddy* pleaded thereto Guilty, and declared, That *Hester* had prevailed on him to assist her in committing this bloody Act, and that she was the chief Instrument of his Destruction, by perswading him to commit the worst of Crimes, and acknowledged he had sinned against the Conventions of his own Conscience, by giving Ear, and consenting to her devilish Inclinations. But *Hester* pleaded Not Guilty. Notwithstanding her denying the Fact, since she participated with *Roddy* in the Evil of Sin, 'twas just that she should bear unequal Share with him in the Evil of Punishment. The Jury brought her in Guilty, and they both received Sentence of Death accordingly. Whilst under Sentence of Death, *Roddy* behaved himself penitent, exhorting *Hester* not to persist in her Obstinacy, since he knew she was Guilty; but instead of Confessing, or being Penitent for her former Sins, she added Sin to Sin, and Iniquity to Iniquity, by still declaring herself Innocent, and Guiltless of the Murder; which greatly disquieted *Roddy*, lest she should thereby obtain a Reprieve.

At the Place of Execution, *Hester* still persisted in her Obstinacy, which *Roddy* perceiving, thus bespoke her, O *Hester*! *Hester*! don't deny it, for we are Guilty. But she nevertheless, continued to deny it stiffly; and as a Token of her Innocence, audaciously sung four Verses of the 53th Psalm, beginning at the 13th Verse. And as she lived, so she died, hardened in Sin; leaving behind her a disconsolate Father, *William Plummer*, and two Brothers, *William* and *John*, to bewail and lament her unhappy Fate. *Roddy* and *Hester* were executed at *Wells*, in the Year of our Lord 1736, being each about 30 Years of Age. *Roddy* was afterwards taken down, and hanged in Chains, in the great Western Road, a little Mile from *Abbridge*; and *Hester* buried under the Gibbet, but was afterwards taken up in the Night by her Friend. The Place where he was hanged in Chains, derives and takes its original Name (*Roddy*) from him, and will doubtless retain the same as long as it has any Existence.

The LIFE of JONATHAN HAWKINS, a Murderer.

THOUGH Murder is the most heinous and abominable Crime that can be committed by human Creature, and is detestable both in the Eye of God and Man; yet, how frequently have we most surprising, and shocking Instances of it. And notwithstanding the Examples made on others (who have been guilty of such barbarous and inhuman Actions) by being brought to the Stroke of Justice, and having their dead Bodies shamefully exposed to the publick View of all Mankind, to deter and constrain others from doing Things of the like Nature; yet we see the Hearts of some are so hardened in their Iniquity, and have given so much Place to the Temptations of the Devil, that these Examples will no ways mollify them, or put any Bounds to their infamous Courses; but, on the contrary, they will pursue their wicked Desires, and deride those with Scorn, who with wholesome Admonitions and good Counsel endeavour to reform them. And oftentimes, when Malice stirs up and excites them to act such bloody Scenes, they will not let slip any Opportunity of obtaining their vicious Desires, even at the manifest Hazard of their own Lives. And, what is more surprising, having once put an End to their evil Inclinations, will (as it were) boldly stare Justice in the Face, and suffer Death without the least Remorse of Conscience, or shewing any Regret or Penitence for shedding innocent Blood. An Instance whereof, too near relating hereto, will appear in the Life of this profligate and unfortunate Wretch.

Jonathan Hawkins, the Subject of a few following tragical Lines, was Born and Bred in the Parish of *Mark*, near the City of *Wells*, in *Somersetshire*, of honest and industrious Parents, who educated him in the Principals of Religion; but, being poor, gave him little or no Learning. His Father was an Husbandman, and brought up his Son *Jonathan* in his own Occupation, whereby he acquired a sufficient Livelihood and Maintenance. He spent all the Time of his Youth soberly, and in the Fear of God, constantly attending at Divine Service. He was not addicted to Lying, Swearing, Blaspheming, hard Drinking, Whoring, or keeping any ill Company; but detestably shunned and abhorred all those enormous Vices, and lewd Courses, whereto Youth are too frequently inclined and adapted, and which are generally the Forerunner of the worst of Barbarities, which not only deprive them of Life, by bringing them to a cursed and ignominious Death, but are oftentimes the Hazard of their own Damnation.

When he arrived to Man's Estate, he Married, and led a sober and regular Life, during the limited Time of the matrimonial Bonds: But, after his Wife's Death, he began to swerve from his former Course of Life, and gradually betake himself to commit several petty Crimes. He could now no longer wholly resist and withstand the Temptations which the Devil had so long laid to ensnare him. Yet, the Time that was allotted him to display and work his inclinable Iniquities was so short, that he was not sufficiently ripened in his illegal Proceedings to act much on this Stage, neither was it known,

indeed, that ever he had been guilty of any very enormous Crime in his whole Life, (except that for which he died, and also) saving his breaking open some of the Neighbour's Houses; and had he here taken timely Warning, and put a Period to his profligate Ways, he might as yet have lived in some Credit; for tho' the Report of such Burglaries was noised abroad, through the Neighbourhood, and they knew not who justly to suspect; and tho' they had a light Suspicion of *Jonathan*, yet they had not sufficient Grounds to charge him with the Fact; neither did it evidently appear to be him, till after he was apprehended for the barbarous Murder herein after mentioned; when searching his House, several Things were found therein, which appertained to his Neighbours; and then, their light Suspicion of him became demonstratively Clear; his Intentions were then no longer occult and concealed; but as a Storm which long intrinsically conceals itself in the obscure and misty Clouds, whilst continually threatening, is gathering a fresh Multitude of Supplies, at length universally break forth, and terrify the Earth with their boisterous Weight, and tempestuous Violence; so his illegal Courses, tho' they had been for some while veiled and secret to the deceived World, yet adding Iniquity to Iniquity, they at length were risen to so great a Bulk, that it was impossible to conceal them any longer, and all his evil Inclinations and Proceedings were at once revealed, and brought to Light. But to return to his former Course of Life.

Among the rest of his Friends and Acquaintance, he had contracted a mutual Friendship with one *George Gase*, who resided in the same Parish, and was *Jonathan's* Brother-in-Law. It seems, *Jonathan* having Occasion for a certain Sum of Money, applied to his Brother-in-Law, who supplied him with the Sum requested, and for the Security thereof received *Jonathan's* Bond. The appointed Time of Payment being partly expired, he studied by what Means he might free himself from the Payment thereof, and concluded to procure the Bond into his Custody, or at least to deprive his Brother-in-Law of any Advantage thereby. Whether Poverty or Dishonesty had driven him to comply with this Temptation, I leave the Reader to judge; but tho' we cannot impartially Guess at other Men's Thoughts, yet their Actions frequently discover their Intentions and Imaginations; and therefore the latter in my Judgment seems most probable. Be that as it will, certain it is, the Devil's Temptations wrought so greatly on him, that he had Recourse to greater Attempts.

On *Monday*, the 17th of *January* 1721-22, was the Day which he had prefixed, to officiate and determine his intended Villany; when entering the House of his Brother-in-Law, and finding no one therein, save the old Man, and his Daughter *Mary Gase*, he embraced the Opportunity, and put his wicked Design in Execution, by barbarously murdering them both, (the one being near 80 Years of Age, and the other about 30) and afterwards, (like *Roddy*) firing the House, which doubtless was to consume the dead Bodies, that so his Villany might

be cloaked, and he pass unsuspected. As soon as he had compleated this horrid Act, he retir'd to a Neighbour's House, and there played at Cards, with as little seeming Regret, or outward Concern, as though nothing had befall him. Being now in the middle of their Diversion, they were instantly interrupted, and the Scene immediately changed, occasioned by one of the People's looking out, and crying *Fire! Fire!* which sudden Disaster alarming them, they all shewed a forward and voluntary Diligence in going to quench the Fire, except *Jonathan*, who being required to assist them therein, he answered in the Negative. The major part of the Parish were gathered together before the Force of the Conflagration became unquenchable, so that they entered the House; where, to their great Surprize, (*mirabile Dictu!*) they found the Bodies of the old Man, (*Jonathan's* Brother-in-Law,) and his Daughter, lying prostrate on the Ground, weltring in their Blood, with their Throats cut from Ear to Ear; which unexpected horrible Sight, soon vanquished the Thoughts of the Fire, and they forthwith conveyed the dead Bodies out at a Window, and carried them into the Church-Yard, till a more convenient and seasonable Opportunity might permit them to make a more strict Enquiry. By this Time, all the Inhabitants were in a Confusion and Uproar, and knew not who to charge with the Fact. In this Consternation they remained for some Time, till *Jonathan* being asked for the Key of the Door, he replied, *It is in that Hedge yonder*, (pointing to a Box-Hedge) where they found it accordingly. They had now just Grounds for Suspicion, and perceiving his Countenance to change, they charged him with murdering the People, and carried him to the Place where the Bodies lay, to touch them; which, when he had done, his Colour alternately changed; and, being taxed with the Murder, he confessed all: And when he was demanded why he set the House on Fire, he answered, *That he did it to burn the Bond which he had given his Brother-in-Law.* He was seized and carried before a Justice, who committed him to *Ilchester* Gaol; where, I presume, it will not be improper to leave him a While, and in the mean Time insert an Adventure of an Horse-stealer, which, seeing he was apprehended near the same Parish, and not long before the Murder was committed, it may properly claim a Place in this Life, which might afford a sufficient Amusement to the curious Reader.

A Cornishman (*Anno 1728*), being at *Bristol*, and, as he said, destitute of Friends, and wanting Money to support his Extravagances, took an Opportunity in the Night of getting into the Stable of a Butcher in *St. Thomas's-street*, and stole a Gelding, and he immediately rode off, bending his Course Post-haste towards *Exeter*; but it being in the Night, and he being unacquainted with the Road, came to a Town call'd *Asbridge*, being then 15 Miles on his intended Journey. But Fortune, unwilling he should Reign any longer in his Iniquity, thus put a just Termination to his unlawful Proceedings, whereof the Person who seized him gives the following Narration, (*viz.*) I once, says he, having an urgent Occasion to perform a Journey somewhat earlier than usual, and equipping myself in order thereto, a Person (seeing a Light) gave two or three gentle Strokes on the Window, and diligently required the Way to *Bridgewater* and *Exeter*. Hereupon, I told him he was something out of the Road, but that if he would tarry, I would accompany him immediately, and conduct him in his right Way. Mean while, procuring my Things in order, I was cautioned by my Wife, to desist on my Journey, till I had dispatched this unknown: However, as yet, having but little Suspicion of him, I took Horse, intending to guide him to his desired Road. We had scarce left the Town before I suspected him; for discovering (per *Lunæ* Claritudinem) his mean Habit, and the

inquisitive from whence he came, and what important Affairs had induced him to Travel at such unreasonable Hours, &c. To which he replied, That he lived in Service with a Gentleman in *Bristol*, and that his Master had sent him with a Letter to *Exeter* upon some urgent Occasion, but what, he knew not. I then began to extol his Horse, and asked him what I should give him in Exchange for mine; to which seeming very inclinable, he answered, three Guineas. Then I had a strong Suspicion of his Guilt, seeing he was so easily prevailed on to exchange his pretended Master's Horse on such a speedy Journey. In Time, we came to an Agreement for one Guinea: But the better to put my Design in Execution, I pleaded Poverty, and told him, that at the next Village I had a Friend who would supply my Wants. Accordingly, being come to the appointed Place (called *Cross*), I pitched upon one *John Clark* to be my Assistant in this Affair; who, looking out at his Chamber Window, I desired his Assistance in a needful Occasion; whereupon, he arose, and having private Conference with each other, I related to him the whole Matter, and that I came to him under a feigned Pretence to borrow Money. There chanced to be a Lawyer in the House, who consulted us what to do, which was very favourable to our Intentions. At length, after a due Consultation, we went to the Felon, who was Ignorant of our Intention or Suspicion, and, drawing near him, my Associate told me he would supply me with the Sum, provided I would give him a Treat, to requite him for breaking his Rest; whereto (as before agreed) I readily consented. The Criminal perceiving our Intentions, would have excused himself, saying, it would be a great Impediment to his Journey; but, at last, finding it in vain to resist, complied (tho' first compelled) to go. Accordingly, we returned to the *Golden Lyon Tavern* in the same Village, where, having drank somewhat freely, and the Reckoning being called, I insisted the Felon should discharge it, otherwise the Agreement should be void; but he would by no Means condescend thereto, till the Contract was concluded upon, and the Money paid; till finding it to no Purpose to withstand any longer, frankly confessed he had not a Farthing of Money in his Pocket. Hereat, I reproved him, asking him, if a Gentleman would send him on a Journey without Money in his Pockets to defray his Charges: I likewise ordered him to produce the Letter, or I should suspect he had stolen the Horse. But, notwithstanding all my Threats, he remained obstinate; saying, he had taken an inviolable Oath not to deliver or demonstrate the Letter to any one till he came to his journey's End; and even boldly upbraided and charged me with falsely accusing and assaulting him on his expeditious Journey. These haughty Words little availing, I immediately threatened to carry him before a Magistrate if he should persist any longer, who would commit him to Gaol, and he would be punished with the utmost Rigour of the Law; but if he would discover where he had stolen the Horse, that I might return it to the Owner, and make an ingenious Confession of the whole Fact, I made him a Promise (tho' intending to break it) immediately to dispatch him unpunished. Being somewhat dismayed at these Menaces, he was in the utmost Consternation and Confusion: At length, after a short Pause, he answered, trembling, and with a faint Utterance, that, upon the Condition proposed, he would reveal the whole Affair, and submit to my Mercy. He did so; and being requested how he had or intended to procure Sustenance for his Horse, seeing he was Moneyless; he replied, That he would do as he had done the Night before, trespassing on some Man's Ground or Hay-Rick by Night, and travel by Day, till he could meet with an Opportunity of quitting himself from the Horse by Sale. Having thus heard his Confession, I seized him as my Prisoner. By this Time the Constellations became Invisible; *Aurora* had vanquished the gloomy

gloomy Shades of the Night, and the splendid and fulgent Rays of Phœbus had now begun to display his transcendent Glory, by extinguishing the ghastly Visage of Luna, and spreading his illustrious and fiery Beams to illuminate and enlighten the western Regions of the terrestrial Orb; when a Person of Bristol fortunately riding by, and perceiving a Horse standing at the Door, immediately knew it; who, with orders, conveyed it to the Owner. The Prisoner was carried before a Justice, who committed him to Ilchester Goal. On his Examination, there was nothing found upon him, save a Common Prayer-Book, which, he said, was his best and only Companion: And this was his practical Method, by endeavouring to deceive Mankind, and cloak his Villany, by an outward and fictitious Zeal and Piety. He was tried at the Assizes following, at Wells, and received Sentence to die accordingly, but afterwards was reprieved for Transportation. But to return to our Subject.

After about two Months Imprisonment, Jonathan was conveyed from Ilchester to Taunton, in order to receive his Trial. He pleaded Guilty to the Indictment, and acknowledged all that was deposed against him in Court, and accordingly received Sentence of Death.

After he was sentenced to die, he was re-conveyed to Ilchester, where, (as 'tis reported) he continued to exclaim against the Judge for confining him, saying, he should be very backward with his Gardening, and other Husbandry Affairs; which he was supposed to have said to disguise his Barbarity, under the Colour of counterfeiting the Part of a Lunatick.

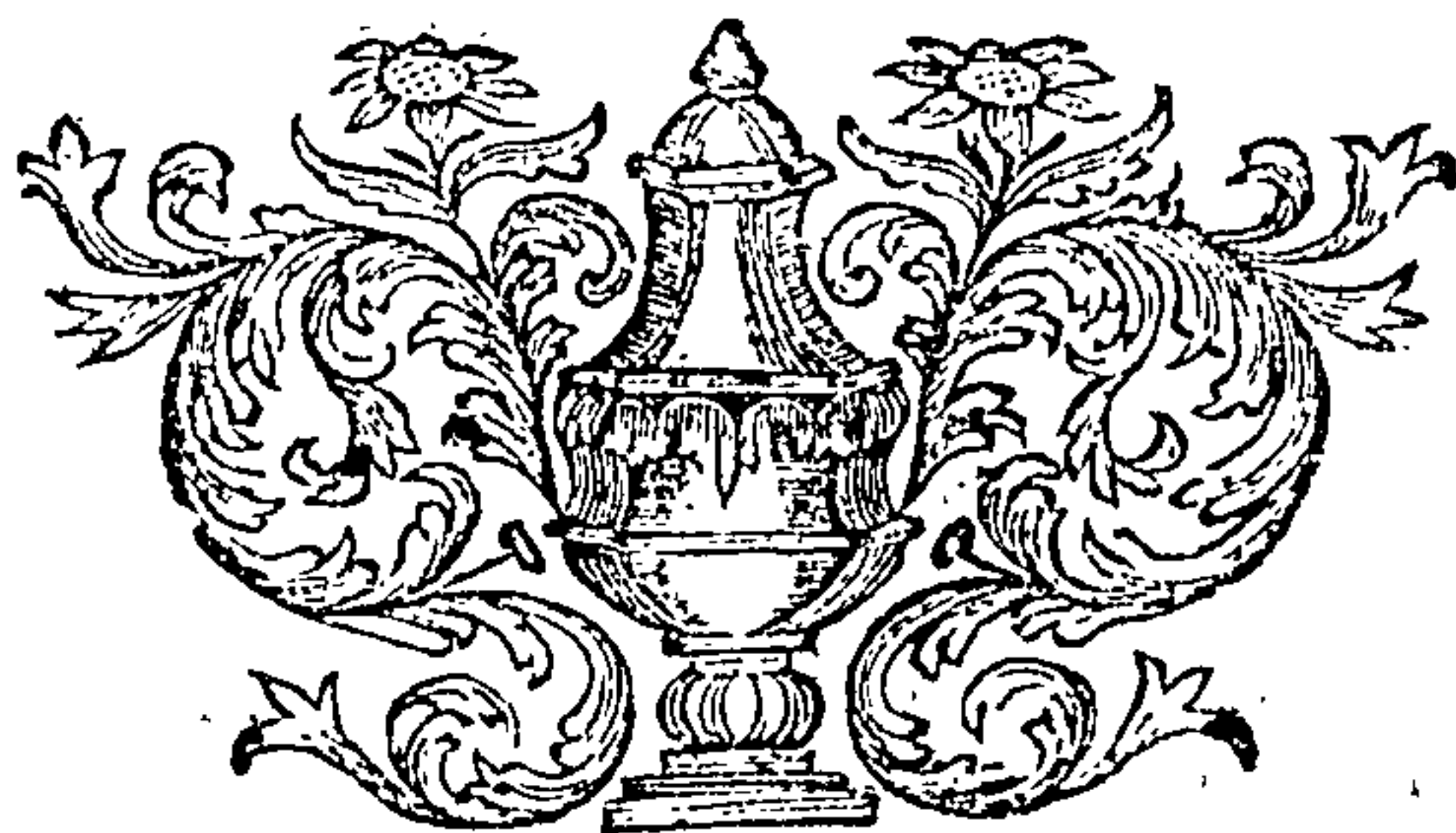
The Day of Execution being come, he was carried from Ilchester to Mark, to be executed where he committed the Murder. When he came to the Gibbet, he seemed to be greatly terrified at the Thoughts and Apprehensions of reproaching Death, and would feign have avoided his Fate, had it been in his Power; insomuch, that he could not be prevailed upon to ascend the Ladder, without being driven by Compulsion; for, after going up two or three Rounds, he descended again. Yet, in one Sense, he might properly be said to stand in no Fear of the Apprehensions of Death, or at least the Consequence of it: For, having ascended the Ladder, he shewed no Penitence for his former Sins, but on the Contrary; rather exaggerated his Faults, by denying all that he had before ingeniously confessed; saying, *I am so free from the Murder as a Child unborn*; and persisted in the same to the last Breath. When he was adorned with the hempen Collar, and

finding he should die, he spoke these Words, *I never hearken to the Devil any more, he always told me I should never be hanged, but he told me a Lie.* By these Words it demonstratively appears, that he had no Thoughts of a Future State, if he could escape Punishment in this Life; and that he repented not of the barbarous Act which he had committed, if he could have avoided the Rigour of the Law. And this is the Failing of too many Persons prone to Vice; who, to revenge their Malice, would often freely take away the Lives of innocent Persons, so that they could escape the just Law that would ensue and inflict upon them. He was executed the 14th Day of April 1732, being in the 34th Year of his Age, on a very high Gibbet, erected in a large Common, adjoining to the said Parish called Markmoor, and afterwards taken down and hanged in Chains in the same Place.

The Day whereon he was executed, he made a hearty Dinner, and after he was cut down from the Gibbet, his Pockets were searched as usual, where, to the great Astonishment of the Beholders, was found a penny Loaf, and a piece of Cheese, (instead of a Confession) whereby it was supposed, that he entertained Hopes of escaping Death, either by a Stratagem or Reprieve: But be that as it will, he died Fool-hardy and Impenitent, more becoming a Brute than a Christian.

WHEREAS several scandalous and ridiculous Things have been industriously reported of *John Roddy, Jonathan Hawkins, and Mrs. Channel* before inserted, and several opprobrious Reflections imputed to them, which I had not sufficient Grounds to insert; And, whereas, the Narrations of these Persons, have been variously related, I have thought fit to communicate 'em in as succinct and sincere a Manner as I am capable of; observing that no Transactions are attributed to either of them, whether plausible or reprobable, but what they were really guilty of; giving them a just Character according to their Merits. If the judicious Reader (whose Knowledge the before-mention'd Facts have not escaped) perchance shall find any Thing omitted herein, which ought to have been ascribed to them, and which have slipped my Memory, I hope they will excuse it: This I can boldly affirm, that what I have Wrote, is with Truth and Impartiality, according to my Judgment and Knowledge.

WILLIAM SIMES.



The

The LIFE of DICK BAUF.

THIS insolent Offender was born in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, but whereabouts we could not learn, nor indeed can we find that he knew himself; for his Parents being Strollers, he was carried at their Backs through a great many Countries before he came to Understanding; so that when he enquired about these Matters, they could not recollect in what Climate he had first seen the Light; only they remember'd that the Chamber of his Nativity was a Gravel Pit; that the Bed on which his Mother was delivered, was a few Rushes on the Ground, while the Heavens were her only Canopy; and what the Earth round about her produced, all the Provisions and Ornaments for her Lying-in.

At twelve Years of Age he had the wide World to shift for himself in, his Parents being then forced to swing for their Lives on a piece of cross Timber, where they had the Misfortune to have their Breath stopp'd. Their Crime was only breaking open and rifling a House, and murdering most of the Family. *Dick* was present at the Action, and contributed towards it as much as he was able, but found Mercy at the Assizes on Account of his Youth. Some say that he was pardoned only on the hard Condition of being Executioner to his own Parents, and that he was at first very unwilling to take away the Lives of those that gave him his, but consented, at last, when he found that there was no Excuse, that such a worthy Family might not be entirely cut off by one single Act of Justice. 'Tis added, that on the same Consideration, his Father and Mother perswaded him to the Action, and gave him their Blessing at the Hour of their Departure, assuring him that they had much rather die by his Hands, than by the Hands of a Stranger; since they were sure of his Prayers in their last Moments. These Words afforded great Consolation to young *Richard*, and enabled him to get thro' the Work with a Christian Fortitude.

Being now left an Orphan, young, helpless, and alone, he determined to look out for some Gentleman, whom he might serve in the Quality of a Skip-Kennel, or some Handy-craftsman, of whom he might learn a Trade, for his Support in an honest Way. But all his Enquiry was in vain; for the lamentable Exit of his Parents, and the Occasion of it being fresh in every one's Memory, their Infamy rested on him, and there was no Man to be found who would receive him into his House. His own Barbarity, also, in taking away the Lives of his Father and Mother, contributed not a little to his Disgrace. So that, in short, he could not so much as get to be Boy in any Stable, under the Hostler. What a terrible Mortification must this be to a Lad who had resolved to turn over a new Leaf, and not tread in the Steps of his Forefathers! But there was no helping it, so must either turn Rogue for a Living, or inevitably starve.

Being as yet unfit to engage in any great and hazardous Enterprize, he took up the decent Occupation of a Pick-Pocket, at which he soon became very dextrous, haunting daily all the Fairs, Markets, and even Churches, round the Country, and in this Manner 'picking up a very good Living; till being often detected, and obliged to go thro' the Discipline of the Horse-Pond, he was obliged to think of some other Order of Sharpers, in which to get himself entered, being now also grown pretty stout.

There is in *Ireland*, a Sort of Men, whom we may properly enough call *Satyr*s, from their living in Woods, and desert Places; among these *Dick Bau*f was next enroll'd. These People never came to any Towns, but continue in their private Holds, stealing Horses, Kine, Sheep, and all sorts of Cattle that came in their Way, on which they subsist: As for Money, they seldom meet with any, nor, indeed, do they need it, since they have no Consolation, but among themselves. But *Dick* had been used to a more publick Course of Life, and therefore this could not please him long; so that he soon became a *G-gare,k* whose Office it is to haunt Churches, Feasts, and publick Assemblies, on purpose to cut off any Part of the wearing Apparel of the Gentry, which they are always sure to sell for ready Money, keeping Correspondents for that Purpose. *Bauf* had not followed this very long, before he was detected, and severely whipp'd at the Carr's Arse, thro' the Streets of *Dublin*.

But all these inferior Orders soon became tiresome to our Adventurer the more, on Account of the bad Success he met with whilst he was in them. The next, then, therefore, was to get acquainted with a Gang of *Grumeis*, who take their Name from the Similitude of their Practice to that of the young Boys who climb up to the Tops of the Masts at Sea, with great Activity, and are call'd Cats, or *Grumeis*, by the Sailors. The Thieves that bear this Name, are House-breakers, who make use of a Ladder of Ropes, with Hooks in one End of it, by which they easily ascend to the Chamber Windows, having fastened their Ladders with a long Pole. These Robbers were very common in *Dick Bau*f's Time, and did a World of Mischief, both in Town and Country, doing all with so much Expedition, that they more frequently escap'd than other House-breakers, yet commonly with as large Booties of Gold, Silver, Linnen, and every Thing that came to Hand, as any Body at all. When they had done their Work, their Method was to pull a String, which was fastened to the End of the Hooks, and so raise them, upon which the Ladder fell without leaving any Marks behind it.

Dick having been one Time upon such an Exploit as this, when he had thrown out to his Comrades all the Money and Plate he could find, they treacherously pulled the Line before-mention'd, took down the Ladder, and made off, leaving him to shift for himself, in Revenge for an Affront which he had lately put upon some of the Company. Now was poor Teague almost out of his Wits to think how he should make his Escape; but Necessity is the Mother of Invention. It was not long before he found an old Bed Cord, which he ty'd to the Window, and so let himself down, cursing and swearing as he went away, at the Villainy of his Companions, and protesting that it was not safe for a Man of Honour to keep them Company.

He had not got above a Mile or two from the Place where the Robbery was committed, before he heard his Gang under a Hedge, loading one another with Oaths and Deprecations about dividing the Spoil. It immediately came into his Head to be now even with them for the Abuse; and he was not at a Loss how to go about it. O Lord, Gentlemen, says he, make the best of your Way, for I am perfectly lost.

half a Dozen Men, several of whom are just at my Heels. We shall all be taken in two Moments, if we stay. Confusion, and a Consciousness of their Guilt, would not let them stay to examine the Artifice; so that they all ran as fast as they were able, leaving the Devil to take the hindmost, and Dick Bauf to pick up a great Part of what they had stolen; with which he made off, mightily pleas'd.

Next he got into a Crew of Wool-Drawers, whose Trade is to snatch away Cloaks, Hats, or Perukes, from Towners; a very sly Sort of Theft, practis'd only in the Night, the greatest Part of their Cunning lying in the Choice of a proper Opportunity. They go always in Companies, three or four together, about Nine or Ten at Night, most commonly on dark rainy Evenings, which are generally the most favourable to their Practice. The Places they chuse, are dark Alleys, and Passages where a great many People come along, and there is a Facility of escaping by a great many Ways; which they do to prevent their being surpriz'd by the Neighbours, if those that are robb'd should cry out, as they frequently do. These same Thieves, too, are accusom'd to go sometimes in Lacquey's Habits, and, in this Manner, to get Admittance into Masques, Balls, or Feasts, with Pretence to look for their Masters. Being enter'd, they find Means to lay hold of a Cloak or two, or any Thing that lies in their Way; which they boldly carry out, saluting every Body they meet with Cap in Hand, by this Means frequently getting off undisturb'd; the Door-keepers seldom suspecting but they are really what they pretend.

But Dick Bauf was at last taken in one of these Pranks, also, and burnt in the Hand for it at Galway; upon which, he grew weary of the Lay. He was, moreover, now a Man full grown, very lusty, and able bodied; which determin'd him to take to the Highway. He was not long making Provision for this new Course; and being, in every Particular, well accouter'd for it, he proceeded in a most intrepid and insolent Manner that ever Fellow did. All the four Provinces of Ireland were scarce large enough for him to range in, and hardly afforded him Occasions enough for him to make Proof of his Courage so much as he desir'd. Night and Day he pursu'd his Villainies, and practis'd them on all Ranks and Degrees; Rich and Poor, Old and Young, Man, Woman, and Child, were all the same to him: For he was as impartial as Death, and altogether as inexorable; being never soften'd to Pity.

One Day, meeting with the Earl of Dannegal, in the Road between Ballisbannon and Sney, he very boldly order'd the Coachman to stop; then riding up to his Lordship, he told him, *That he humbly craved his Pardon for making so free with a Peer of the Kingdom, as to molest him on the Road; but that he had a small Petition to present, and he was certain his Lordship had more Goodness than to turn away his Ears from the Cries of the Poor and Needy.* Well, says the Earl, and what is your Request? Only, quoth Dick, that you would give me all the Money that you have about you at present; which, I think, is a very reasonable Demand, considering your Lordship's Wealth, and that I never troubled you before. How, says the Peer, what are you a Highwayman, then? Better words, my Lord, reply'd Bauf, I am only a Gentleman Freebooter, who live in the Manner of our Forefathers, before there was any such Thing as Property in the World. Pray what is your Lordship better than me, or any other Man, that such an Estate, or such a Sum of Money must be yours, and it must be Death, forsooth, for another to meddle with it? Are we not all the Sons of Adam? Did not the Almighty make us all equal in the Beginning? Certainly he did. Therefore, dear Brother, out of your abundance be pleas'd to supply my Necessity, or I shall serve you as Cain did Abel; play the Favourite upon you. His Lordship perceiv'd that at this Time

he was got on the wrong Side of the Question, there being a Pistol cock'd on the other, which is a more powerful Argument than any Syllogism in the Schools. This made him willing to own the Fraternity, and, without more a-do, to comply with the Request of his necessitous Brother, by giving him an hundred and fifty Guineas. *This is like a Brother, now, says Bauf, and I shall always look upon you to be one of the best of our whole Family.* So he rode off, very well pleas'd with his Booty.

He was now so notoriously remarkable for the daily Robberies that he committed on the Mount of Barnsmoor, that no Person of Quality would venture to travel that Way without a very large Retinue. In a Word, he kept his Residence in this Place, till, by an Order of the Government, there was a Guard-house built on the Middle of it; and the Regiments lying at Colerain, Londonderry, Belfast, and other Garrisons in the North of Ireland, were oblig'd to detach thirty or forty Men thither, under a Serjeant and a Corporal, and to relieve them monthly, on purpose to secure the Passengers, who travelled that Way, from being interrupted by this audacious Robber.

These Measures oblig'd him to shift his Quarters, and reside about Lorrain. Here it was that he one Day met General Ingolishy on the Road, with only a Groom and a Footman, who rode on Horseback behind him. Any one will think it was a pretty bold Attempt to set even upon these; but this was nothing to him: He bid the old Soldier stand and deliver, with as bold a Voice as ever he had given the Word of Command to his Men. His Honour, however, thinking it would not be suitable to his Coat for him to surrender at once, when the Enemy was so much inferior to him in Strength, refus'd to obey, and a warm Engagement ensu'd, in which Dick got the better. For having several Pistols left after he had shot the General's own Horse, and kill'd his Groom, there was no Room for any farther Opposition. What he took from this brave Commander, was about eighty Guineas in Money, a Gold Watch, and a Diamond Ring; yet he did not get off, according to the Proverb, entirely shot free: For the Footman discharg'd a Pistol through one of his Legs; but, in all Probability, he had died for it, if his Horse had not been very good.

In the End, such grievous Complaints of his frequent Outrages were made to the Government by so many People, that a Proclamation was issu'd out for the apprehending him, with the Promise of five hundred Pounds Reward to him that could do the State this signal Piece of Service: For, in short, he began to be look'd upon as a dangerous Person to the whole Kingdom. This great Sum caus'd abundance of People to look out after him, and, among others, were several who had often had a Fellow-feeling with him, by being employ'd to dispose of what he stole. Bauf was so enrag'd when he heard of this, that he vow'd Revenge; which he thus executed.

Some of these Persons daily travell'd a bye Road about Business: As he knew their Time of passing, he one Day way-laid them, and stopp'd them singly, as they came, tying them Neck and Heels, and putting them into an old Barn by the Road-side. When he had by this Means got nine or ten together, he set the Barn on Fire, and left them to be consum'd with it; which they all were, without Remedy.

This inhuman Action was soon discover'd by the Persons being miss'd, and the Bones that were found in the Rubbish; whereupon, finding the Country too hot to hold him, he fled in Disguise to Donaghadee, took Shipping, and escap'd to Port-Patrick in Scotland; from whence he design'd to have gone to France. But lighting into a Publick House, where there was a handsome Landlady, he got familiar with her, which occasion'd him to stay longer than he intended, and, indeed, too long for him: For the Husband, at last, observing the Freedom that

that our Rover took with his Wife, he caus'd him to be apprehended in a fit of Jealousy, having before a Suspicion who he was.

When he was carried before a Magistrate, all Circumstances appear'd against him: So that he was sent back under a strong Guard to *Ireland*, where he was soon known. Being committed to

Newgate in *Dublin*, and shortly afterwards condemn'd; 'tis said, he offered five Thousand Pounds for a Pardon, being worth twice the Sum. But all proving ineffectual, he was executed at *Dublin* on *Friday* the 15th of *May*, 1722, Aged 29 Years. His Body was afterwards hang'd in Chains, on *Bany-moor-Mount*, in the Province of *Ulster*.

The LIFE of Capt. U R A T Z, Highwayman, and Murderer of THOMAS THYNN, Esq; in the Pall-Mall.

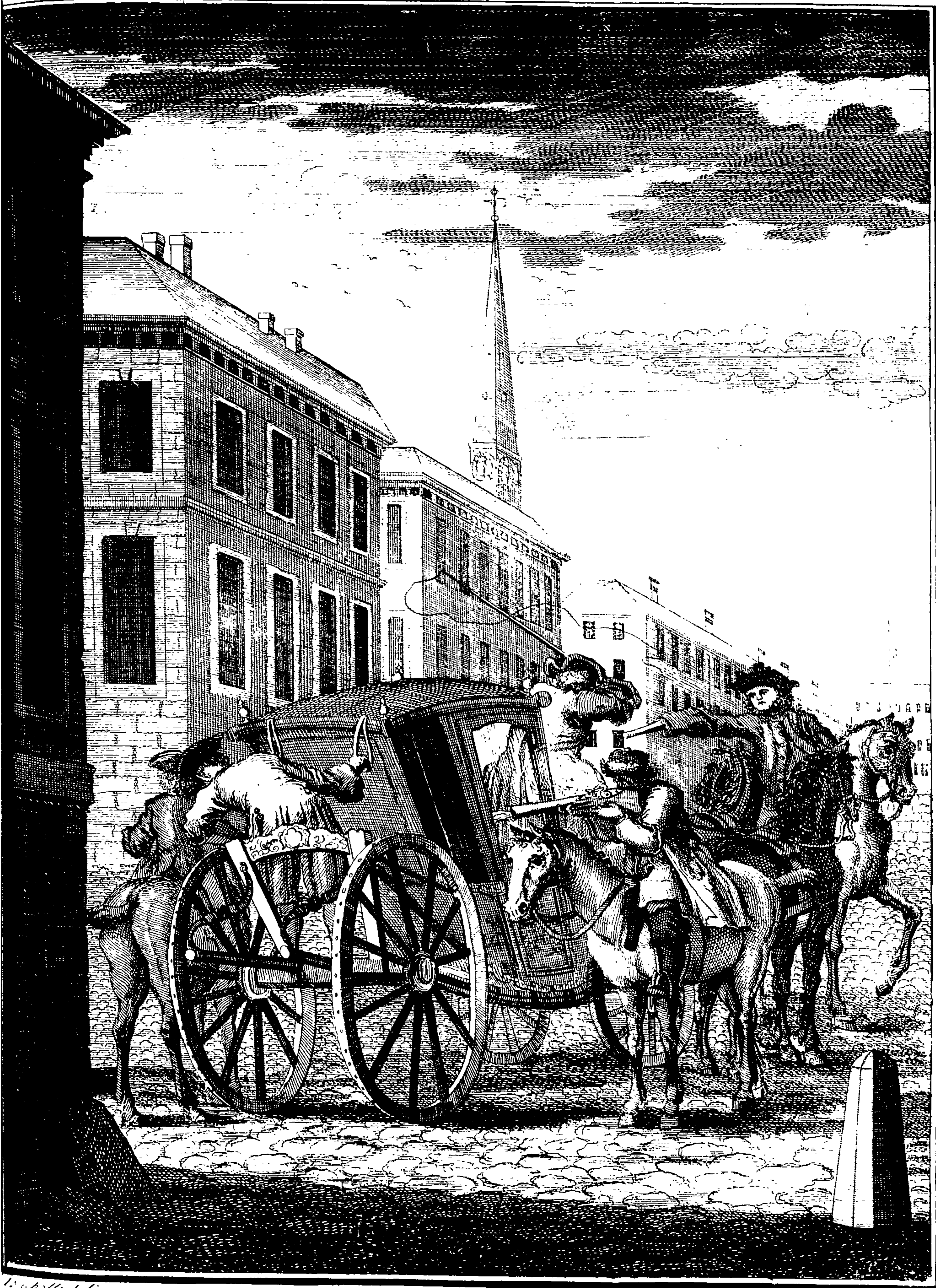
Chrisropher Uratz, the youngest Son of a very good Gentleman, and born in *Pomerania*, a Country adjoyning to *Poland*, having but a very small Patrimony left him, he was incited, thro' the Splenderness of his Fortune, to betake himself to the Highway; and being a Man of a great Courage, and undaunted Spirit, he ventured on such Attempts by himself, which would not be undertook by half a dozen Men; for once *John Sobieski*, King of *Poland*, who, with the Duke of *Lorraine*, rais'd the Siege of *Vienna*, going disguised out of the *Christian* Camp, in Company only with three Officers, to observe the Motion of the *Turks*, he intercepted his coming back, and robbed him and his Attendants of as many Diamonds, which he sold to a Jew at *Vienna*, for above 8000 Ducatoons, besides taking from them a considerable Quantity of Gold. He had also committed some Robberies in *Hungary*; but having somewhat of a more generous Soul, than always to get his Bread by that diminutive Way of living, he was contrary to all others of that Profession, not extravagant whilst he maintained himself by those fearful Words, *Stand and Deliver*; therefore having saved a good Purse by him, he bought a Captain's Commission in a Regiment in the Emperor of *Germany's* Service.

Whilst he was in this Post, he became acquainted with Count *Coningmark*, and came over with him into *England*; where the said Count being baulked in his Amours with a certain Lady by *Thomas Thynn*, Esq; his ill Success therein he so highly resented, that nothing could pacify his Resentment, but the Death of his Rival. Captain *Uratz* being made privy to his Disgust, he procured two other Assassins, namely, *John Stern*, a Lieutenant, and *George Borosky* alias *Boratzi*, who, about a quarter after Eight a Night, on *Sunday* the 14th of *February*, 1681, meeting Esquire *Thynn* riding in his Coach up to *St. James's-Street*, from the Countess of *Northumberland's* *Boroski*, a *Polander*, shot him with a Blunderbuss, which mortify'd him after such a barbarous Manner, that Mr. *Hobbs*, an eminent Chyrurgeon, found in his Body four Bullets, which had torn his Guts, wounded his Liver, and Stomach, and Gall, broke one of his Ribs, and wounded the great Bone below, of which Wounds he dyed.

These Murderers being taken the next Day, and carry'd before Justice *Bridgman*, he committed them to *Newgate*; from whence being brought to the *Old Bailey* on *Tuesday* the 28th of *February* following, they were try'd before the Lord Chief Justice *Pemberton*; and being cast for their Lives; the Recorder pass'd Sentence of Death on them.

Whilst Captain *Uratz* was under Condemnation, Dr. *Anthony Horneck*; and Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, the

late Bishop of *Salisbury*, went to visit him; the first of which Divines thus writes: "That putting the Criminal in Mind of the All-seeing Eye above, who knew his Crimes, tho' he did conceal them from Man, he was pleas'd to tell me, That he had far other Apprehensions of God, than I had; and was confident God would consider a Gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the Condition and Profession he had plac'd him in; and would not take it ill, if a Soldier, who liv'd by his Sword, reveng'd the Affronts offer'd to him by another." I reply'd, That there was but one Way to eternal Happiness; and that God, in his Laws has made no Exception for any Sorts or Degrees of Men; and consequently Revenge in a Gentleman, was a Sin God would not pardon without true Repentance, any more than he would forgive it in a Peasant. He asking me hereupon, What Repentance was? I told him, it was so to hate the Sin we had done, that for the future no Argument should prevail with us to commit it again. To which he said, That if he were to live, he should not forbear to give any one as good as he brings; with some other Expressions, which I am loth to repeat; for they made me so melancholick, that I was forced to leave him. Yet I bid him consider what he had said, as he lov'd his own Soul. The last Time I visited him, was on the 8th of *March*, whom, when I had saluted, I told him I hop'd he had taken his dangerous Condition into Consideration, and wrought himself into a greater Sense of his Sins, than I could observe in him when I was last with him. He said, he knew not what I meant by this Address. I then explained my self, gave him to understand, that I spake it with Relation to the late great Sin he had been engag'd in; and that I hop'd his approaching Death had made him more penitent, than I had found him t'other Day. To which he reply'd, That he was sensible he was a great Sinner, and had committed divers Enormities in his Life-time, of which he truly repented, and was confident that God had pardon'd him; but he could not well understand the Humour of our *English* Divines, who press'd him to make particular Declarations of Things they had a Mind he should say, tho' never so false, or contrary to Truth; and at this, he said, he wondered the more, because in our Church we were not for auricular Confession. I let him run on; and then I told him, that he was much mistaken in the Divines of the Church of *England*, who neither us'd to reveal private Confession, nor oblige Offenders in such Cases, to confess Things contrary to Truth; that this was both against their Practice and their Principles: The Confession, I said, he was so often exhorted to, was no private, but a publick Confession; for as his Crime had been publick



W. H. Wells delin.

The Murder of THOMAS THYNN Esq^r in Pall-Mall

publick Confession ; for as his Crime had been publick, so his Repentance and Confession ought to be publick too ; and farthermore, I told him, that *Christ's* Blood was actually applied to none but the true Penitent, and that true Repentance must discover it self in Meekness, Humility, Tender-heartedness, Compassion, Righteousness, making ingenious Confessions, and, so far as we are able, Satisfaction too ; else, notwithstanding the Treasure of *Christ's* Blood, Men might drop into Hell. Upon this, he replied, that he fear'd no Hell. I answer'd, possibly he might believe none ; or, if he did, it might be a very easy one of his own making. He said he was not such a Fool as to believe that Souls could fry in material Fire, or be roasted as Meat on a great Hearth, or in a Kitchen, pointing to the Chimney. His Belief was, that the Punishment of the Damn'd consisted in a Deprivation of the gracious and beatifick Presence of God ; upon which Deprivation, there arose a Terror and Anguish in their Souls, because they had mis'd of so great a Happiness. He added, that possibly I might think him an *Atheist* ; but he was so far from those Thoughts, that he could scarce believe there was any Man so sottish in the World, as not to believe the Being of a God, gracious, and just, and generous to his Creatures ; nor could any Man, that was not either mad or drunk, believe Things came fortuitously, or that this World was govern'd by Chance. I said that this Truth I approv'd of, and was glad to see him so well settled in the Reasonableness of that Principle ; and as for material Fire in the other World, I would not quarrel with him for denying it, but rather hold with him, that the Fire and Brimstone spoken of in Scripture, were but Emblems of those inward Terrors which would gnaw and tear the Consciences of impenitent Sinners ; but still this was a greater Punishment than material Fire : And this Punishment he had Reason to fear, if he could not make it out to me, or other Men, that his Repentance was sincere. I was at first in some Doubt whether I would publish the Captain's Answers to my Queries and Expostulation, because some of them favour of Prophecy, yet, considering that the *Living-Lift* hath thought fit to acquaint the World with the ill Language of the one, as well as with the penitent Expressions of the other Malefactor, I was willing to follow that great Example, hoping that those loose Discourses of the Man may serve as Sea-marks to warn Passengers from running upon those Sands. That which I chiefly observ'd in him, was, that Honour and Bravery was the Idol he ador'd, a Piece of preposterous Devotion, which he maintain'd to the last, as if he thought it would merit Praise, not to devide from what he had once said, though it was with the Loss of God's Favour, and the Shipwreck of a good Conscience. He consider'd God as some generous, yet partial Prince, who would regard Men's Blood, Descent, and Quality, more than their Errors, and give vast Grains of Allowance to their Breeding and Education ; and possibly the stout Behaviour of some of the ancient *Roman* Bravo's, (for he had read History) might roll in his Mind, and tempt him to write Copies after those Originals ; or, to think that it was great to do ill, and to defend it to the last. Whether after my last Conference with him he relented, I know not : Those that saw him go to his Execution, observ'd that he look'd undaunted, and with a Countenance so steady, that it seem'd to speak his Scorn, not only of all the Spectators that look'd upon him, but of Death it self. But I judge not of the Thoughts of dying Men, those the Searcher of all Hearts knows best, to whom Men stand or fall.

Dr. *Gilbert Burnet* writes thus of Captain *Uratz* : It is certain, that never Man died with more Resolution, and less Signs of Fear, or the least Disorder. His Carriage in the Cart, both as he was led along, and at the Place of Execution, was astonishing ; he was not only undaunted, but look'd cheerful, and

smil'd often. When the Rope was put about his Neck, he did not change Colour, nor tremble ; his Legs were firm under him. He look'd often about on those that stood in Balconies and Windows, and seem'd to fix his Eyes on some Persons. Three or four Times he smil'd. He would not cover his Face as the rest did, but continu'd in that State, often looking up to Heaven, with a Chearfulness in his Countenance, and a little Motion of his Hands. I saw him several Times in the Prison ; he still stood to the Confession he made to the Council, till the last Day of his Life. He often said to me, he would never say any Thing but what he had said at first. When I was with him on *Sunday* before his Death, he still denied all that the Lieutenant and *Colonel* had said, and spake severely of them, chiefly of the Lieutenant, as if he had confess'd those Things, which he then call'd Lies, in Hopes of saving his own Life by it, or in Spite to him, that he might not be pardon'd ; and all I could say, could not change his Mind in that. I told him, it was in vain for him to dream of a Pardon ; for I assur'd him, if any kept him up with the Hopes of it, they deceiv'd him. He had two Opinions that were, as I thought, hurtful to him ; the one was, That it was enough if he confess'd his Sin to God, and that he was not bound to make any other Confession ; and he thought that it was a Piece of Popery to press him to confess. He had another odd Opinion, also, of the next State : He thought the Damn'd were only excluded from the Presence of God, and endur'd no other Misery but that of seeing others happier than themselves ; and was unwilling to let me enter into much Discourse with him for undeceiving him. He said it was his own Affair, and he desir'd to be left to himself. But he spake with great Assurance of God's Mercy to him. I left him, when I saw that nothing I could say had any good Effect on him, and resolv'd to have gone no more to him ; but when I understood by a *German* Minister that attended him, and by the Message which I heard deliver'd in his Name to the Lieutenant and the *Executioner*, the Night before his Execution, that he was in another Temper than when I saw him last, I went to him. He receiv'd me more kindly than formerly ; most of his Discourse was concerning his going to the Place of Execution, desiring it might be in a Coach, and not in a Cart ; and when I pray'd him to think of that which concern'd him more, he spake with great Assurance, that it was already done ; that he knew God had forgiven him : And when I wish'd him to see that he might not deceive himself, and that his Hope might not be ill grounded, he said it was not Hope, but Certainty ; for he was sure God was reconcil'd to him, through *Christ*. When I spake to him of confessing his Sin, he said he had written it, and it would be publish'd to all *Europe* ; but he did not say a Word concerning it to me : So I left him, and saw him no more till I met him at the Place of Execution. When he saw me, he smil'd on me ; and whereas I had sometimes warn'd him of the Danger of affecting to be a *Counterfeit Bravo*, (*Faux brave*) he said to me, before I spake to him, *That I should see it was not a false Bravery, but that he was fearless to the last.* I wish'd him to consider well upon what he grounded his Confidence : He said he was sure he was now to be receiv'd into Heaven ; and that his Sins were forgiven him. I ask'd him if he had any Thing to say to the People. He said No. After he had whisper'd a short Word to a Gentleman, he was willing the Rope should be ty'd to the Gibbet. He call'd for the *German* Minister ; but the Crowd was such, that it was not possible for him to come near. So he desir'd me to pray with him in *French* ; but I told him I could not venture to pray in that Language ; but, since he understood *English*, I would pray in *English*. I observ'd he had some Touches in his Mind, when I offer'd up that Petition, that for the Sake of the Blood of *Christ*, the innocent Blood shed in that Place might be forgiven ; and that the Cry of

the one for Mercy, might prevail over the Cry of the other for Justice. At these Words, he look'd up to Heaven with the greatest Sense that I had at any Time observ'd in him. After I pray'd, he said nothing, but that he was now going to be happy with God; so I left him. He continu'd in his undaunted Manner, looking up often to Heaven, and sometimes round about him, to the Spectators. After he and his two Fellow-Sufferers had stood about a quarter of an Hour under the Gibbet, they were ask'd when they would give the Signal for their being turn'd off. He answer'd, that they were ready, and that the Cart

might be driven away when it pleas'd the Sheriff to order it. So, a little While after, it was driven away. And thus they all ended their Lives.

As for Lieutenant *Stern*, the illegitimate Son of a Baron of *Sweden*, afterwards made a Count, and *Borosky* the *Polander*, they were very penitent from first to last, being with Captain *Uratz*, aged 38, executed in the *Pall-Mall* on *Friday* the 12th of *March* 1681-2; but *Borosky* was afterwards hung up in Chains, a little beyond *Mile-End*, by the Command of King *Charles* the Second.

The LIFE of JACOB SAUNDERS.

WE anticipate the Time in this, as in some of the former Lives, to oblige the Gentleman who sent it; he having assur'd us that he knew the Person, and was present at his Execution.

THIS inhuman Wretch was born at *Reading* in *Berks*. His Father was a Wool-comber, and had the Character of an honest Man, but was blam'd for not restraining him enough in his Youth; for he discover'd his evil Inclinations as soon as he was capable of Action, by pilfering and cheating his Companions on every Occasion. We may observe, by the way, that this Fault, so common to Parents, is the most hurtful one to Society in general, as well as to their Children in particular, that they can be guilty of. 'Tis a very great pity that People will not consider the Consequences of such an ill-plac'd Indulgence, when they have so many Instances before their Eyes of the bad Effects that almost always follow wherever 'tis admitted.

Jacob was brought up to his Father's Trade; but Work was not at all agreeable to him: He chose much rather to be in the Street, or at the Head of any Party in robbing Orchards, Hen-Roofs, &c. Crimes which are commonly the Fore-runners of greater Villainies. By these Methods, our young Wool-comber came to be look'd upon as a Vagabond, while he was yet a Boy, and under the Tuition of his Father. About the Time that he became fit to shift for himself, an Uncle of his, who was Master of a Vessel, took him with him to Sea, in Hopes of reclaiming him from the wicked Courses to which he seem'd too much inclin'd; but, as soon as the first Voyage was over, he return'd to *Reading*, and took to his old Way of Life; nor could his Uncle prevail on him to venture on the Sea any more, though he had all along us'd him in the kindest Manner imaginable.

When he came to be about Twenty Years of Age, nothing would serve his Turn but Matrimony: So he look'd out for one who might be suitable. At last, he got acquainted with one *Elizabeth Grey*, with whom he soon struck up a Match. The Woman had no bad Character before, but had been employ'd in Chair Work by a great many People in the Town: Nor was she ever charg'd with any Thing after this, but only the concealing of his Crimes too long; which might admit of some Excuse, considering that she was his Wife. It being more than probable that she was never concern'd with him in any Fact, we ought in Justice to believe she was never

convinc'd he deserv'd the Character given him, before they were married.

His Reputation daily grew worse and worse a long Time before the unhappy Accident that brought him to his End. I call it unhappy, on the poor Gentleman's Account whom he barbarously murder'd, and whose universal good Character made him lamented by every Body that had the Pleasure of knowing him. But I anticipate my self in the Story. *Jacob* had a Brother-in-Law, who was afterwards transported for Felony, in Conjunction with whom, it was thought he had a pretty while carried on the Trade of Thieving, for a Living; though neither of them had the Bravery to commit any Robbery that was taken much Notice of: By which Manner of Proceeding they secur'd their Persons for some Years.

There was one Mr. *Blagrove*, a Farmer, who lived in *Oxfordshire*, about two Miles from *Reading*, (the River *Thames*, which divides *Barkshire* and *Oxfordshire*, running just by the said Town) a Man of plentiful Fortune, and a generous Soul, belov'd by all, both on Account of his Justice and his open free Deportment on every Occasion. It was this Gentleman's Misfortune, one *Saturday*, which is the Market Day, to bring a large Quantity of Corn to *Reading*, and sell it together, receiving about sixty Pounds in Payment. *Saunders*, by some Means or other, got Intelligence of this Affair; and, knowing that Mr. *Blagrove* commonly stay'd pretty late in Town to drink with his Friends, the Devil put it into his Head to dog him the remaining Part of the Day. Mr. *Blagrove*, in the Evening, went to the Sign of the *Catharine-Wheel*, as usual, and stay'd there till he was a little in Liquor, though not so much but he remember'd his Charge of Money, and gave it to the Landlady. *Jacob* knew nothing of this last Particular, though he was now in the House; so that when he observ'd Mr. *Blagrove*'s Condition, he resolv'd to follow him over the Fields, and take an Opportunity to murder him, for the Sake of his Money.

Mr. *Blagrove* saw the Villain come in, and sit down in the publick House; upon which, he ask'd him, with his usual good Nature, how he did; ordering the People of the House, at the same Time, to bring him Liquor, and paying for what he drank. One would think this might have been sufficient to have diverted the bloody-minded Wretch from his Purpose, and have soften'd him to a Sense of Gratitude; but nothing could have any Effect upon one who was so harden'd in Wickedness.

About

About Eleven at Night Mr. *Blagrove* left the House, with an Intent to go Home, refusing to stay till next Morning, though very much intreated; trusting to his good Fortune and Strength, or rather, not apprehending any Danger, as he had often been as late in Town. He cross'd the Meadows to *Caversham*, which is about a Mile, and went through the Village very safely, without suspecting in the least that he was pursu'd; for had he been by any Means warn'd of the Design against his Life, he could easily have defended himself against two such Fellows as *Saunders*; being a tall, well built Man, just in his prime; whereas the other, tho' he was also young, was but small, besides his being naturally a Coward, as indeed almost all such barbarous Villains are.

Jacob kept all the Way within hearing of the unhappy Gentleman; when he came to *Caversham*, he took a large rugged Club out of a Baker's Wood-stack, having before no Weapon, wherewith to perpetrate the horrid Deed. As soon as they were got thro' the Village, the Villain mended his Pace, till he came up to Mr. *Blagrove's* Heels, whose security in himself still hindred him from taking any Notice of a Man behind him. At last, when they were within less than a Mile of Mr. *Blagrove's* Habitation, *Saunders* stept up just as he was crossing a Stile, struck him on the Head with his Faggot-Stick, and laid him flat on the Ground, still continuing to beat him in a most barbarous manner, till he thought him quite dead: Yet, even then, he was afraid to search his Pockets, till he had pulled off his own Garters, and bound him Hand and Foot: So unmanly and suspicious is the Nature of Cruelty! How was the Monster disappointed, when upon Examination, he found only a Shilling and some Half-pence, instead of sixty or seventy Pounds; yet there was no Remedy; all he could do, was to abuse the poor bruised, mangled, and, as he thought, dead Body a little more; which he did, by beating it again with his Club, and stamping upon it with his Feet. After he had done all this, he went home to Bed, not speaking a Word of the Affair to his Wife, who, nevertheless, observed him to be more uneasy than ordinary.

Mr. *Blagrove*, however, was not quite dead, tho' he lay without either Sense or Motion, till he was found in the Morning, by some who knew him, and carried him Home to his House, where Surgeons were sent for immediately. These gave their Opinion, that it was impossible for him to recover, tho' he might probably live some Days, as his Constitution was very strong. It happened, as they said, tho' all the Time he continued, he was never able to give any Account of his Misfortune, sufficient to fix the Murder upon any particular Person. Yet, as it had been observed, that *Jacob Saunders* was at the Ale-house, while Mr. *Blagrove* was there, and that he went out much about the same Time with him, these Circumstances, together with his bad Character, created a Suspicion of him. This grew so strong, that before Sunday in the Afternoon, some Persons in the Town, made it their Business to find him out, and observe his Motions; when they saw him, contrary to his Custom, go to Church, and look more Heavy and Dull than usual, tho' he had always a downward Countenance, almost sufficient to have inform'd People, what he was, and bid them beware of him.

While he was at Church, these Persons went to the Mayor, and told him their Suspicion, together with what they had observed and heard; desiring he might be apprehended and examin'd. The Mayor, accordingly, granted his Warrant, and the Officers were sent with it to the Church Door,

where they seized him as he came out, and committed him to the Compter: In the mean Time another Warrant was granted, to take up his Wife, in order to their being examined separately; and she was put into another Room of the same Prison, so as that they could not converse together.

The Mayor, and some of his Brethren, went that same Evening to the Compter. When *Jacob* was examin'd, he strongly denied the Fact; but seem'd very much confus'd. His Wife confess'd what Time he came Home, and the Disorder he was in, and when the Garters with which Mr. *Blagrove's* Hands had been bound, were shewn her, she own'd that she believed they were her Husband's Garters. They were both ordered to be kept for further Examination.

Before next Day, *Jacob* found Means to get out of the Prison, but went no further than his Father's, where he was found hid in an obscure Garret, to which he had convey'd himself without their Knowledge. Upon fresh Examination, he confess'd the Fact, and told where he had thrown the Club with which he perform'd it. They found the Stick at the Place he directed them to; whereupon, he was committed to the County Jail. Understanding her, that when two or three are concerned in any Felony, or Murder, he that impeaches the rest, saves his own Life; it came into his Head to fix this bloody Deed upon two other Men, whose Characters were not sufficient to secure them from being suspected. Accordingly he made Affidavit before a Justice, who came to see him, against these two Persons, who were thereupon seized, and sent immediately to Prison.

The Men, as Providence would have it, were both of them able to produce undeniable Evidence, where they were at the Time the Murder was committed, and now the Villain retracted all he had said concerning them, and own'd he had no-body concern'd with him; yet this was not sufficient to release the Men, who were formerly committed to the County Prison till the ensuing Assizes; so that they lay almost all a very cold Winter in Goal, for a Fact of which they were entirely Innocent, merely thro' the unparallel'd Wickedness of *Saunders* which prompt'd him to stick at nothing.

At Reading Assizes, the March following, these Men were set at Liberty, and *Jacob*, within two Days after, was carried to Oxford, under a strong Guard, the fatal Club being all the Way born before him. Here he at first confidently denied all he had before confess'd, but the Evidence was now too strong against him, so that he was sentenced to be hang'd in Chains, at the Spot where the shocking Deed was perpetrated: However, as this Place was near the Village of *Caversham*, the Inhabitants prevailed to have it done on a Heath about 4 Miles higher in *Oxfordshire*; call'd Gallows-Tree Common; from a Tree in it; one Arm of which grows into another Tree, and forms the Likeness of a Gallows.

Here a Gibbet was erected, on Monday about the Middle of March, 1723-4, the Wretch was brought to his Execution. As he was a very ignorant Fellow, his Behaviour was such as might be expected from him, he eat and drank very heartily at a House not far from the Gibbet, but when he saw the fatal Tree, he wept, and wrang his Hands like a Child. What he said was not worth taking Notice of, for he did not discover any true Sense of his Crime, and only seem'd sorry for the fatal Effect of it on himself. He was turn'd off without any Pity, and immediately after he was dead, hung up in Irons.

The LIFE of MOL CUTPURSE, a Pick-pocket, and Highway-woman.

MART Frith, otherwise call'd *Mol Cutpurse*, from her original Profession of cutting Purfes, was born in *Barbican* in *Aldersgate-street*, in the Year 1589. Her Father was a Shoe-maker; and though no remarkable Thing happened at her Nativity, such as the flattering Soothsayers pretend in Eclipses, and other the like Motions above, or Tides, and Whales, and great Fires, adjusted and rim'd to the Genitures of crown'd Heads, yet, for a She-Politician, she was not much inferior to Pope *Joan*; for in her Time, she was Superior in the Mystery of diving in Purfes and Pockets, and was very well read and skill'd too in the Affairs of the Placket among the great Ones.

Both the Parents (as having no other Child living) were very tender of this Daughter; but especially the Mother; according to the Tendernefs of that Sex, which is naturally more indulgent than the Male; most affectionate she was to her in her Infancy, most careful of her in her Youth, manifested especially in her Education, which was the more strictly and diligently attended, by Reason of her boisterous and masculine Spirit, which then shewed itself, and soon after became predominant, she was above all Breeding and Instruction. She was a very *Tomrig* or *Hoyden*, and delighted only in Boys-play and Pastime, not minding or companying with the Girls; many a Bang and Blow this Hoyting procured her, but she was not so to be tam'd, or taken off from her rude Inclinations; she could not endure that sedentary Life of sewing or stitching; a Sampler was as grievous to her as a Winding-sheet; and on her Needle, Bodkin, and Thimble, she could not think quietly, wishing them changed into Sword and Dagger for a Bout at Cudgels. Her Head-geer and Handkerchief (or what the Fashion of those Times was for Girls to be dress'd in) were alike tedious to her, she wearing them as handsomly as a Dog would a Doublet; and so cleanly, that the sooty Pot-hooks were about the Comparison. This perplex'd her Friends, who had only this Proverb favourable to their Hope, *That an unlucky Girl may make a good Woman*; but they liv'd not to the length of that Expectation, dying in her Minority, and leaving her to the Swing and Sway of her own unruly Temper and Disposition.

She would fight with Boys, and courageously beat them; run, jump, leap, or hop with any of her contrary Sex, or recreate herself with any other Play whatsoever. She had an Uncle, Brother to her Father, who was a Minister, and of him she stood in some Awe, but not so much, as to restrain her in these Courses; so that seeing he could not effectually remedy that inveterating Evil in her Manners, he trappann'd her on board a Merchant-Ship lying at *Gravesend*, and bound for *New-England*, whither he designed to have sent her; but having learned to swim, she one Night jump'd over-board, and swim'm'd to Shore, and after that Escape would never go near her Uncle again. Farthermore, it is to be observed, that *Mercury* was in Conjunction with, or rather in the House of *Venus*, at the Time of her Nativity; the former of which Planets is of

a thievish, cheating, deceitful Influence; and the other hath Dominion over all Whores, Bawds, and Pimps; and, joyn'd with *Mercury*, over all Trepanners and Hectors: She hath a more general Influence than all the other six Planets put together; for no Place nor Person is exempted from her, invading alike both sacred and prophane; Nunneries and Monasteries, as well as the common Places of Prostitution; *Cheapside* and *Cornhill*, as well as *Bloomsbury* or *Covent-Garden*. Under these benevolent and kind Stars, she grew up to some Maturity; she was now a lusty and sturdy Wench, and fit to put out to Service, having not a competency of her own, left her by her Friends to maintain her without working; but as she was a great Libertine, she liv'd too much in common, to be enclos'd in the Limits of a private Domestick Life. A Quarter-staff was fitter for her than a Distaff; she would go to the Ale house when she had made shift to get a little Stock, spend her Penny, come into any one's Company, and Club till she had none left; and then she was fit for any Enterprize. Moreover, she had a natural Abhorrence to tending of Children, to whom she ever had an Averseness in her Mind, equal to the Sterility and Barrenness in her Womb, never (to our best Information) being made a Mother.

She generally went dress'd in Man's Apparel; which puts me in Mind how *Hercules*, *Nero*, and *Sardanapalus* are laugh'd at and exploded, for their effeminacy and degenerated Dissoluteness in their extravagant Debauchery; the first is pourtrated with a Distaff in his Hand; the other recorded to be marry'd as a Wife, and all the conjugal and matrimonial Rites perform'd at the Solemnity of the Marriage; and the other lacks the Luxury of a Pen, as loose as his Female Riots, to describe them. These were all Monsters of Men, and have no Parallels either in old or Modern Histories, till such Time as *Mol Cutpurse* approach'd their Examples; for her heroick Impudence hath quite outdone every Romance; never Woman before being like her. No Doubt but *Mol's* Converse with herself, informed her of her Defects, and that she was not made for the Pleasure or Delight of Man; and therefore, since she could not be honoured with him, she would be honoured by him, in that Garb and Manner of Rayment which he wore. This she took to from her first Entrance into a competency of Age, and to her dying Day she would not leave it off.

Though she was so ugly in any Dress, as never to be woo'd nor solicited by any Man, yet she never had the *Green-Sickness*, that epidemical Disease of Maidens, after they have once pass'd their Puberty; she never eat Lime, Coles, Oatmeal, Tobacco-pipes, Cinders, or such like Trash; no Sighs, dejected Looks, or Melancholly clouded her vigorous Spirits, or repress'd her Jovialty; she was troubled with none of those Longings which poor Maidens are subject to: She had the Power and Strength to command her own Pleasure of any Person who had reasonable Ability of Body; and therefore she needed not whine for it, as she was able to beat a Fellow

a Compliance, without the unnecessary Trouble of Entreaties.

Now *Moll* thinking what Course of Life she should betake herself to, she got acquainted with some Fortune-tellers of the Town, from whom learning some Smatch and Relish of that Cheat, by their insignificant Schemes, and calculating of Figures, she got a tolerably good Livelihood; but her Income being not equivalent to her Expences, she enter'd herself into the Society of *Dizzeners*, otherwise call'd *File-chyers*, *Cut-purses*, or *Pick-pockets*; which People are a kind of Land Pyrates, trading altogether in other Men's *Borrums*, for no other Merchandise than *Bullion* and ready Coin, and they keep most of the great Fairs and Marts in the World. In this unlawful Way she got a vast deal of Money; but having been very often in *Old Bridewell*, the *Compters*, and *Nexgate*, for her irregular Practices, and burnt in the Hand four Times, she left off this petty Sort of Theft, and went on the *Highway*, committing many great Robberies, but all of 'em on the *Round-heads*, or Rebels, that fomented the Civil War against King *Charles* the First; against which Villains she had as great an Antipathy, as an unhappy Man, that, for counterfeiting a Half-Crown in those rebellious Times, was executed at *Tyburn*, where he said, *That he was adjudg'd to die but for counterfeiting a Half-Crown; but those that usurp'd the whole Crown, and stole away its Revenue, and had counterfeited its Seal, were above Justice, and escap'd unpunish'd.*

A long Time had *Moll Cutpurse* robb'd on the Road; but, at last, robbing General *Fairfax* of 250 *Jacobus's* on *Hounslow Heath*, shooting him thro' the Arm for opposing her, and killing two Horses on which a couple of his Servants rid, a close Pursuit was made after her by some Parliamentary Officers, quartering in the Town of *Hounslow*, to whom *Fairfax* had told his Misfortune. Her Horse fail'd her at *Turnham-Green*, where they apprehended her, and carried her to *Nexgate*. After this, she was condemn'd, but procur'd her Pardon, by giving her Adversary 2000*l.* Now *Moll* being frighten'd by this Disaster, she left off going on the Highway any more, and took a House, within two Doors of the *Globe Tavern* in *Fleetstreet*, over-against the Conduit, almost facing *Shoe-Lane* and *Salisbury-Court*, where she dispens'd Justice among the wrangling Tankard-Bearers, by often exchanging their Burden of Water for a Burden of Beer, as far the lighter Carriage, though not so portable.

In her Time Tobacco being grown a great Mode, she was mightily taken with the Pastime of Smoaking, because of its Singularity, and that no Woman ever smoak'd before her, though a great many of her Sex, since, have follow'd her Example.

Moll being quite scar'd from thieving herself, she turn'd *Fence*, that is to say, a Buyer of stolen Goods; by which Occupation she got a great deal of Money. In her House she set up a kind of Brokery, or a distinct Factory for Jewels, Rings, and Watches, which had been pinch'd or stolen any manner of Way, at never so great Distance, from any Person. It might properly enough be call'd the *Insurance-Office* for such Merchandise; for the Losers were sure, upon Composition, to recover their Goods again, and the Pyrates were sure to have a good Ransom, and she so much in the Gross for Brokage, without any more Danger; the *Hue-and-Cry* being always directed to her for the Discovery of the Goods, ner the Takers.

Once, a Gentleman that had lost his Watch, by the busy Fingers of a Pickpocket, came very anxiously to *Moll*, enquiring if she could help him to it again. She demanded of him the Marks and Signs thereof, with the Time when, and where he lost it, or by what Crowd, or other Accident. He replied, *That coming through Shoe-Lane, there was a Quarrel betwixt two Men; one of which, as he afterwards heard, was a Grasier, whom they had set in Smithfield, having seen him receive the Sum of 200*l.* or*

*thereabouts, in Gold. There was one Bat Rud, as he was since infern'd, who, observing the Man hold his Hand in his Pocket where his Gold was, just in the Middle of a Lane whitherto they drag'd him, overthrew a Barrel trimming at an *Alibarge Door*, while one behind the Grasier push'd him over, who, withal, threw down Bat, who was ready for the Fall. Betwixt these two presently arose a Quarrel; the Pickpocket demanding Satisfaction, while his Comrades interposing, after two or three Blows in Favour of the Countryman, who let down his Hand out of his Pocket to defend himself, soon drew out his Treasure; and while he was looking on the Scuffle, some of them had lent him a Hand too, and finger'd out his Watch. *Moll* smil'd at the Adventure, and told him, He should hear further of it within a Day or two, at the farthest. When the Gentleman came again, she under stood by his Discourse that he would not lose it for twice its Value, because it was given him by a particular Friend; so she squeez'd 20 Guineas out of him before he could obtain his Watch.*

Moll was always accounted by her Neighbours to be an *Hermaphrodite*, but at her Death was found otherwise. She had not liv'd long in *the street*, before she became acquainted with a new Sort of Thieves, call'd *Heavers*, whose Employment was stealing Shop-Books from *Drapers* and *Mercers*, or other rich Traders; which bringing to her, she, for some considerable Profit for her self, got them a *Quantum meruit* for restoring them again to the Losers. While she thus reign'd free from the Danger of the Common-Law, an Apparator, set on by an Adversary of hers, cited her to appear in the Court of *Archers*, where was an Accusation exhibited against her for wearing indecent and manly Apparel. She was advis'd by her Proctor to demur the Jurisdiction of the Court, as for a Crime, if such, not cognizable there: But he did it to spin out the Cause, and get her Money; for, in the End, she was there sentenc'd to stand and do Penance in a white Sheet at *St. Paul's Cross*, during Morning Sermon on a *Sunday*. They might as soon have sham'd a black Dog as *Moll*, with any kind of such Punishment; for a Halfpenny she would have travell'd through all the Market-Towns in *England* with her penitential Habit, and been as proud of it as that Citizen who rode to his Friends in the Country in his Livery-Gown and Hood. Besides, many of the Spectators had little Cause to sport themselves then at the Sight; for some of her Emulraries, without any Regard to the Sacredness of the Place, spoil'd a good many Cloaths, by cutting part of their Cloaks and Gowns, and sending them Home as naked behind as *Aesop's Crow*, when every Bird took its own Feather from her.

However, this Penance did not reclaim her, for she still went in Men's Apparel, very decently dress'd; nor were the Ornaments of her House less curious and pleasing in Pictures, than in the Delight of Looking-Glasses; so that she could see herself all over in any Part of her Rooms. This gave Occasion to Folks to say, that she us'd magical Glasses, wherein she could shew the *Querists*, who resorted to her for Information, them that stole their Goods; as likewise to others, curious to know the Shapes and Features of their Husbands that should be, the very true and perfect Idea of them; as is very credibly reported of your *African Sorcerers*. We have a Tradition of it in the Story of *Jane Shore's* Husband, who, by one of the like Glasses, saw the unchaste Embraces of his Wife and *Edward IV.*

One Night late, *Moll* going Home almost drunk from the *Devil Tavern*, she tumbled over a great black Sow, that was rousting in a Dunghill near the Kennel; but getting up again, in a sad dirty Pickle, she drove her to her House, where finding her full of Pigs, she made her a Drench to hasten her Farrowing, and the next Morning she brought her eleven curious Pigs, which *Moll* and her Companions made

fat

at and eat; and then she turn'd the Sow out of Doors, who presently repair'd to her old Master, a Bumpkin at *Islington*, who with Wonder receiv'd her again. Having given her some Grains, he turn'd her out of his Gates, watching what Course she would take, and intending to have Satisfaction for his Pigs wheresoever he should find her to have laid them. The Sow, naturally mindful of her squeaking Brood, went directly to *Moll's* Door, and there kept a lamentable Noise to be admitted: This was Evidence enough for the Fellow, that there his Sow had laid her Belly; when knocking, and having Entrance, he tells *Moll* a Tale of a Sow and her Litter: She replied, he was mad: He swore, he knew his Sow's Meaning by her grunting, and that he would give her Sawce to her Pigs. *Goodman Coxcomb*, quoth *Moll*, *come in, and see if this House looks like a Hog-stye*; when, going into all her Rooms, and seeing how neat and clean they were kept, he was convinc'd that the Litter was not laid there, and went Home cursing his Sow for misinforming him.

To get Money, *Moll* would not stick out to bawd for either Men or Women; infomuch, that her House became a double Temple for *Priapus* and *Venus*, frequented by Votaries of both Sorts. Those who were generous to her Labour, their Desires were favourably accommodated with Expedition; whilst she linger'd with others, laying before them the difficult but certain Attainment of their Wishes, which serv'd as a Spur to the Dulness of their Purfes: For the Lady *Pecunia* and she kept the same Pace, but still in the End she did the Feat. *Moll* having a great Antipathy against the Rump Parliament, she lit on a Fellow very dextrous for imitating People's Hands; with him she communicated her Thoughts, and they concurr'd to forge and counterfeit their Commissioners and Treasurers Hands to the respective Receivers and Collectors, to pay the Sums of Money they had in their Hands, without Delay, to such as he in his counterfeited Orders appointed: So that wheresoever he had Intelligence of any great Sum in the Country, they were sure to forestal the Market. This Cheat lasted for half a Year, till it was found out at *Guild-Hall*, and such a politick Course taken, to avoid Cozenage, that no Warrants would pass among themselves. But when the Government was seiz'd and usurp'd by that Arch-Traytor *Oliver Cromwell*, they began this Trade a-fresh, it being very easy to imitate his single Sign manual, as that ambitious Usurper would have it stil'd; by which Means, her Man also drew good Sums of Money out of the Customs and Excise, nay, out of the *Exchequer* itself, till *Oliver* was forc'd to use a private Mark, to make his Credit authentick among his own Villains.

After 74 Years of Age, *Moll* being grown crazy in her Body, and discontented in Mind, she yielded to the next Distemper that approach'd her, which was the *Dropsy*; a Disease which had such strange and terrible Symptoms, that she thought she was possess'd, and that the Devil was got within her Doubler. Her Belly, from a wither'd, dry'd, wrinkled Piece of Skin, was grown to the titeft, roundest Globe of Flesh, that ever any beauteous young Lady strutted with. However, there was no Blood that was generative in her Womb, but only that destructive of the Grape, which by her Excesses was now turn'd into Water; so that the tympanied Skin thereof sounded like a Conduit-Door. If we anatomize her any farther, we must say her Legs represented a Couple of Mill-posts, and her Head was so wrapp'd with Cloaths, that she look'd like Mother *Shipton*.

It may well be expected, that, considering what a deal of Money she got by her wicked Practices, she might make a Will; but yet, of 5000*l.* which she

had once by her in Gold, she had not above 100*l.* left her latterly, which she thought too little to give to the charitable Uses of building Hospitals and Alms-houses. The Money that might have been design'd that Way, as it came from the Devil, so it return'd to the Devil again, in the *Rump's* *Exchequer* and *Treasury* at *Haberdashers* and *Goldsmiths-Hall*. Yet, to preserve something of her Memory, and not leave it to the Courtesy of an Executor, she anticipated her Funeral Expences; for it being the Fashion of those Times to give Rings, to the undoing of the *Confectioners*, who liv'd altogether by the Dead and the New-born, she distributed some that she had by her, among her chief Companions and Friends.

These Rings (like Princes Jewels) were notable ones, and had their particular Names likewise; as the *Bartholomew*, the *Ludgate*, the *Exchange*, and so forth; deriving their Appellations from the Places whence they were stolen: They needed no Admiration of a Death's Head, nor the Motto *Memento mori*; for they were the Wages and Monuments of their thieving Masters and Mistresses, who were interr'd at *Tyburn*; and she hop'd her Friends would wear them, both for her Sake and theirs. In short, she made no Will at all, because she had had it so long before to no better Purpose; and that if she had had her Desert, she should have had an Executioner instead of an Executor.

Out of the 100 Pounds which she had by her, she dispos'd of 30 Pounds to her three Maids which she kept, and charg'd them to occupy it the best Way they could; for that, and some of her Arts in which they had had Time to be expert, would be beyond the Advantage of their Spinning and Reeling, and would be able to keep them in Repair, and promote them to *Weavers*, *Shoe-makers*, and *Tailors*. The rest of her personal Estate, in Money, Moveables, and Household-Goods, she bequeath'd to her Kinsman *Fritb*, a Master of a Ship, dwelling at *Reddriff*, whom she advis'd not to make any Ventures there-with, but stay at Home and be drunk, rather than go to Sea, and be drown'd with 'em.

And now, the Time of her Dissolution drawing near, she desir'd to be bury'd with her Breech upwards, that she might be as preposterous in her Death as she had been all along in her infamous Life. When she was dead, she was interr'd in *St. Bridger's* Church-yard, having a fair Marble-stone put over her Grave; on which was cut the following Epitaph, compos'd by the ingenious Mr. *Milton*, but destroy'd in the great Conflagration of *London*.

Here lies, under this same Marble,
Dust, for Time's last Sieve to garble;
Dust, to perplex a Sadducee,
Whether it rise a He or She,
Or two in one, a single Pair,
Nature's Sport, and now her Care.
For how she'll cloath it at last Day,
Unless she sighs it all away;
Or where she'll place it, none can tell:
Some middle Place 'twixt Heav'n and Hell —
And well 'tis Purgatory's found,
Else she must hide her under Ground.
These Reliques do deserve the Door,
Of that Cheat Mahomet's fine Tomb;
For no Communion she had,
Nor sorted with the Good or Bad;
That when the World shall be calcin'd,
And the mix'd Mass of human Kind
Shall separate by that melting Fire,
She'll stand alone, and none come nigh her.
Reader, here she lies till then,
When, truly, you'll see her again.

The LIFE of TOM JONES.

TOM JONES was born at Newcastle upon Tyne, in the County of Northumberland; where his Father, being a Clothier, brought him up to the same Trade. He follow'd this Calling till he was two and twenty Years of Age, though not without discovering his vicious Inclinations many Years before, by running in Debt, and taking to all manner of irregular Courses. At last, being reduc'd to Extremity, he resolv'd at once to apply himself to the Highway, as the only Way left to retrieve his Fortune. A very odd Way indeed! but what is too often embrac'd by reduc'd Extravagants.

To make a Beginning, he robb'd his Father of 80*l.* and a good Horse; upon which he rode cross the Country with all Speed, for fear of being pursu'd. The Devil, he knew, was sometimes apt to leave his Children in the Lurch; and therefore he thought it safer to trust to the Legs of his Horse, than to his good Fortune. This, and the conscious Dread of Justice, which is always ready to terrify young Villains, occasion'd his galloping 40 Miles before he stopp'd; all which Way, he was afraid of every one he saw, and every Noise he heard.

After this, riding into Staffordshire, and meeting a Stage-Coach, with several Passengers in it, he commanded the Coachman to stop, and the People within to deliver. Some of the Gentlemen were resolute, and refus'd to comply with his Demand; upon which he fir'd several Pistols, taking Care to do no Hurt; and still preserving three or four, well loaded, for his Defence, if he should have Occasion of them. The Fright which the Gunpowder put a Couple of Ladies into, who were in the Coach, oblig'd the Gentlemen to surrender, before there was any Mischief done; and Tom rode off with a considerable Booty.

There is a pleasant Story related, as the Consequence of this Adventure, which we believe it will not be amiss to rehearse. A Monkey, belonging to one of the Passengers, being ty'd behind the Coach, was so frighten'd at Jones's firing, that, with skipping about, he broke his Chain, and ran about the Fields so that the Owner could not catch him again. At Night, a Country Fellow coming over a Stile, Pug leap'd out of the Hedge upon his Back, and there hung very fast. The poor Man, having never seen a Monkey before, imagin'd the Devil had laid hold of him, in which Opinion he ran Home, and thunder'd at the Door like a mad Man. His Wife look'd out at Window, and ask'd him what he had got. He told her, the Devil; begging she would go to the Parson, and require his Assistance. Nay, quoth she, you shall not bring the Devil in here. If you belong to him, I don't: So pray be content to go without Company. Poor Hob was oblig'd to wait at his Door, till a Man, a little wiser than his Neighbours, came by, and, with a few Apples and Pears, dispossest the unfortunate Wretch, who was very willing to let our Exorcist keep the Devil for his own Use, as a Reward for this signal Piece of Service: And he, upon hearing the Monkey cry'd, carry'd him to the Owner, and receiv'd a Reward.

An Attorney of Clifford's-Inn, whose Name was Story, having been drinking at a Friend's House in the Country till he was entirely drunk, as he was riding along the Road towards Town, he was necessitated to alight and tie his Horse to a Tree, while he

went under a Hedge to untruss a Point. It was Tom Jones's Fortune to come by in the Interim; whereupon he also dismounted, with the same Pretence. As soon as Story had done, Jones commanded him to deliver his Money; but he, being in the Condition just mention'd, took no Notice of what was said: Whereupon our Highwayman caught him by the Collar, and began to shake him. *Have a Care what you do,* says the Attorney, *for I am brim full, and shall run over if you move me ever so little.* *Brim full of what?* quoth Jones. *Of Liquors,* reply'd the other. *But 'tis your Money I want, Sir; are you brim full of that? If you are, run over as fast as you please.* Story was so sick he could speak no more; but, before Jones was aware, giving a great Belch, he discharg'd a large Quantity of his Friend's Punch into the Face of our Adventurer, which almost blinded him, and set him to swearing like a mad Man. At last, having clear'd his Phyz with a Handkerchief, he put his Hand into the Attorney's Pockets, and oblig'd them to discharge six Pounds odd Money; which shining Vomit a little pacify'd him, and made him forgive the Affront, and suffer our drunken Man, who was by this Time a little soberer, to remount, and ride off.

Tom was by this Time so grounded in Vice, that nothing less powerful than the Gallows was able to convert him from his wicked Courses. This is, indeed, commonly the last Teacher which such Wretches have; and he never fails to make them as honest as any of their Neighbours, and as quiet as any of the Descendants of Adam, who have been departed in Peace some Thousands of Years. The sooner he does his Duty, 'tis generally the better.

But this is another Digression from our History, to which we now return. Not long after the committing of the above recited Robbery, Tom Jones met with one Samuel P—— upon the Road, a Quaker, who formerly kept a Button Shop, between the two Gates of the Savoy in the Strand, to whom he put the usual Demand. Mr. Primitive, having reduced himself to very low Circumstances, as 'tis said, by Whoring, Gaming, and Drinking, he was now riding down into the Country to his Friends, in order to avoid an Arrest: As he was therefore in much greater Apprehension of a Bailiff than of a Highwayman, and as he did not understand what Tom said, till he had got fast hold of him by the Throat, he very formally cried out, *At whose Suit dost thou detain me?* Jones, who was not acquainted with our Friends Condition, smartly reply'd, *I detain thee on my own Suit, and my Demand is for all thy Satisfaction.* The Quaker now perceived how the Case stood; nevertheless, being a dry queer sort of a Man, he was resolv'd to carry on the Jest, whereupon he added, *Indeed Friend, I don't know thee, nor can I tell how to imagine that ever thee and I have had any Dealings together,— Thou shalt find then,* says Jones, *that we must deal together now.* So clapping a Pistol to his Breast, he was going to explain himself, when Friend Samuel cry'd out; *Pray Neighbour use no Violence! for if thou carriest me to Goal, I shall be utterly undone. I have at least 14 Guineas about me, and if that will satisfy thee, thou art welcome to take them: Here they are; and give me leave to assure thee, that I have frequently*

quently stopp'd the Mouth of a Bailiff with a much less Sum, and made him affirm to my Creditors, that he could not find me. Jones was pleas'd to receive the Money, upon any Account whatsoever; yet, being willing to convince the Quaker of his Mistake, (tho' indeed the Quaker, as we have observ'd, was not mistaken, but only willing to carry on the Affair in the Strain it begun with) he said to him; *Friend, I am not such a Rogue as thou takest me to be: I am no Bailiff, but an honest generous Highwayman. I shall not trouble myself,* the Friend reply'd, *about the Distinction of Names; if a Man takes my Money from me by Force, it concerns me but little what he calls himself, or what his Pretence may be for so doing.* After this they rode about their several Affairs, the Quaker homewards, and Tom in quest of more Prey.

Being once lik'd to be apprehended, as he was robbing a Coach on *Hornflore* Heath, Jones was put into a terrible Pannic; this being the first Time he had been in danger since he took to his present Calling. This surprize had such an Effect upon him, as even to make him think of Reformation, and form fine Ideas in his Mind, of Honour and Honesty. But he soon diverted these childish melancholick Thoughts, as he afterwards called them, by living profusely, keeping lewd Company, staying out all Night, and other such like Practices, to which he had long accustom'd himself. Besides, his Course of Life soon brought him again to Extremity, the usual Inlet to Villainy, when it is occasioned by our own Neglect. So that all his Resolutions, or rather all the Flourishes of his Imagination, vanish'd when Necessity appeared, and he return'd to his natural Disposition, like a Dog to his Vomit, becoming as audacious as ever.

It was after this, that he met the late Lord *Wharton* and his Lady on the Road, stopp'd their Coach, and demanded their Money, tho' they had three Men on Horseback to attend them. His Lordship at first made some Hesitation, and ask'd him if he understood what he was about? *Do you know me, Sir,* says he, *that you dare be so bold as to stop me on the Road?* Not I, reply'd Jones very readily, *I neither know nor care who you are, tho', I fore you spoke, I took you for a Rover, because you carry your Cooler by your Side; Note, indeed, I am apt to think you are some great Man, because you speak so big; but be as great as you will, Sir, I must know you to know, that there is no Man upon this Road so great as myself; therefore pray be quick in answering my Demands, for Delays may prove Dangerous.* His Honour now saw our Gentleman was resolute, so he and his Lady e'en delivered up what they had about them, without more Words.

The whole Prize consist'd of two hundred Pounds in Money, three diamond Rings, and two gold Watches: All this being secured, Jones command'd his Lordship to bid his Servants ride on to some Distance before, threatening him with Death if he refused; which being done, and the Servants obey-

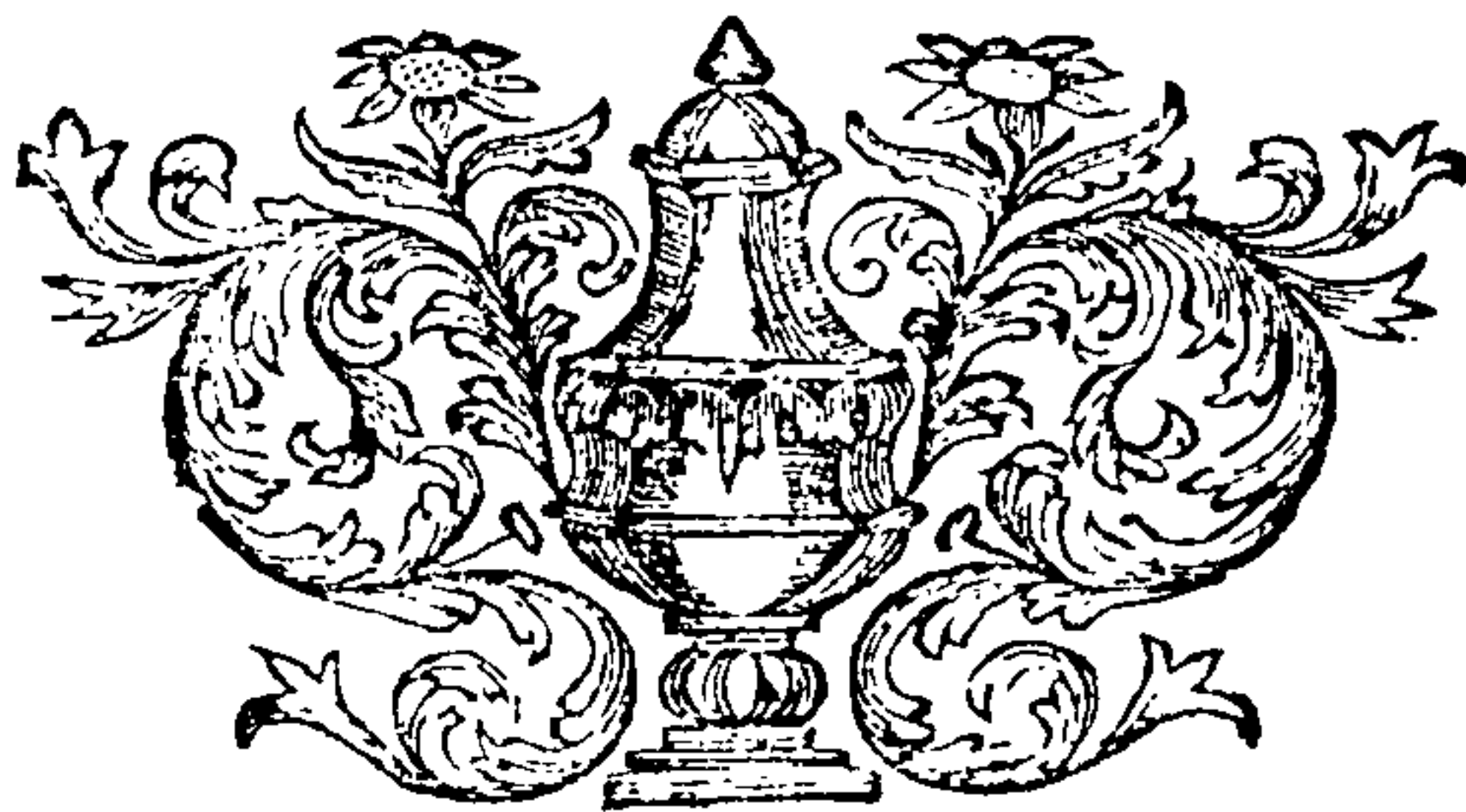
ing, he had a fair Opportunity of riding off, without being pursued.

Tom received Intelligence one Day, that a certain Gentleman was on the Road, with two hundred Pounds in his Coach. This, to be sure, was a sufficient Invitation for him. He got upon a Hill to wait for his Customers coming, who spy'd him at a Distance without apprehending any Thing. But a Steward of the Gentleman's, observing the Behaviour of our Chapman at a Distance, he told his Master, that he believed the Man on the Hill was a Highwayman. *If you please Sir,* quoth he, *trust me with your Money, I'll ride by him, which I may do unsuspected, for he certainly waits for you.* The Gentleman was pleas'd at his Servant's Care, and lik'd his Proposal very well: So giving him the Bag, he rode on as fast as he could, and pass'd by Jones, without being examin'd, getting out of Sight before the Coach came up.

In short, the Coach was stopp'd, and the Money demanded, when our Gentleman gave him about ten Guineas, assuring him that he had no more. Jones boldly nam'd the Sum he wanted, and swore 'twas in the Coach, the Traveller as often asserting that he was mistaken. At last, the real State of the Case came into our Adventurer's Head; whereupon, without taking his leave of the Gentleman, he set Spurs to his Horse, and rode after the Steward full Speed, who was by this Time got at least a Mile and a half from the Place. Jones was well mounted, and it was five Miles from the next Town, so that he came in sight of the Steward before he could get into any Inn; but the Steward saw him, mended his Pace, and sav'd the Money. This disappointment vex'd poor Tom to the Heart, but there was no Remedy. As to the Gentleman, he gave his Servant a handsome Gratuity for what he had done, as he deserved.

After many Adventures, most of them of a Piece with the foregoing, Tom was apprehended in *Constance*, for robbing a Farmer's Wife, and afterwards ravishing her. For this Fact he was try'd, and condemn'd, the Assizes following, and about ten Days afterwards, executed at *Launceston*, on *Saturday* the 25th of *April*, 1721. being thirty two Years of Age.

At the Gallows he gave a pretty large Account of his Robberies, to some Gentlemen who desired it, behaving with more Modesty and Decency than such Wretches commonly do. Before he was turn'd off, he deliver'd a pretty Deal of good Advice to the young Men present, in very pathetic Words: Exhorting them to be industrious in their several Callings, and careful not to entangle themselves with Debris, contracted by their own Extravagance. Desiring them to follow the Dictates of their Reason, and have a due Regard for every Man's Property, and enforcing all his Admonitions, with putting his Hearers in Mind of a Providence, which governs the World, and will certainly call every Man to account for his Actions.





Will^m Tell delin

W. Prichard sculp

CAPT. AVERY and his Crew taking one of the GREAT MOGULS



THE LIVES of the PYRATES.

The LIFE of Captain AVERY.



We design'd at first to have reserv'd the Lives of the Pyrates till the End of this Work, and to have given them together, as an Appendix to the Highwaymen, &c. but as many Gentlemen have express'd a great Desire to read the Actions of these celebrated Bra-

vo's, who have made so great a Noise in the World, we hope none of our Subscribers will take it amiss that we anticipate their Place, and put them in the Middle of the Book.

After we have gone through the Histories of as many of these Rovers as we can get any authentick Account of, we shall proceed with the Lives of Highwaymen and Street-robbers, as before, and so continue them down to the present Time. At the End of the whole, we shall add a compleat Alphabetical Index, by the Help of which, any Person may instantly turn to what Life he shall desire, whether of Robber, Murderer, or Pirate.

NONE of the bold Adventurers on the Seas were ever so much talk'd of, for a While, as Avery: He was represented in *Europe* as one that had rais'd himself to the Dignity of a King, and was likely to be the Founder of a new Monarchy; having, as it was said, taken immense Riches, and married the Great Mogul's Daughter, who was taken in an *Indian Ship* which fell into his Hands; by whom he had many Children, living in great Royalty and State: That he had built Forts, crested Magazines, and was Master of a stout Squadron of Ships, mann'd with able and desperate Fellows of all Nations. That he gave Commissions out in his own Name to the Captains of his Ships, and to the Commanders of his Forts, and was acknowledg'd by them as their Prince. A Play was writ upon him, call'd, *The Successful Pirate*; and these Accounts obtain'd such Belief, that several Schemes were offer'd to the

Council, for fitting out a Squadron to take him; while others were for offering him and his Companions an Act of Grace, and inviting them to *England*, with all their Treasure, lest his growing-Greatness might hinder the Trade of *Europe* to the *East-Indies*.

Yet all these were no more than false Rumours, improv'd by the Credulity of some, and the Humour of others who love to tell strange Things; for, while it was said he was aspiring at a Crown, he wanted a Shilling; and, at the same Time it was given out he was in Possession of such prodigious Wealth in *Madagascar*, he was starving in *England*.

No doubt but the Reader will have a Curiosity of knowing what became of this Man, and what were the true Grounds of so many false Reports concerning him; therefore I shall, in as brief a Manner as I can, give his History.

He was born in the West of *England*, near *Plymouth* in *Devonshire*. Being bred to the Sea, he serv'd as a Mate of a Merchant-Man, in several trading Voyages: It happen'd, before the Peace of *Ryswick*, when there was an Alliance betwixt *Spain*, *England*, *Holland*, &c. against *France*, that the *French* in *Martinico* carried on a Smuggling Trade with the *Spaniards* on the Continent of *Peru*, which by the Laws of *Spain* is not allow'd to Friends in Time of Peace; for none but native *Spaniards* are permitted to traffick in those Parts, or set their Feet on Shore, unless at any Time they are brought as Prisoners: Wherefore they constantly keep certain Ships cruising along the Coast, whom they call *Guardias del Costa*, who have Orders to make Prizes of all Ships they can light of within five Leagues of Land. Now the *French* growing very bold in Trade, and the *Spaniards* being poorly provided with Ships, and those they had being of no Force, it often fell out, that when they met the *French* Smugglers, they were not strong enough to attack them; therefore it was re-

solved in Spain, to hire two or three stout foreign Ships for their Service. This being known at Bristol, some Merchants of that City fitted out two Ships of thirty odd Guns, and 120 Hands each, well furnish'd with Provision and Ammunition, and all other Stores; and the Hire being agreed on, by some Agents for Spain, they were commanded to sail for Corunna, or the Groine, there to receive their Orders, and to take on Board some Spanish Gentlemen, who were to go Passengers to New-Spain.

Of one of these Ships, which I take to be call'd the *Duke*, Captain Gibson Commander, Avery was first Mate; and being a Fellow of more Cunning than Courage, he insinuated himself into the good Will of several of the boldest Fellows on board the two Ships, having founded their Inclinations before he open'd himself. Finding them ripe for his Design, he at length propos'd to them to run away with the Ship, telling them what great Wealth was to be had upon the Coasts of India. It was no sooner said than agreed to, and they resolv'd to execute their Plot at Ten a-Clock the Night following.

It must be observ'd, that the Captain was one of those who are mightily addicted to Punch, so that he pass'd most of his Time on Shore in some little drinking Ordinary; but this Day he did not go on Shore as usual: However, this did not spoil the Design, for he took his usual Dose on Board, and so got to Bed before the Hour appointed for the Business. The Men, also, who were not privy to the Design, turn'd into their Hammocks, leaving none upon Deck but the Conspirators, who, indeed, were the greatest Part of the Ship's Crew. At the Time agreed on, the Long-Boat of the other Ship, call'd the *Dutchess*, appear'd, which Avery hailing in the usual Manner, he was answer'd by the Men in her, with, *Is your drunken Boatswain on Board?* which was the Watch-Word agreed between them. Avery replying in the Affirmative, the Boat came a-board with sixteen stout Fellows, and join'd the Company.

When our Gentry saw that all was clear, they secur'd the Hatches, and so went to work: They did not slip the Anchor, but weigh'd it leisurely, and so put to Sea without any Disorder or Confusion, though there were several Ships then lying in the Bay. Among these was a *Dutch* Frigate of forty Guns, the Captain of which was offer'd a great Reward to go out after her; but *Mynbeer*, who perhaps would not have been willing to have been serv'd so himself, could not be prevail'd upon to give such Usage to another; and so he let Mr. Avery pursue his Voyage without Molestation.

The Captain, who by this Time was awak'd, either by the Motion of the Ship, or the Noise of working the Tackles, rung the Bell; whereupon Avery and two others went into the Cabin: The Captain, half asleep, and in a kind of Fright, ask'd *What was the Matter?* Avery answer'd coolly, *Nothing.* The Captain replied, *Something's the Matter with the Ship; Does she drive? What Weather is it?* Thinking nothing less than that it had been a Storm, and that the Ship was driven from her Anchors, *No, no,* answer'd Avery, *we're at Sea, with a fair Wind, and good Weather.* *At Sea!* says the Captain, *How can that be? Come,* says Avery, *don't be in a Fright, but put on your Cloaths, and I'll let you into a Secret:—You must know, that I am Captain of this Ship now, and this is my Cabin; therefore you must walk out: I am bound to Madagascar, with a Design of making my own Fortune, and that of all the brave Fellows join'd with me.*

The Captain, having a little recover'd his Senses, began to apprehend the Meaning: However, his Fright was as great as before; which Avery perceiving, bad him fear nothing: *For,* says he, *if you have a Mind to make one of us, we will receive you; and if you'll turn sober, and mind your Business, perhaps in Time I may make you one of my Lieutenants; if not, here's a Boat a-long-side, and you shall be set ashore.*

The Captain was glad to hear this, and therefore accepted of his Offer; and the whole Crew being call'd up, to know who was willing to go on Shore with the Captain, and who to seek their Fortunes with the rest, there were not above five or six who were willing to quit this Enterprize; wherefore they were put into the Boat with the Captain that Minute, and made their Way to the Shore as well as they could.

They proceeded on their Voyage to *Madagascar*; but I do not find they took any Ships in their Way. When they arriv'd at the N. E. Part of that Island, they found two Sloops at Anchor, who, upon seeing them, slipp'd their Cables, and run themselves ashore, the Men all landing, and running into the Woods. These were two Sloops which the Men had run away with from the *West-Indies*; and seeing Avery, they suppos'd him to be some Frigate sent to take them: Wherefore, not being of Force to engage him, they did what they could to save themselves.

He guess'd what they were, and sent some of his Men on Shore, to let them know they were Friends, and to offer them a Union for their common Safety. The Sloop's Men were well arm'd, and had posted themselves in a Wood, with Centinels just on the outside, to observe whether the Ship landed her Men to pursue them. These Centinels, observing only two or three Men coming towards them without Arms, they did not oppose them; but, having challeng'd them, and been answer'd that they were Friends, they led them to their Body, where they deliver'd their Message. At first, they apprehended it was a Stratagem to decoy them on Board; but when the Ambassadors told them that the Captain himself, and as many of the Crew as they should name, would meet them on Shore without Arms, they believ'd them to be in earnest. Thus they soon enter'd into a Confidence with one another; those on Board going on Shore, and some of those on Shore going on Board.

The Sloop's Men were rejoic'd at the new Ally; for their Vessels were so small that they could not attack a Ship of any Force, so that hitherto they had not taken any considerable Prize; but now they hop'd to fly at high Game. Avery was as well pleas'd at this Reinforcement, to strengthen them for any brave Enterprize; and though the Booty must be lessen'd to each, by being divided into so many Shares, yet he found out an Expedient not to suffer by it himself, as shall be shewn in its Place.

Having consulted what was to be done, they resolv'd to sail out together upon a Cruise, the Galley and two Sloops; they therefore fell to work to get the Sloops off, which they soon effected, and steer'd towards the *Arabian* Coast. Near the River *Indus*, the Man at the Mast-Head spied a Sail, upon which they gave Chace: As they came nearer to her, they perceiv'd her to be a tall Ship, and fancied she might be a *Dutch East-India* Man homeward bound; but she prov'd a better Prize: For, when they fir'd at her to bring too, she hoisted *Mogul's* Colours, and seem'd to stand upon her Defence. Avery only cannonaded at a Distance, and some of his Men began to suspect that he was not the Hero they took him for: However, the Sloops made use of their Time, and coming one on the Bow, and the other on the Quarter of the Ship, they clapp'd her on Board, and enter'd her; upon which, she immediately struck her Colours, and yielded. She was one of the *Great Mogul's* own Ships, and there were in her several of the greatest Persons of his Court, among whom it was said was one of his Daughters, who were going on a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, (the *Mahometans* thinking themselves oblig'd once in their Lives to visit that Place) and they were carrying with them rich Offerings, to present at the Shrine of *Mahomet*. It is known that the Eastern People travel with the utmost Magnificence; so that they had with them all their Slaves and Attendants, their rich Habits and Jewels; with Vessels of Gold and Silver, and great

Sums of Money to defray the Charges of their Journey by Land; wherefore, the Plunder got by this Prize is not easily computed.

Having taken all the Treasure on board their own Ships, and plundered their Prize of every Thing else they either wanted or liked, they let her go; and she, not being able to continue her Voyage, returned back: As soon as the News came to the *Mogul*, and he knew that they were *English* who had robbed them, he threatened loud, and talked of sending a mighty Army with Fire and Sword, to extirpate the *English* from all their Settlements on the *Indian Coast*. The *East India Company* in *England*, were very much alarmed at it; however, by Degrees, they found Means to pacify him, by promising to do their Endeavours to take the Robbers, and deliver them into his Hands. The great Noise this Thing made in *Europe*, as well as *India*, was the Occasion of all those romantick Stories, which were formed of *Avery's* Greatness.

In the mean Time, our successful Plunderers agreed to make the best of their Way back to *Madagascar*, intending to make that Place their Magazine, or Repository, for all their Treasure, to build a small Fortification there, and leave a few Hands always ashore to look after it, and defend it from any Attempts of the Natives; but *Avery* put an End to this Project, and made it altogether unnecessary.

As they were Steering their Course, he sends a Boat on Board of each of the Sloops, desiring the Chiefs of them to come on Board of him, in order to hold a Council; they did so, and he told them he had something to propose to them for the common Good, which was to provide against Accidents: He bade them consider, that the Treasure they were possess'd of, would be sufficient for them all, if they could secure it in some Place on Shore; therefore all they had to fear, was some Misfortune in the Voyage; he told them the Consequence of being separated by bad Weather, in which Case the Sloops, if either of them should fall in with any Ships of Force, must be either taken or sunk, and the Treasure on Board her lost to the rest, besides the common Accidents of the Sea: As for his Part, he was so strong, that he was able to make his Party good with any Ship they were like to meet in those Seas; for if he met with any Ship of such Strength, that he could not take her, he was safe from being taken, because he was so well mann'd; besides, his Ship was a quick Sailer, and could carry Sail when the Sloops could not; wherefore, he proposed to them, to put the Treasure on Board his Ship, to seal up each Chest with 3 Seals, whereof each was to keep one, and to appoint a Rendezvous in Case of Separation.

Upon considering this Proposal, it appeared so reasonable to them, that they readily came into it; for they argued to themselves, that an Accident might happen to one of the Sloops, and the other escape, wherefore it was for the common Good. The Thing was done as agreed to, the Treasure put on Board of *Avery*, and the Chests sealed; they kept Company that Day and the next, the Weather being fair; in which Time *Avery* tampered with his Men, telling them they now had sufficient to make them all easy: And what, said he, should hinder us from going to some Country, where we are not known, and living on Shore all the rest of our Days in Plenty? They understood what he meant, and, in short, they all agreed to bilk their new Allies, the Sloop's Men; nor do I find, that any one of them felt any Qualms of Honour rising in his Stomach, to hinder him from consenting to this Piece of Treachery. In fine, they took Advantage of the Darkness that Night, steer'd another Course, and, by Morning, lost Sight of them.

I leave the Reader to judge, what Swearing and Confusion there was among the Sloop's Men in the Morning, when they saw that *Avery* had given

them the Slip; for they knew, by the Fairness of the Weather, and the Course they had agreed to steer, that it must have been done on purpose: But we leave them at present to follow Mr. *Avery*.

Avery, and his Men, having consulted what to do with themselves, came to a Resolution, to make the best of their Way towards *America*; and, none of them being known in those Parts, they intended to divide the Treasure, change their Names, and go ashore, some in one Place, some in other, to purchase Settlements, and live at Ease. The first Land they made, was the Island of *Providence*, then newly settled; here they staid some Time, and having considered, that when they should go to *New-England*, the Greatness of their Ship would cause much Enquiry about them; and possibly some People from *England*, who had heard the Story of a Ship's being run away with from the *Groine*, might suspect them to be the People; they took a Resolution of disposing of their Ship at *Providence*: Upon which, *Avery* pretending that the Ship being fitted out upon the privateering Account, and having had no Success, he had received Orders from the Owners, to dispose of her to the best Advantage, he soon met with a Purchaser, and immediately bought a Sloop.

In this Sloop he and his Companions embarked; they touch'd at several Parts of *America*, where no Person suspected them, and some of them went on Shore, and dispersed themselves about the Country, having received such Dividends as *Avery* would give them; for he concealed the greatest Part of the Diamonds from them, which, in the first Hurry of plundering the Ship, they did not much regard, as not knowing their Value.

At length he came to *Boston* in *New-England*, and seem'd to have a Desire of settling in those Parts. Some of his Companions went on Shore here also, but he changed his Resolution, and proposed, to the few of his Companions who were left, to sail for *Ireland*; which they consented to: He found that *New-England* was not a proper Place for him, because a great deal of his Wealth lay in Diamonds; and should he have produced them there, he would have certainly been seized on Suspicion of Pyracry.

In their Voyage to *Ireland*, they avoided *St. George's Channel*, and, sailing North about, they put into one of the Northern Ports of that Kingdom: There they disposed of their Sloop, and coming on Shore they separated themselves, some going to *Cork*, and some to *Dublin*. Some of them obtained their Pardons afterwards of *K. William*. When *Avery* had remained some Time in this Kingdom, he was afraid to offer his Diamonds to Sale, lest an Enquiry into his Manner of coming by them should occasion a Discovery: Considering therefore with himself what was best to be done, he fancied there were some Persons at *Bristol*, whom he might venture to trust. Upon this, he resolved to pass over into *England*; he did so, and, going into *Devonshire*, sent to one of these Friends to meet him, at a Town called *Biddisford*. When he had communicated himself to his Friend, and consulted with him about the Means of his Effects; they agreed, that the safest Method would be, to put them in the Hands of some Merchants, who being Men of Wealth and Credit in the World, no Enquiry would be made how they came by them. One of these Friends told him, he was very intimate with some who were very fit for the Purpose, and who, if he would but allow them a good Commission, would do the Business very faithfully. *Avery* liked the Proposal; for he found no other Way of managing his Affairs, since he could not appear in them himself; therefore his Friend going back to *Bristol*, and opening the Matter to the Merchants, they made *Avery* a Visit at *Biddisford*; where, after several strong Protestations of Honour and Integrity, he delivered them his Effects, consisting of Diamonds and some Vessels of Gold. They gave him a little Money for his present Substantice, and so they parted.

He

He changed his Name and lived at *Biddiford*, without making any Figure, and therefore there was no great Notice taken of him; yet he let one or two of his Relations know where he was, and they came to see him. In some Time his little Money was spent, yet he heard nothing from his Merchants; he writ to them often, and, after much Importunity, they sent him a small Supply, but scarce sufficient to pay his Debts: In fine, the Supplies they sent him from Time to Time, were so small, that they were not sufficient to give him Bread, nor could he get that little without a great deal of Trouble and Importunity. This Usage made him weary of his Life, and obliged him to go privately to *Bristol*, to speak to the Merchants himself, where, instead of Money, he met a most shocking Repulse: For, when he desired them to come to an Account with him, they silenced him by threatening to discover him; so that our Merchants were as good Pyrates at Land as he was at Sea.

Whether he was frightened by these Menaces, or had seen some Body else he thought knew him, is not known; but he went immediately over to *Ireland*, and from thence solicited his Merchants very hard for a Supply, but all to no Purpose, so that he was even reduced to Beggary: In this Extremity, he was resolved to return and cast himself upon them, let the Consequence be what it would. He put himself on board a trading Vessel, and work'd his Passage over to *Plymouth*, from whence he travelled on Foot to *Biddiford*. Here he had been but a few Days before he fell sick and died; not being worth so much as would buy him a Coffin.

Thus have I given all that could be collected of any Certainty concerning this Man, rejecting the idle Stories which were made of his fantastick Greatness; by which it appears that his Actions were inconsiderable, in comparison of those of other Pyrates since him, though he made more Noise in the World.

Now we shall turn back, and give our Readers some Account of what became of the two Sloops.

We took Notice of the Rage and Confusion, which must have seized them, upon their missing of *Avery*; however, they continued their Course, some of them still flattering themselves, that he had only out-sailed them in the Night, and that they should find him at the Place of Rendezvous: But when they came there, and could hear no Tidings of him, there was an End of Hope. It was Time to consider what they should do with themselves; their Stock of Sea Provision was almost spent, and tho' there was Rice, and Fish, and Fowl to be had ashore, yet these would not keep for Sea, without being properly cured with Salt; which they had no Conveniency of Doing. This determined them, since they could not go a Cruizing any more, to think of establishing themselves at Land; to which Purpose they took all Things out of the Sloops, made Tents of the Sails, and encamp'd themselves, having a large Quantity of Ammunition, and Abundance of small Arms.

Here they met with several of their Countrymen, the Crew of a Privateer Sloop, which was commanded by Captain *Thomas Tew*; and, since it will be but a short Digression, we will give an Account how they came here.

Captain *George Dew* and Captain *Thomas Tew*, having received Commissions from the then Governor of *Bermudas*, to sail directly for the River *Gambia* in *Africa*; there, with the Advice and Assistance of the Agents of the Royal *African* Company, to attempt the taking the *French* Factory at *Goorie*, lying upon that Coast. In a few Days after they sailed out, *Dew*, in a violent Storm, not only sprung his Mast, but lost Sight of his Consort. Upon this he returned back to refit, and *Tew*, instead of proceeding on his Voyage, made for the *Cape of Good Hope*, doubled the said Cape, and shaped his Course for the Straits of *Babel Mandel*, being the Entrance

into the *Red Sea*. Here he came up with a large Ship, richly laden, bound from the *Indies* to *Arabia*, with three hundred Soldiers on Board, besides Seamen; *Tew* had nevertheless the Hardiness to board her, and he soon carried her. 'Tis said, that, by this Prize, his Men shared near three thousand Pounds a Piece: They had Intelligence from the Prisoners, of five other rich Ships to pass that Way, which *Tew* would have attacked, tho' they were very strong, if he had not been over-ruled by the Quarter-Master and others. — This differing in Opinion created some ill Blood amongst them, so that they resolved to leave off Pyrating, and no Place they thought was so fit to receive them as *Madagascar*: Hither therefore they steered, resolving to live on Shore and enjoy what they had got.

As for *Tew* himself, he, with a few others, in a short Time went off to *Rhode Island*, from whence he made his Peace.

Thus have we accounted for the Company our Pyrates met with here.

It must be observed, that the Natives of *Madagascar* are a kind of Negroes; they differ from those of *Guinea* in the Length of their Hair, and their Complexion is not so good a Jet; they have innumerable little Princes among them, who are continually making War upon one another; their Prisoners are their Slaves, and they either sell them, or put them to death, as they please: When our Pyrates first settled amongst them, their Alliance was much courted by these Princes; so they sometimes joyned one, sometimes another; but where-soever they sided, they were sure to be victorious; for the Negroes here had no Fire-Arms, nor did they understand their Use; so that at length these Pyrates became so terrible to the Negroes, that if two or three of them were only seen on one Side, when they were going to engage, the opposite Side would fly without striking a Blow.

By these Means they not only became feared, but powerful; all the Prisoners of War they took to be their Slaves; they married the most beautiful of the Negroe Women, not one or two only, but as many as they liked; so that almost every one of them had as great a Seraglio as the grand Seignior at *Constantinople*: Their Slaves they employ'd in planting Rice, in Fishing, Hunting, &c. Besides which, they had abundance of others, who lived, as it were, under their Protection; and, to be secure from the Disturbances or Attacks of their powerful Neighbours, they seemed to pay them a willing Homage. Now they began to divide from one another, each living with his own Wives, Slaves and Dependants, like a separate Prince; and, as Power and Plenty naturally beget Contention, they sometimes quarrelled with one another, and attacked each other at the Head of their several Armies. In these civil Wars, many of them were killed; but an Accident happened, which oblig'd them to unite again for their common Safety.

It must be observed, that these sudden great Men had used their Power like Tyrants; for they grew wanton in Cruelty, and nothing was more common, than, upon the slightest Displeasure, to cause one of their Dependants to be tied to a Tree, and shot thro' the Heart: Let the Crime be what it would, whether little or great, this was always the Punishment. This occasioned the Negroes to conspire together, to rid themselves of these Destroyers, all in one Night; and, as they now lived separately, the Thing might easily have been done, had not a Woman, who had been Wife or Concubine to one of them, run near twenty Miles, in three Hours, to discover the Matter to them: Immediately upon the Alarm, they ran together as fast as they could; so that when the Negroes approached them, they found them all up in Arms, and retired without making any Attempt.

This Escape made them very cautious from that Time, and it will be worth while to describe the Policy

Policy of these brutish Fellows, and to shew what Measures they took to secure themselves.

They found that the Fear of their Power could not secure them against a Surprise: The bravest Man may be killed when he is asleep, by one much his Interior in Courage and Strength; therefore, as their first Security, they did all they could to foment War betwixt the neighbouring Negroes, remaining Neuter themselves. By these Means, those who were overcome constantly fled to them for Protection, otherwise they must be either killed or made Slaves. Thus they strengthened their Party, and always tied some to them by Interest. When there was no War, they contrived to spirit up private Quarrels among them, and, upon every little Dispute or Misunderstanding, push'd on one Side to take revenge on the other; to this Purpose they instructed them how to attack or surprize their Adversaries, and lent them loaded Pistols or Firelocks to dispatch them with. The Consequence of these Things was, that the Murderer was forced to fly to them for the safety of his Life, with his Wives, Children, and Kindred.

Such as these were fast Friends, as their Lives depended upon the Safety of their Protectors; for, as we observed before, our Pyrates were grown so terrible, that none of their Neighbours had Resolution enough to attack them in an open War.

By such Arts as these, in the Space of a few Years, their Body was greatly encreased: They then began to separate themselves, and remove at a greater Distance from one another, for the Convenience of more Ground. Thus they were divided, like the *Jezes*, into Tribes, each carrying with him his Wives and Children, (of which by this Time they had a large Family) as also their Quota of Dependants and Followers. If Power and Command are the Things which distinguish a Prince, these Ruffians had now all the Marks of Royalty about them; nay more, they had the very Fears which commonly disturb Tyrants; as may be seen by the extream Caution they took, in fortifying the Places where they dwelt.

In their Plan of Fortification they imitated one another, and their Dwellings were rather Citadels than Houses. They made Choice of a Place overgrown with Wood, and situate near a Water; they raised a Rampart or high Ditch round it, so strait and steep, that it was impossible to climb it, and especially by those who had the Use of scaling Ladders: Over the Ditch there was one Passage into the Wood; the Dwelling, which was a Hut, was built in that Part of the Wood which the Prince, who inhabited it, thought fit; but so covered that it could not be seen till you came at it. But the greatest Cunning lay in the Passage which led to the Hut, which was so narrow, that no more than one Person could go a Breast, and contrived in so intricate a Manner, that it was a perfect Maze or Labyrinth. The Way going round and round, with several little cross Ways, a Person that was not well acquainted with it, might walk several Hours round without being able to find the Hut: Moreover, all along the Sides of these narrow Paths, certain large Thorns, which grew upon a Tree in that Country, were struck into the Ground with their Points uppermost; and the Path itself being made crooked and serpentine, if a Man should attempt to come near the Hut at Night, he would certainly have struck upon these Thorns.

Thus Tyrant-like they lived, fearing and feared by all; and in this Situation they were found by Captain *Wood's Rogers*, when he went to *Madagascar*, in the *Delicia*, a Ship of forty Guns, with a Design of buying Slaves in order to sell to the *Dutch* at *Batavia* or *New-Holland*: He happened to touch upon a Part of the Island where no Ship had been

seen for seven or eight Years before; here he met with some of the Pyrates, when they had been upon the Island above 25 Years, having a large motly Generation of Children and Grand-Children descended from them, there being, at that Time, eleven of them remaining alive.

Upon their first seeing a Ship of this Force and Burthen, they supposed it to be a Man of War sent to take them; they therefore lurked within their Fastnesses: But when some from the Ship came on Shore, without any Shew of Hostility, and offered to trade with the Negroes, they ventured to come out of their Holes, attended like Princes; and since they actually were Kings *De Facto*, which is a kind of a Right, we ought to speak of them as such.

Having been so many Years upon this Island, it may be imagined, their Cloaths had long been worn out; so that their Majesties, according to the Pirates, were extreamly out at the Elbows: I cannot say they were ragged, since they had nothing to cover them but the Skins of Beasts without any tanning, with all the Hair on, not even a Shoe nor Stockings; so that they looked like the Pictures of *Men of Letters*, in the Lion's Skin; and, being overgrown with Beard, and Hair upon their Bodies, they appeared the most savage Figures that a Man's Imagination can frame.

However they soon got rigg'd; for they sold great Numbers of the poor People under them, for Cloaths, Knives, Saws, Powder and Ball, and many other Things; they became moreover so familiar, that they went aboard the *Delicia*, and were observed to be very curious, examining the Inside of the Ship, and talking very familiarly with the Men, inviting them on board. Their Design in doing this, as they afterwards confessed, was to try if it was not practicable to surprize the Ship in the Night, which they judged very easy, in case there was but a slender Watch kept on Board. They had Boats and Men enough at command, but it seems the Captain was aware of them, and kept so strong a Watch upon Deck, that they found it was in vain to make any Attempt; wherefore, when some of the Men went ashore, and they were for drawing them into a Plot, for seizing the Captain and securing the rest of the Men under Hatches, when they should have the Night-Watch, promising a Signal to come on Board to joyn them, and proposing, if they succeeded, to go a Pyrating together, the Captain, observing an Intimacy growing betwixt them, thought it could be for no Good, and therefore broke it off in Time, not suffering them so much as to talk together. After this, whenever he sent a Boat on Shore with an Officer, to treat with them about the Sale of Slaves, the Crew remained on board the Boat, and no Man was suffered to talk with them, but the Person deputed by him for that Purpose.

Before he sailed away, when they found that nothing was to be done, they confessed all the Designs they had formed against him. Thus he left them as he found them, in a great Deal of dirty Stue and Royalty, but with fewer Subjects than they had, having, as we observed, bought many of them; and, if Ambition be the darling Passion of Men, no doubt they were happy. One of these great Princes had formerly been a Waterman upon the *Thames*, where having committed a Murder, he fled to the *West-Indies*, and was of the Number of those who run away with the Sloops; the rest had been all fore-mast Men, nor was there a Man amongst them, who could either read or write, their Secretaries of State having just as much Learning as themselves. This is all the Account we can give of these Kings of *Madagascar*, some of whom it is probable are reigning to this Day.

The LIFE of Captain MARTEL.

WE come now to the Pyrates that have rose since the Peace of *Utrecht*; in War Time there is no Room for any, because all those of a roving advent'rous Disposition find Employment in Privateers. Thus our Mobs in *London*, when they come to any Height, our Superiors order out the Train Bands, and when once they are raised, the others are suppressed of Course; I take the Reason of it to be, that the Mob go into the same Army, and immediately, from notorious Breakers of the Peace, become, by being put into order, solemn Preservers of it. Should our Legislators, therefore, put some of the Pyrates into Authority, it would not only lessen their Number, but, I imagine, set them upon the rest; and they would be the likeliest People to find them out, according to the Proverb, *set a Thief to catch a Thief*.

To bring this about, there needs no other Encouragement, than to give all the Effects taken on Board a Pirate Vessel to the Captors; for, in Case of Plunder and Gain, they like it as well from Friends, as Enemies; but are not fond, as Things are carry'd, of *ruining poor Fellows*, as the *Creoleans* express it, *with no Advantage to themselves*.

The Multitude of Men and Vessels employ'd this Way, in Time of War, in the *West-Indies*, is another Reason for the Number of Pyrates in a Time of Peace: This cannot be supposed to reflect on any of our *American* Governments, much less on the King himself, by whose Authority such Commissions are granted, because of the Reasonableness of the Thing, and absolute Necessity there is for doing of it: Yet the Observation is just; for so many People employing themselves in Privateers, for the sake of Plunder and Riches, which they always spend as fast as they get, when the War is over, and they can have no farther Business in the Way of Life they have been used to, they too readily, and, indeed, too naturally engage in Acts of Piracy: And this being but the same Practice without a Commission, they make very little Distinction betwixt the Lawfulness of the one, and the Unlawfulness of the other.

In all our Enquiries back, we have not been able to find the Original of this Rover, of whom we are now to speak; but we believe he and his Gang were some Privateer's Men, belonging to the Island of *Jamaica*, in the preceeding War; his Story is but short, for his Reign was so; an End having been put to his Adventures in good Time, when he was growing strong and formidable.

In the first Accounts we have of him, we find him Commander of a Pirate Sloop of eight Guns, and 80 Men, cruising off *Jamaica*, in the Month of *September*, 1716; about which Time he took the *Berkley* Galley, Captain *Saunders*, and plundered him of 100 *l.* in Money; and afterwards met with a Sloop call'd the *King Solomon*, from whom he took some Money and Provisions, besides Goods to a great Value.

They proceeded after this to the Port of *Cavenna*, at the Island of *Cuba*, and in their Way took two Sloops, which they plundered and let go: Off the Port they fell in with a fine Galley, of 20 Guns, call'd the *John* and *Martha*, Captain *Wilson*,

which they attacked under the pyratrical black Flag, and made themselves Masters of her. They put some of the Men ashore, and others they detain'd, as they had done at several other Times, to encrease their own Company. Captain *Martel* then charged Captain *Wilson*, to advise his Owners, that their Ship would answer his Purpose exactly, by taking one Deck down; and as for the Cargo, which consisted chiefly of Logwood and Sugar, he would take Care it should be carry'd to a good Market.

Having fitted up the aforesaid Ship, as they design'd, they mounted her with 22 Guns, and 100 Men, left 25 Hands in the Sloop, and so proceeded to cruize off the Leeward Islands, where they met but with too much Success. After the taking of a Sloop and a Brigantine, they gave Chase to a stout Ship, which they came up with, and which at Sight of the Pirate's Flag, struck to the Robbers. This was a Vessel of 20 Guns, call'd the *Dolphin*, bound for *Newfoundland*. Captain *Martel* made the Men Prisoners, and carry'd the Ship with him.

About the Middle of *December*, the Pyrates took another Galley, in her Voyage from *Jamaica*, call'd the *Kent*, Captain *Lawton*, shifted her Provisions aboard their own Ship, and let her go. This obliged her to sail back to *Jamaica* for a Supply for her Voyage. Some Time after they met with a small Ship and a Sloop, belonging to *Barbadoes*: out of both they took Provisions, and then parted with them, having first taken such of their Hands, as were willing to be forced to go along with them. The *Greyhound* Galley of *London*, Captain *Evans*, from *Guiney* to *Jamaica*, was the next that had the Misfortune to fall into their Hands; they did not detain her long; for, as soon as they could get out all her Gold-Dust, Elephant's Teeth, and Slaves, which were about 40, they sent her onward upon her Voyage.

They concluded now, that 'twas very necessary to get into Harbour and refit, hoping at the same Time to get Refreshments for themselves, and an Opportunity to dispose of their Cargo: With this View, 'twas resolv'd to make the best of their Way to *Santa Cruz*, a small Island in the Latitude of 18, 30, N. ten Miles long, and two broad, lying South-East of *Porto Rico*, and belonging to the *French* Settlements. Here they thought they might lie privately enough for some Time, and fit themselves for further Mischief. They met with a Sloop by the Way, which they took along with them, and, in the Beginning of the Year 1716-17, they arrived at their Port. They had now a Ship of 20½ Guns, a Sloop of eight, and three Prizes, viz. another Ship of 20 Guns, a Sloop of four Guns, and the Sloop last taken: With this little Fleet they got into a small Harbour, or Road, the N.W. Part of the Island, and warp'd up two Creeks, which were made by a little Island lying within the Bay; (we are the more particular now, because we shall take Leave of the Gentlemen at the Place.) They had here bare 16 Foot Water, at the deepest, and but 13 or 14, at the shallowest; and nothing but Rocks and Sands without, which secured them from Wind and Sea, and likewise hindered



Jos. Nicholls Delin.

J. B. Kneller Sculp.

Captain Teach commonly call'd Black Beard.

der'd any considerable Force from entering, if any such should come against them.

When they were all got in, the first Thing they had to do, was to guard themselves in the best Manner they could; this they did by making a Battery of four Guns upon the Island, and another of two Guns on the North Point of the Road: They also warp'd in one of the Sloops with eight Guns, at the Mouth of the Channel, to hinder any Vessel from coming in. When this was done, they went to work on their Ship, unrigging and unloading, in order to clean; but we shall leave them a While, till we bring other Company to 'em.

In the Month of November, 1716, General Hamilton, Commander in chief of all the Leeward Caribbee Islands, sent a Sloop Express to Captain Hume, at Barbadoes, Commander of his Majesty's Ship the *Scarborough*, of 30 Guns, and 140 Men, to acquaint him, that two Pirate Sloops, of 12 Guns each, molested the Colonies, having plunder'd several Vessels. The *Scarborough* had bury'd twenty Men, and, at this Time, had near forty sick, and therefore was but in ill State to go to Sea: However, Captain Hume left his sick Men behind, and sail'd to the other Islands, for a Supply of Men. He took 20 Soldiers from Antegoa, at Nevis 10, and 10 at St. Christopher's, and then sail'd to the Island of Anguilla. Here he learn'd, that, some Time before, 2 such Sloops had been at Spanish-Town, otherwise call'd, one of the Virgin Islands: From this Information, the next Day, the *Scarborough* came to Spanish-Town, but could hear no other News of the Sloops, than that they had been there about Christmas, it being now the 15th of January.

Captain Hume, finding no certain Account could be had of the Pyrates, design'd to go back, the next

Day, to Barbadoes; but it happen'd that Night, that a Boat anchor'd there from Santa Cruz, and inform'd him, that he saw a Pirate Ship of 22 or 24 Guns, with other Vessels, going into the North-West Part of the Island aforesaid. The *Scarborough* weigh'd immediately, and the next Morning came in Sight of the Rovers and their Prizes, and stood to them; but the Pilot refus'd to enter in with the Ship. All this while the Pyrates fir'd red-hot Bullets from the Shore: At length, the Ship came to an Anchor, along Side the Reef, near the Channel, and cannonaded, for several Hours, both the Vessel, and Batteries. About Four in the Afternoon, the Sloop that guarded the Channel was sunk, by the Shot of the Man of War; then she cannonaded the great Pirate Ship of 22 Guns, that lay behind the Island. The next Night, viz. the 18th, it falling calm, Captain Hume weigh'd, fearing he might fall on the Reef, and in this Apprehension he stood off and on for a Day or two, to block them up. On the 20th, in the Evening, the Pyrates observ'd the Man of War to stand off to Sea, and took the Opportunity to warp out, in order to slip away from the Island, which entirely ruin'd them. At Twelve o'Clock they run aground, and then, seeing the *Scarborough* about standing in again, as their Case was desperate, they were put into the utmost Confusion; they quitted their Ship, and set her on Fire, with 50 Negroes in her, who were all burnt. Nineteen of the Pyrates made their Escape in a small Sloop, but the Captain and the rest, with 20 Negroes, betook to the Woods, where, 'tis probable, they might starve; for we never heard what became of 'em afterward. Captain Hume releas'd the Prisoners, with the Ship and Sloop that remain'd, and then went after the two Pirate Sloops first mention'd.

The LIFE of Captain TEACH, alias BLACK-BEARD.

Edward Teach was a Bristol Man born, but had sail'd several Times out of Jamaica in Privateers, in the late French War: Though he had often distinguish'd himself by his uncommon Boldness, and personal Courage, he was never rais'd to any Command till he went a pyrating, about the latter End of the Year 1716. It was then, that Captain Benjamin Hornigold put him into a Sloop, that he had made Prize of; and these two continu'd in Consortship till a little while before Hornigold surrender'd.

In the Spring of the Year 1717, Teach and Hornigold sail'd from Providence, for the Main of America, and took, in their Way, a Billop from the Havana, with 120 Barrels of Flour, which they put on board their own Vessels. They took, also, a Sloop from Bermuda, Thurbur Master, whom they rifled only of some Gallons of Wine, and then let her go; and a Ship from Madera to South-Carolina, out of which they got Plunder, to a considerable Value.

After cleaning, on the Coast of Virginia, they return'd to the West-Indies, and, in the Latitude of 24, made Prize of a large French Guinea Man, bound to Martinico, which, by Hornigold's Consent, Teach went a-board of as Captain, and took a Cruise in her. Hornigold return'd with his Sloop to Providence, where, at the Arrival of Captain Rogers, the

Governor, he surrender'd to Mercy, pursuant to the King's Proclamation.

Teach mounted 40 Guns a-board of this Guinea Man, and nam'd her *The Queen Anne's Revenge*. Cruising near the Island of St. Vincent, he took a large Ship, call'd *The Great Allen*, Christopher Taylor Commander; and, having plunder'd her of what he thought fit, and put all the Men a-shore upon the Island above-mention'd, he gave Orders to set Fire to the Ship.

A few Days after, Teach fell in with the *Scarborough* Man of War, who engag'd him for some Hours; but the *Scarborough*, finding the Pirate well mann'd, and having tried her Strength, gave over the Engagement, and return'd to Barbadoes, the Place of her Station; Teach immediately sailing towards the Spanish America.

In his Way, he met with a Pirate Sloop, of 10 Guns, commanded by Major Bonnet, whose Life we shall give hereafter. He was lately a Gentleman of good Reputation and Estate in the Island of Barbadoes, but now he readily join'd with Teach; but, a few Days after, Teach, finding that Bonnet knew nothing of a maritime Life, with the Consent of his own Men, put in one Richards to be Captain of Bonnet's Sloop, and took the Major on board his own Ship: telling him, *That, as he had not been us'd to the Fatigues and Care of such a Post, it would be better*

better for him to decline it, and live easy, and at his Pleasure, in such a Ship as his, where he should not be obliged to perform Duty, but follow his own Inclinations.

At Turniff, 10 Leagues short of the Bay of Honduras, the Pyrates took in fresh Water, and while they were at an Anchor there, they saw a Sloop coming in; whereupon *Richards*, in the Sloop call'd *The Revenge*, flipp'd his Cable, and ran out to meet her; who, upon seeing the black Flag hoisted, struck his Sail, and came to, under the Stern of *Teach* the Commodore. She was call'd *The Adventure*, from *Jamaica*, *David Harriot* Master. They took him and his Men a-board the great Ship, and sent a Number of their own People with *Israel Hands*, Master of *Teach*'s Ship, to man the Sloop for the pyratial Service.

On the 9th of April they weigh'd from Turniff, having lain there about a Week, and sail'd to the Bay, where they found a Ship and four Sloops. Three of the latter belong'd to *Jonathan Bernard*, of *Jamaica*, and the other to Captain *James*: The Ship was of *Boston*, call'd *The Protestant Cesar*, Captain *Wyar* Commander. *Teach* hoisted his black Colours, and fir'd a Gun; upon which, Captain *Wyar*, and all his Men, left their Ship, and got ashore in their Boat. *Teach*'s Quarter-Master, and eight of his Crew, took Possession of *Wyar*'s Ship, and *Richards* secur'd all the Sloops, one of which they burnt out of Spite to the Owner: The *Protestant Cesar* they also burnt, after they had plunder'd her; because she belong'd to *Boston*, where some Men had been hang'd for Piracy: But the three Sloops belonging to *Bernard* they let go.

From hence, the Rovers sail'd to *Turkill*, and then to the *Grant Caimanes*, a small Island about 30 Leagues to the Westward of *Jamaica*. Here they took a small Turler, and so sail'd to the *Havana*, from thence to the *Bahama* Wrecks, and from the *Bahama* Wrecks to *Carolina*, taking a Brigantine and two Sloops in their Way. They lay on the *Carolina* Coast, off the Bar of *Charles-Town*, for five or six Days. They took here a Ship as she was coming out, bound for *London*, commanded by *Robert Clark*, with some Passengers on board for *England*; the next Day they took another Vessel coming into *Charles-Town*, and also two Pinks coming into *Charles-Town*; likewise, a Brigantine with 14 Negroes a-board. All this being done in the Face of the Town, it struck a great Terror into the whole Province of *Carolina*, which had just before been visited by *Vane*, another notorious Pyrate. The Inhabitants even abandon'd themselves to Despair, being in no Condition to resist their Force. There were eight Sail in the Harbour, ready for the Sea; but none dar'd to venture out, it being almost impossible to escape their Hands. The inward-bound Vessels were under the same unhappy Dilemma; so that the Trade of this Place was totally interrupted. What made these Misfortunes yet heavier to them, was a long expensive War, which the Colony had had with the Natives, and which was but just ended when these Robbers infested them.

Teach detain'd all the Ships and Prisoners, and, being in want of Medicines, resolv'd to demand a Chest from the Government of the Province. Accordingly, *Richards*, the Captain of the *Revenge* Sloop, with two or three more Pyrates, were sent up along with Mr. *Marks*, one of the Prisoners whom they had taken in *Clark*'s Ship, to make their Demands, which they did in a very insolent Manner; threatening, that if they did not send immediately the Chest of Medicines, and let the Pyrate-Ambassadors return, without offering any Violence to their Persons, they would murder all their Prisoners, send up their Heads to the Governor, and set the Ships they had taken, on Fire.

Whilst Mr. *Marks* was making Application to the Council, *Richards*, and the rest of the Pyrates,

walk'd the Streets publicly, in the Sight of all People, who were fir'd with the utmost Indignation, looking upon them as Robbers and Murderers, and particularly, as the Authors of their present Wrongs and Oppressions: But they durst not so much as think of executing their Revenge, for Fear of bringing more Calamities upon themselves; and so they were forc'd to let the Villains pass with Impunity. The Government were not long in deliberating upon the Message: Though 'twas the greatest Affront that could have been put upon them, yet, for the saving so many Mens Lives, (among them Mr. *Samuel Wragg*, one of the Council) they comply'd with the Necessity, and sent on board a Chest, valu'd at between 3 and 400*l.* and the Pyrates went back safe to their Ships.

Blackbeard, (for so *Teach* was generally call'd, as we shall hereafter shew) as soon as he had receiv'd the Medicines and his Brother Rogues, let go the Ships and the Prisoners, having first taken out of them, in Gold and Silver, about 1500*l.* Sterling, besides Provisions and other Matters.

From the Bar of *Charles-Town*, they sail'd to *North-Carolina*; Captain *Teach* in the Ship which they call'd the Man of War, Captain *Richards* and Captain *Hands* in the Sloops, which they term'd Privateers, and another Sloop serving them as a Tender. *Teach* began now to think of breaking up the Company, and securing the Money and the best of the Effects for himself, and some of his Companions whom he had most Friendship for, and to cheat the rest. Accordingly, on Pretence of running into *Topsail* Inlet to clean, he grounded his Ship, and then (as if it had been done undesignedly, and by Accident) he orders *Hands*'s Sloop to come to his Assistance, and get him off again; which he endeavouring to do, ran the Sloop on Shore near the other, and so they were both lost. This done, *Teach* goes into the Tender Sloop, with 40 Hands, and leaves the *Revenge* there. After this, he took 17 others, and maroon'd them upon a small sandy Island, about a League from the Main, where there was neither Bird, Beast, or Herb, for their Subsistence, and where they must have perish'd if Major *Bonnet* had not, two Days after, taken them off.

Teach now goes up to the Governor of *North-Carolina*, with about 20 of his Men, surrenders to his Majesty's Proclamation, and receives Certificates thereof from his Excellency; but it did not appear that their submitting to this Pardon was from any Reformation of Manners, but only to wait a more favourable Opportunity to play the same Game over again; which he soon after effected, with greater Security to himself, and with much better Prospect of Success; having in this Time cultivated a very good Understanding with *Charles Eden*, Esq; the Governor above-mention'd.

The first Piece of Service this kind Governor did to *Black-Beard*, was, to give him a Right to the Vessel which he had taken, when he was a pyrating in the great Ship call'd *The Queen Anne's Revenge*; for which Purpose a Court of Vice-Admiralty was held at *Bath-Town*, where, though *Teach* had never any Commission in his Life, and the Sloop belong'd to the *English* Merchants, and was taken in Time of Peace, yet was she condemn'd as a Prize taken by *Teach* from the *Spaniards*. These Proceedings shew that Governors are but Men.

Before he sail'd upon his Adventures, he married a young Creature of about sixteen Years of Age, the Governor performing the Ceremony: For, as it is a Custom to marry here by a Priest, so it is there by a Magistrate. And this, I have been inform'd, made *Teach*'s fourteenth Wife, about a Dozen of whom might be still living. His Behaviour in this State was something extraordinary; for whilst his Sloop lay in *Okarecock* Inlet, and he was ashore at a Plantation, where his Wife liv'd, after he had lain with her all Night, it was his Custom to invite five or six

of his brutal Companions a-shore, and he would force her to prostitute herself to them all, one after another, before his Face.

In June 1718, he went to Sea, upon another Expedition, and steer'd his Course towards *Bermudas*. He met with two or three *English* Vessels in his Way, but robb'd them only of Provisions, Stores, and other Necessaries, for his present Expence; but when he came near the Island aforementioned, he fell in with two *French* Ships, one of which was loaded with Sugar and Cocoa, and the other light, both bound to *Martinico*. The Ship that had no Lading, he let go, having first put all the Men of the loaded Ship a-board her; the other he brought Home, with her Cargo, to *North Carolina*, where the Governor and the Pyrates shar'd the Plunder.

When *Teach* and his Prize arriv'd, he and four of his Crew went to his Excellency, and made Affidavit that they found the *French* Ship at Sea, without a Soul on board her; whereupon, a Court was called, and the Ship condemn'd. The Governor had 60 Hogheads of Sugar for his Dividend, and one Mr. *Knight*, who was his Secretary, and Collector for the Province, 20; the rest was shar'd among the other Pyrates, as we may properly enough express it.

The Business was not yet done; the Ship remained, and it was possible one or other might come into the River, that might be acquainted with her, and so discover the Roguery: But *Teach* thought of a Contrivance to prevent this; for, upon a Pretence that she was leaky, and that she might sink, and so stop up the Mouth of the Inlet or Cove where she lay, he obtain'd an Order from the Governor to bring her out into the River, and set her on Fire. This was accordingly executed, and she was burnt down to the Water's Edge; then her Bottom was sunk, and, with it, their Fears of her ever rising in Judgment against them.

Captain *Teach*, alias *Black-Beard*, pass'd three or four Months in the River; sometimes lying at Anchor in the Coves, at other Times sailing from one Inlet to another, trading with such Sloops as he met for the Plunder he had taken, and often giving them Presents for the Stores and Provisions took from them; that is, when he happen'd to be in a giving Humour; for at other Times he made bold with 'em, and took what he lik'd, without saying by your Leave; knowing well that they dar'd not send him a Bill for the Payment. He often diverted himself with going a-shore among the Planters, where he revell'd Night and Day: By these he was well receiv'd; but whether out of Love, or Fear, I cannot say. Sometimes he us'd them courtesously enough, and made them, also, Presents of Rum and Sugar, in Return for what he took from them; but, as to the Liberties which, 'tis said, he and his Companions often took with the Wives and Daughters of these Planters, I cannot take upon me to say, whether he paid them *ad Valorem*, or no. At other Times he carried it in a lordly Manner towards 'em, and would lay some of them under Contribution; nay, he often proceeded to bully the Governor; nor, as I can discover, that there was the least Cause of Quarrel betwixt them, but it seem'd only to be done to shew he dar'd do it.

The Sloops trading up and down this River, being so frequently pillag'd by *Black-Beard*, consulted with the Traders, and some of the best of the Planters, what Course to take: They saw plainly, it would be in vain to make any Application to the Governor of *North Carolina*, to whom it properly belong'd to find some Redress; so that if they could not be reliev'd from some other Quarter, *Black-Beard* would be like to reign with Impunity: This determin'd them, with as much Secrecy as possible, to send a Deputation to *Virginia*, to lay the Affair before the Governor of that Colony, and to solicit an arm'd Force, from the Men of War lying there, to take or destroy this Pyrate.

No. 29.

This Governor consulted with the Captains of the two Men of War, *viz.* the *Pearl* and *Time*, who had lain in *St. James's River* about ten Months. It was agreed, that the Governor should hire a Couple of small Sloops, and the Men of War should man them; this was accordingly done, and the Command of them given to Mr. *Robert Mynars*, first Lieutenant of the *Pearl*; an experience'd Officer, and a Gentleman of great Bravery and Resolution, as will appear by his gallant Behaviour in this Expedition. The Sloops were well mann'd, and furnish'd with Ammunition and small Arms, but had no Guns mounted.

About the Time of their going out, the Governor call'd an Assembly, in which it was resolv'd to publish a Proclamation with an Offer of certain Rewards, to any Person or Persons, who, within a Year after that Time, should take or destroy any Pyrate: The original Proclamation being in our Hands, we shall give it to our Readers; it runs as follows:

By his Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor, and Commander in Chief, of the Colony and Dominion of *Virginia*,

A PROCLAMATION,

Publishing the Rewards to be given for apprehending or killing Pyrates.

Whereas, by an Act of Assembly, made at a Session of Assembly, begun at the Capital in Williamsburgh, the eleventh Day of November, in the fifth Year of his Majesty's Reign, entitled, An Act to encourage the apprehending and destroying of Pyrates; it is, amongst other Things, enacted, That all and every Person, or Persons, who, from and after the fourteenth day of November, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand seven Hundred and Eighteen, and before the Fourteenth Day of November, which shall be in the Year of our Lord One Thousand seven Hundred and Nineteen, shall take any Pyrate, or Pyrates, on the Sea or Land, or, in case of Resistance, shall kill any such Pyrate, or Pyrates, between the Degrees of thirty four and thirty nine of Northern Latitude, and within one hundred Leagues of the Continent of Virginia, or North-Carolina, upon the Conviction, or making due Proof of the killing of all, and every such Pyrate, and Pyrates, before the Governor and Council, shall be entitled to have, and receive out of the publick Money, in the Hands of the Treasurer of this Colony, the several Rewards following; that is to say, For Edward Teach, commonly call'd Captain Teach, or Black-Beard, one hundred Pounds; for every other Commander of a Pyrate Ship, Sloop, or Vessel, forty Pounds; for every Lieutenant, Master, Quarter-Master, Boatswain, or Carpenter, twenty Pounds; for every other inferior Officer, fifteen Pounds; and for every private Man, taken on Board such Ship, Sloop, or Vessel, ten Pounds; and, that for every Pyrate, which shall be taken by any Ship, Sloop, or Vessel, belonging to this Colony, or North Carolina, within the Time aforesaid, in any Place whatsoever, the like Rewards shall be paid, according to the Quality and Condition of such Pyrates. Wherefore, for the Encouragement of all such Persons as shall be willing to serve his Majesty, and their Country, in so just and honourable an Undertaking, as the suppressing a Sort of People who may be truly call'd Enemies to Mankind, I have thought fit, with the Advice and Consent of his Majesty's Council, to issue this Proclamation, hereby declaring, that the said Rewards shall be punctually and justly paid, in current Money of Virginia, according to the Directions

of the said Act. And I do order and appoint this Proclamation to be published by the Sheriffs, at their respective County-Houses, and by all Ministers and Readers, in the several Churches and Chapels, throughout the Colony.

Given at our Council-Chamber at Williamsburgh, this 24th Day of November, 1718, in the fifth Year of his Majesty's Reign.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

A. SPOTSWOOD.

The 17th of November, 1718, the Lieutenant sailed from *Kiequatan*, in *James River* in *Virginia*, and the 21st in the Evening came to the Mouth of *Okercock Inlet*, where he got Sight of the Pyrate. This Expedition was made with all imaginable Secrecy, and the Officer managed with all the Prudence that was necessary, stopping all Boats and Vessels he met with in the River, from going up, and thereby preventing any Intelligence from reaching *Black-beard*; and receiving at the same Time an Account from them all, of the Place where the Pyrate was lurking. However, notwithstanding this Caution, *Black-beard* had Information of the Design, from his Excellency of the Province; and his Secretary, Mr. Knight, wrote him a Letter particularly concerning it, intimating, *That he had sent him four of his Men, which were all he could meet with in or about Town, and so bidding him to upon his Guard.* These Men who belonged to *Black-beard*, were sent from *Bath Town* to *Okercock Inlet*, where the Sloop lay, which is about 2 Leagues.

Black-beard had heard several Reports, which happened not to be true, and so gave the less Credit to this; nor was he convinced till he saw the Sloops: When they came in sight, he put his Vessel in a Posture of Defence, having no more than twenty five Men on Board, tho' he gave out to all the Vessels he spoke with, that he had 40. When he had prepared for Battle, he sat down and spent the Night in Drinking, with the Master of a trading Sloop, who, 'twas thought, had more Business with *Teach* than he should have had.

Lieutenant *Maynard* came to an Anchor; for the Place being shoal, and the Channel intricate, there was no getting in where *Teach* lay that Night. The next Morning he weighed, and sent his Boat a-head of the Sloops to sound, which, coming within the Gun Shot of the Pyrate, received his Fire. *Maynard*, hereupon, hoisted the King's Colours, and stood directly towards him, with the best Way that his Sails and Oars could make. *Black-beard* cut his Cable, and endeavoured to make a running Fight, keeping a continual Fire at his Enemies, with his large Guns. Mr. *Maynard*, not having any, as we before observ'd, kept a constant Fire with small Arms, while some of his Men labour'd at their Oars. In a little Time *Teach's* Sloop ran aground, and Mr. *Maynard's*, drawing more Water than that of the Pyrate, could not come near him; so that he anchor'd within half Gun-Shot of the Enemy. In order to lighten his Vessel, that he might run him aboard, the Lieutenant ordered all his Ballast to be thrown over-board, and all the Water to be stav'd, and then weighed and stood for him. *Black-beard*, upon this, hail'd him in this rude Manner: *Damn you for Villains, who are you? and from whence came you?* The Lieutenant made him answer, *You may see by our Colours we are no Pyrates.* *Black-beard* bid him send his Boat on Board, that he might see who he was; but Mr. *Maynard* reply'd thus: *I cannot spare my Boat, but I will come aboard of you as soon as I can, with my Sloop.* Whereupon, *Black-beard* took a Glass of Liquor, and drank to him with these Words: *Damnation seize my Soul if I give you Quarters, or take any from you.* In An-

swer to which, Mr. *Maynard* told him, *I expected no Quarters from him, nor from any other of his Men.*

By this Time *Black-beard's* Sloop floated, as Mr. *Maynard's* Sloops were rowing towards him. These Sloops being not above a foot high in the Water, consequently the Men were all exposed, as they came near together; therefore there being hitherto little or no Execution done on either Side, the Pyrate fired a Broadside, charged with an Manner of small Shot. — A fatal Stroke to them! The Sloop the Lieutenant was in had twenty Men killed and wounded, and the other Sloop nine: This could not be help'd, for, there being no Wind, they were obliged to keep to their Oar, otherwise the Pyrate would have got away from them, which, it seems, the Lieutenant was resolving to prevent.

After this unlucky Blow, *Black-beard's* Sloop fell Broadside to the Shore; Mr. *Maynard's* other Sloop, which was call'd the *Ranger*, fell a-stern, being for the present disabled. Now, the Lieutenant finding his own Sloop had Way, and would soon be on Board of *Teach*, ordered all his Men down, for fear of another Broadside, which must have been their Destruction, and have entirely ruined their Expedition. Mr. *Maynard* was the only Person that kept the Deck, except the Man at the Helm, whom he directed to lye down snug, and the Men in the Hold were ordered to get their Pistols, and their Swords ready, for close fighting, and to come up at his Command; in order to which, two Ladders were placed in the Hatch-Way for the more Expedition. When the Lieutenant's Sloop boarded the other, Captain *Teach's* Men threw in several new fashioned sort of Grenadoes, etc. Case-Bottle fill'd with Powder, small Shot, Slugs, and Pieces of Lead or Iron, with a quick March in the Mouth of them. This Match, being lighted without Side, presently runs into the Bottle to the Powder, and as that is instantly thrown on board, it generally does great Execution, besides the Confusion it occasions. By good Providence, however, they had not that Effect here; for the Men being in the Hold, *Black-beard*, seeing few or no Hands aboard, told his Men, *That they were all knock'd on the Head, except three or four, and therefore, says he, let us jump on Board, and cut them to Pieces that are alive.*

Upon this, under the Smoak of one of the Bottles just mention'd, *Black-beard* centers, with fourteen Men, over the Bows of *Maynard's* Sloop, and were not seen by him till the Air cleared; however, as it happened, he just then gave the Signal to his Men, who all rose in an Instant, and attack'd the Pyrate with as much Bravery as ever was shewn upon such an Occasion: *Black-beard* and the Lieutenant fired the first Pistol at each other, by which the Pyrate received a Wound; then they engaged with Sword, till the Lieutenant's unluckily broke; who, there upon, stepping back to cock a Pistol, *Black-beard* with his Cutlass, was striking at that Instant, when one of *Maynard's* Men gave him a terrible Wound in the Neck and Throat, by which the Lieutenant came off with a small Cut over his Fingers.

They were now closely and warmly engag'd the Lieutenant and twelve Men, against *Black-beard* and fourteen, till the Sea was tinctur'd with Blood round the Vessel. Tho' *Black-beard* received a Shot into his Body from the first Pistol that Lieutenant *Maynard* discharg'd, yet he stood his Ground, and fought with great Fury, till he received twenty Cuts, and five more Shot: At length, as he was cocking a Pistol, having fired several before, he fell down dead. By this Time eight more out of the fourteen dropp'd, and all the rest, much wounded, jump'd over-board, and call'd out for Quarters, which was granted, tho' it was only prolonging their Lives for a few Days. The Sloop *Ranger* came up and attack'd the Men that remained in *Black-beard's*

Leach's Sloop, with equal Bravery, till they likewise cry'd for Quarters.

Here was an End of that courageous Brute, who might have pass'd in the World for a Heroe, had he been employ'd in a good Cause; his Destruction, which was of such Consequence to the Plantations, was entirely owing to the Conduct and Bravery of Lieutenant *Majors* and his Men, who might have destroy'd him with much less Loss, had they had a Vessel with great Guns. But they were oblig'd to use small Vessels, because the Holes and Places he lurk'd in, would not admit those of greater Draught; and it was no small Difficulty for this Gentleman to get to him, even with these, having grounded his Vessel, at least, a hundred Times, in getting up the River, besides other Discouragements, enough to have turn'd back any Man without Dishonour, who had been less resolute and bold than this Lieutenant. The Broadside that did so much Mischief before they boarded, in all Probability saved the rest from Destruction; for before that *Leach* had little or no Hopes of escaping, and therefore had posted a resolute Fellow, a Negroe, whom he had bred up, with a lighted Match, in the Powder-Room, with Commands to blow it up, when he should give him Orders; which he designed to have done, as soon as the Lieutenant and his Men could have enter'd, that so he might have destroy'd his Conquerors with himself: And when the Negroe found how it went with *Black-beard*, he could hardly be perswaded from the rash Action, by two Prisoners that were then in the Hold of the Sloop.

What seems a little odd, is, that some of these Men, who behaved so bravely against *Black-beard*, went afterwards a pyrating themselves, and one of them was taken along with *Roberts*; but I do not find that any of them were provided for, except one that was hang'd. However, this is a Digression.

The Lieutenant caused *Black-beard's* Head to be severed from his Body, and hung up at the Bolt-sprit End; then he sail'd to *Bath-Town*, to get Relief for his wounded Men.

It must be observed, that, in rummaging the Pyrate's Sloop, they found several Letters and written Papers, which discovered the Correspondence between Governor *Eden*, the Secretary and Collector, and also some Traders at *New York*, and *Black-beard*. It is likely he had had Regard enough for his Friends, to have destroy'd these Papers before the Action, in order to hinder them from falling into such Hands, where the Discovery would be of no Use, either to the Interest or Reputation of these fine Gentlemen, had not his fix'd Resolution to have blown up all together prevented him, when he found no possibility of escaping.

When the Lieutenant came to *Bath-Town*, he made bold to seize, in the Governor's Store-House, the sixty Hogheads of Sugar, and from honest Mr. *Knight* the twenty, which, it seems, were their Dividends of the Plunder taken in the *French Ship*, as we before noted; the latter did not long survive this shameful Discovery, for, being apprehensive that he might be called to an Account for these Trifles, he fell sick with the Fright, and died in a few Days.

After the wounded Men were pretty well recovered, the Lieutenant sail'd back to the Men of War in *James's River*, in *Virginia*, with *Black-beard's* Head still hanging at the Bolt-sprit End, and fifteen Prisoners, thirteen of whom were afterwards hang'd. It appeared upon Trial, that one of them, viz. *Samuel Ostell*, was taken out of the trading Sloop but the Night before the Engagement. This poor Fellow was a little unlucky at his first entering upon his new Trade, there appearing no less than 70 Wounds upon him after the Action, notwithstanding which, he lived, and was cured of them all. The other Person that escaped the Gallows, was one *Isaac Hands*, the Master of *Black-beard's* Sloop, and formerly

merly Captain of the same, before the *Queen Anne's Revenge* was lost in *Topsail Inlet*.

The aforesaid *Hands* happened not to be in the Fight, but was taken afterwards ashore at *Bath-Town*, having been sometime before disabled by *Black-beard*, in one of his savage Humours, after the following Manner. — One Night drinking in his Cabin with *Hands*, the Pilot, and another Man, *Black-beard*, without any Provocation, privately draws out a small Pair of Pistols, and cools them under the Table, which being perceived by the Man, he withdrew and went upon Deck, leaving *Hands*, the Pilot, and the Captain together. When the Pistols were ready, he blew out the Candle, and, crossing his Hands, discharged them at his Company: *Hands*, the Master, was shot thro' the Knee, and laid for Life; the other Pistol did no Execution. — Being ask'd the meaning of this, he only answered, by damning them, that *if he did not now and then kill one of them, they would forget who he was*.

Hands being taken, he was try'd and condemned; but just as he was about to be executed, a Ship arrived at *Virginia*, with a Proclamation for prolonging the Time of his Majesty's Pardon, to such of the Pyrates as should surrender by a limited Time therein expressed: Notwithstanding the Sentence, *Hands* pleaded the Pardon, and was allowed the Benefit of it. He was alive a few Years ago in *London*, where he begged his Bread.

Now that we have given some Account of *Leach's* Life and Actions, it will not be amiss that we speak of his Beard, since it did not a little contribute towards making his Name so terrible in those Parts.

Plutarch, and other grave Historians, have taken Notice, that several great Men amongst the *Romans* took their Sir-Names from certain odd Marks in their Countenances; as *Cleopatra*, from a Mark of a Vetch on his Nose. So our Heroe, Captain *Leach*, assumed the Cognomen of *Black-beard*, from that large Quantity of Hair, which, like a frightful Meteor, covered his whole Face, and frightened *Anne* more than any Comet that has appeared there a long Time.

This Beard was black, which he suffered to grow to an extravagant Length; as to the Breadth, it came up to his Eyes; he was accustomed to twist it with Ribbons, in small Tails, after the Manner of our Ramiel's Wigs, and turn them about his Ears: In Time of Action, he wore a Sling over his Shoulders, with three brace of Pistols, hanging in Holsters like Bandoliers: He stuck lighted Matches under his Hat, which appearing on each Side of his Face, and his Eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a Figure, that Imagination cannot form an Idea of a Fury from Hell, to look more frightful.

If he had the Look of a Fury, his Humours and Passions were suitable to it; we shall relate two or three more of his Extravagancies, which we omitted in the Body of his History, by which it will appear, to what a Pitch of Wickedness human Nature may arrive, if it's Passions are not checked.

In the Commonwealth of Pyrates, he who goes the greatest Length of Wickedness, is looked upon with a kind of Envy amongst them, as a Person of a more extraordinary Gallantry; he is therefore entitled to be distinguished by some Post, and, if such a one has but Courage, he must certainly be a great Man. The Hero of whom we are writing was thoroughly accomplished this Way, and some of his Frolicks of Wickedness were as extravagant, as if he aim'd at making his Men believe he was a Devil incarnate. Being one Day at Sea, and a little flushed with Drink: — Come, says he, let us make a Hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it. Accordingly he, with two or three others, went down into the Hold, and, closing up all the Hatches, fill'd several Pots full of Brimstone, and other combusti-

ble Matter ; then they set it on Fire, and so continu'd till they were almost suffocated, when some of the Men cried out for Air : At length, he open'd the Hatches, not a little pleas'd that he held out the longest.

The Night before he was kill'd, he sat up and drank till the Morning, with some of his own Men, and the Master of a Merchant-Man ; notwithstanding his having had Intelligence of the two Sloops coming to attack him, as has been before observ'd. It was then that one of his Men ask'd him, in case any Thing should happen to him in the Engagement with the Sloops, whether his Wife knew where he had buried his Money ? He answer'd, *That no Body but himself and the Devil knew where it was, and the longest Liver should take all.*

Those of his Crew who were taken alive, told a Story which may appear a little incredible ; however, we think it will not be fair to omit it, since we had it from their own Mouths : That once, upon a Cruize, they found out that they had a Man on board more than their Crew ; such a one was seen several Days amongst them, sometimes below, and sometimes upon Deck, yet no Man in the Ship could give any Account who he was, or from whence he came ; but that he disappear'd a little before they were cast away in their great Ship, and, it seems, they verily believ'd it was the Devil.

One would think these Things should have induc'd them to reform their Lives ; but being so many Reprobates of them together, they encourag'd and spirited one another up in their Wickedness, to which a continual Course of Drinking did not a little contribute. In *Black-Beard's* Journal, which was taken, there were several Memorandums of the following Nature, all writ with his own Hand : — *Such a Day, Rum all out : — Our Company somewhat sober : — A damn'd Confusion amongst us ! — Rogues a plotting ; — Great Talk of Separation. — So I look'd sharp for a Prize ; — Such a Day took one, with a great deal of Liquor on board ; so kept the Company hot, damn'd hot, then all Things went well again.*

Thus it was these Wretches pass'd their Lives, with very little Pleasure or Satisfaction, in the Possession of what they violently took away from others, and sure to pay for it at last, by an ignominious Death.

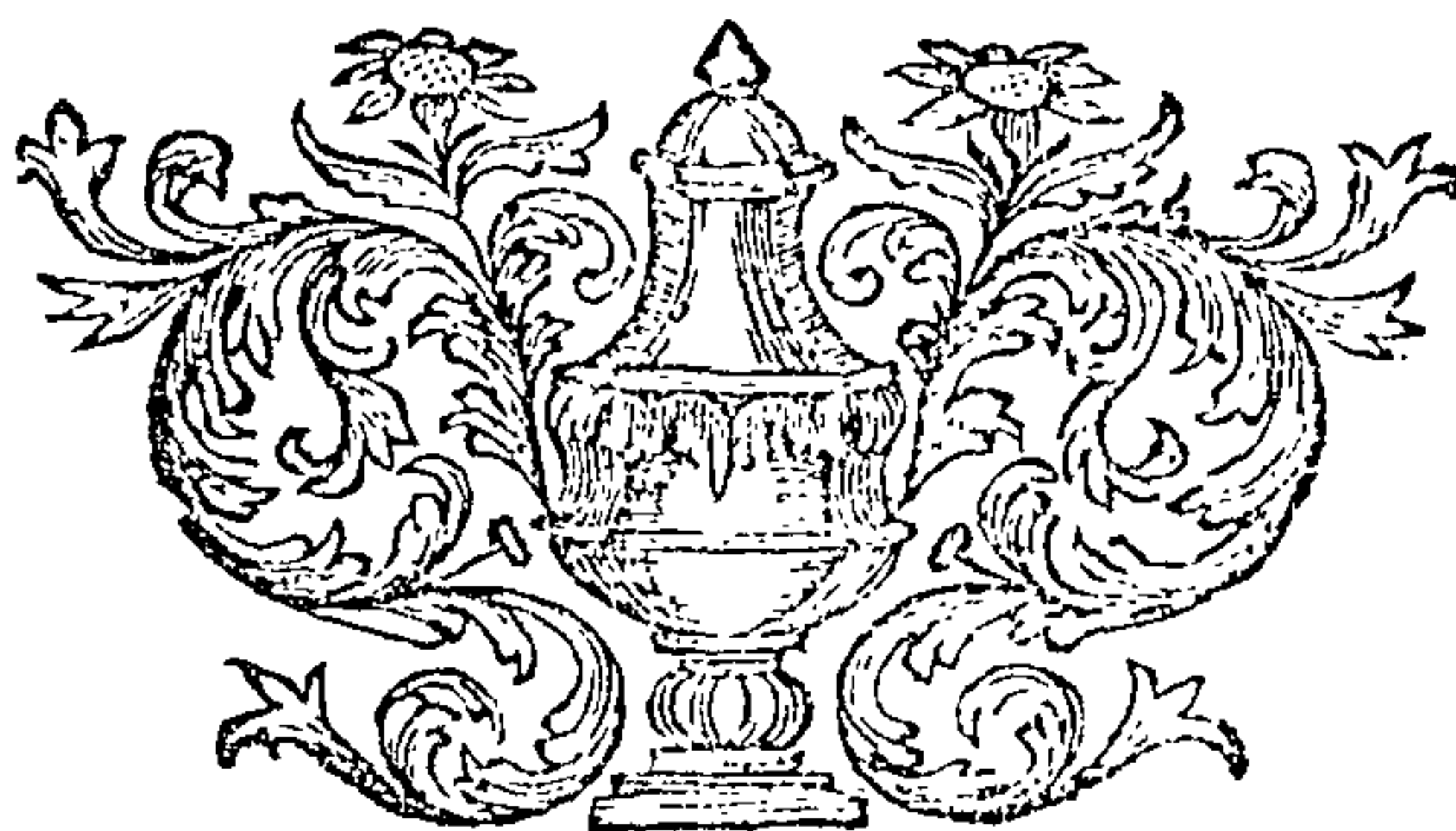
The Names of the Pyrates kill'd in the Engagement, are as follow :

Edward Teach, Commander.
Philip Morton, Gunner.
Garrat Gibbens, Boatswain.
Owen Roberts, Carpenter.
Thomas Miller, Quarter-Master.
John Husk,
Joseph Currice,
Joseph Brooks (1),
Nath. Jackson.

All the rest were wounded, and, except the two last, afterwards hang'd in *Virginia*.

<i>John Carnes</i> ,	<i>Joseph Philips</i> ,
<i>Joseph Brooks</i> (2),	<i>James Robbins</i> ,
<i>James Blake</i> ,	<i>John Martin</i> ,
<i>John Gills</i> ,	<i>Edward Salter</i> ,
<i>Thomas Gates</i> ,	<i>Stephen Daniel</i> ,
<i>James White</i> ,	<i>Richard Greensail</i> ,
<i>Richard Stiles</i> ,	<i>Israel Hands</i> , pardon'd.
<i>Cesar</i> ,	<i>Samuel Odell</i> , acquitted.

There were in the Pyrate Sloops, and a-shore in a Tent near where the Sloops lay, 25 Hogsheds of Sugar, 11 Tierces, and 145 Bags of Cocoa, a Barrel of Indigo, and a Bale of Cotton ; all which, with what was taken from the Governor and Secretary, and the Sale of the Sloop, came to 2500 *l.* besides the Rewards paid by the Governor of *Virginia*, pursuant to his Proclamation. The whole was divided among the Companies of the two Ships, the *Line* and the *Pearl*, that lay in *James River* ; the brave Fellows that took them coming in for no more than their Dividend amongst the rest, and it was a long Time before even that was paid.



The LIFE of Major STEDE BONNET.

MAJOR Bonnet was a Gentleman of good Reputation in the Island of *Barbadoes*, where he was Master of a plentiful Fortune, having, besides, the Advantage of a liberal Education. He had the least Temptation of any Man to follow such a Course of Life, from the Condition of his Circumstances; and therefore it was very surprising to every one, in the Island where he liv'd, when they heard of his Enterprizes. As he was generally esteem'd and honour'd, before he broke out into open Acts of Piracy, so he was afterwards rather pitied than condemned, by those that were acquainted with him; who believ'd that this Humour of going a pyrating proceeded from a Disorder in his Mind, which had been but too visible in him, some Time before this wicked Undertaking, and which is said to have been occasion'd by some Discomforts he met with in a married State. But be that as it will, the Major was but ill qualify'd for the Business; for he did not understand maritime Affairs.

When he was resolv'd in his wicked Purpose, he fitted out a Sloop, with 10 Guns, and 70 Men, entirely at his own Expence, and in the Night-time sail'd from *Barbadoes*. He call'd his Sloop *The Revenge*, and his first Cruize in her was off the Capes of *Virginia*; where he took several Ships, and plunder'd them of their Provisions, Cloaths, Money, Ammunition, &c. in particular the *Anne*, Captain *Montgomery*, from *Glasgow*; the *Turbet*, from *Barbadoes*; which latter, for the Country's Sake, after they had taken out the principal Part of the Lading, the Pirate Crew set on Fire. They took, also, the *Endeavour*, Captain *Scot*, from *Bristol*, and the *Young*, from *Leith*. From hence they went to *New-York*, and off the East End of *Long-Island* they took a Sloop bound for the *West-Indies*; after which they stood in and landed some Men at *Gartners-Island*, but in a peaceable Manner; for they bought Provisions for the Company's Use, which they paid justly for, and so went off again without Molestation.

Some Time after, in the Month of *August* 1717, Bonnet came off the Bar of *South-Carolina*, and took a Sloop and a Brigantine inwards-bound; the Sloop belong'd to *Barbadoes*, *Joseph Palmer* Master, and was laden with Rum, Sugar, and Negroes; the Brigantine came from *New-England*, *Thomas Porter* was Master; her they plunder'd, and then dismiss'd: But they sail'd away with the Sloop, and at an Inlet in *North-Carolina* were careen'd by her, and then they set her on Fire.

After the Sloop had clean'd, they put to Sea, but came to no Resolution what Course to take; for the Crew were divided in their Opinions, some being for one Thing, and some for another; so that nothing but Confusion seem'd to attend all their Schemes.

The Major was no Sailor, as was said before, and therefore was often oblig'd to yield to many Things that were impos'd on him, during their Undertaking, for want of a competent Knowledge in maritime Affairs, till at length he happen'd to fall in Company with *Edward Teach*, commonly call'd *Black-Beard*, as we observ'd in his Life. This Fellow was a good Sailor, but a most cruel harden'd Villain,

bold and daring to the last Degree, and would not stick at perpetrating the most abominable Wickedness imaginable; for which, he was made chief of that execrable Gang. It might be said, that his Post was not unduly fill'd, *Black-Beard* being truly the Superior in Roguery of all the Company, as has been related in his Life, just now mention'd.

To him Bonnet's Crew join'd in Consortship, and Bonnet himself was laid aside, notwithstanding the Sloop was his own. The Major went a-board *Black-Beard's* Ship, not concerning himself with any of their Affairs, and continu'd there till she was lost in *Toppsail Inlet*; and one *Richards* was appointed Captain in his Room. The Major now saw his Folly, but could not help himself, which made him melancholy: He reflect'd upon his past Course of Life, and was confounded with Shame when he thought upon what he had done. His Behaviour was taken Notice of by the other Pyrates, who lik'd him never the better for it; and he often declar'd to some of them, that he would gladly leave off that Way of Living, being perfectly tir'd of it; but he should be ashamed to see the Face of any honest *English* Man again: Therefore he said if he could get to *Spain* or *Portugal*, where he might live undiscover'd, he would spend the Remainder of his Days in either of those Countries, otherwise he must continue with them as long as he liv'd.

When *Black-Beard* lost his Ship at *Toppsail Inlet*, and surrender'd to the King's Proclamation, Bonnet re-assum'd the Command of his own Sloop *The Revenge*, went directly away to *Bath-Town* in *North-Carolina*, surrender'd likewise to the King's Pardon, and receiv'd a Certificate. The War was now broke out between the *Triple Allies* and *Spain*; so Major Bonnet gets a Clearance for his Sloop at *North-Carolina*, and goes to the Island of *St. Thomas*, with a Design, at least as he pretended, to get the Emperor's Commission to go a privateering upon the *Spaniards*. When Bonnet came back to *Toppsail Inlet*, he found that *Teach* and his Gang were gone, and that they had taken all the Money, small Arms, and Effects of Value, out of the great Ship, and set ashore seventeen Men on a small sandy Island above a League from the Main, no Doubt with a Design they should perish, for there was no Inhabitant, or Provisions to subsist withal, nor any Boat, or Materials to build or make any kind of Launch or Vessel, to escape from that desolate Place: They had remain'd there two Nights and a Day, without Subsistence, or the least Prospect of any, expecting nothing else but a lingering Death; when, to their inexpressible Comfort, they saw Redemption at Hand. Major Bonnet happening to get Intelligence of their being there, by two of the Pyrates who had escap'd from *Teach's* Cruelty, and had got to a poor little Village at the upper End of the Harbour, sent his Boat to make Discovery of the Truth of the Matter, which the poor Wretches seeing, they made a Signal to them, and were all brought on board Bonnet's Sloop.

Major Bonnet told all his Company, that he would take a Commission to go against the *Spaniards*, and to that End, would sail to *St. Thomas's*; therefore he said if they would go with him, they should be welcome. To this they all consented, but as the

Sloop

Sloop was preparing to sail, a Bom Boat which brought Apples and Cyder to sell to the Sloop's Men, informed them, that Captain *Teach* lay at *Ocracock Inlet*, with only 18 or 20 Hands. *Bonnet*, who bore him a mortal Hatred for some Insults offered him, went immediately in pursuit of *Black-beard*, but it happened too late, for he missed of him there. They cruized after him four Days, when hearing no farther News of him, they steered their Course towards *Virginia*.

In the Month of *July*, these Adventurers came off the Capes, and meeting a Pink, with a Stock of Provisions on board, which they happened to be in Want of, they took out of her ten or twelve Barrels of Pork, and about 400 Weight of Bread: They would not, however, have this set down to the Account of Piracy, and therefore they gave them eight or ten Casks of Rice, and an old Cable, in lieu thereof.

Two Days afterwards they chased a Sloop of sixty Ton, and about two Leagues off of Cape *Henry* they took her. They were so happy here as to get a Supply of Liquor to their Victuals, for they brought from her two Hogsheds of Rum, and as many of Molasses; which, it seems, they had need of, tho' they had not ready Money to purchase them: What Security they intended to give, I can't tell; but *Bonnet* sent eight Men to take Care of the Prize Sloop, who, perhaps, not caring to make Use of those accusom'd Freedoms, took the first Opportunity to go off with her, and *Bonnet* (who was now pleased to have himself call'd Captain *Thomas*) saw them no more.

After this, the Major threw off all Restraint, and, tho' he had just before received his Majesty's Mercy, in the Name of *Stede Bonnet*, he relaps'd in good Earnest into his old Vocation, by the Name of Captain *Thomas*, and recommenced a down-right Pirate, by taking and plundering all the Vessels he met with: He took off Cape *Henry*, two Ships from *Virginia*, bound to *Glasgow*, which furnished them with but very little besides an hundred Weight of Tobacco. The next Day they took a small Sloop bound from *Virginia* to *Bermudas*, which supply'd them with twenty Barrels of Pork, and some Bacon. They gave her in return, two Barrels of Rice, and a Hogshhead of Molasses; out of this Sloop two Men enter'd voluntarily into their Service. The next they took was another *Virginia* Man, bound to *Glasgow*, out of which they had nothing of Value, save only a few Combs, Pins and Needles, instead of which they gave her a Barrel of Pork, and two Barrels of Bread.

From *Virginia* they sailed to *Philadelphia*, and in the Latitude 38 North, they took a Schooner, coming from *North-Carolina*, and bound to *Boston*: They deprived her only of two Dozen of Calf-Skins, to make Covers for Guns, and two of her Hands, but they detained her some Days. All this was but small Game, and seem'd as if they design'd only to make Provision for their Sloop against they arriv'd at *St. Thomas's*; for they hitherto had dealt favourably with all that fell into their Hands; but those that were so unhappy as to come after, fared not so well, for in the Latitude of 32, off of *Delaware* River, near *Philadelphia*, they took two Snows bound to *Bristol*, out of which they got some Money, besides Goods to the Value of about 150 *l.* At the same Time they took a Sloop of sixty Tons, bound from *Philadelphia* to *Barbadoes*, which, after taking some Goods out, they dismissed along with the Snows.

The 29th Day of *July*, Captain *Thomas* took a Sloop of 50 Tons, six or seven Leagues off of *Delaware* Bay, bound from *Philadelphia* to *Barbadoes*, *Thomas Read* Master. She was loaded with Provisions, which they kept, and put four or five of their Hands on Board her. The last Day of *July*, they took another Sloop of 60 Tons, commanded by *Peter Mitchell*, bound from *Antegoa* to *Phi-*

ladelphia; her they likewise kept with all the Cargo, consisting chiefly of Rum, Molasses, Sugar, Cotton, Indigo, and about 25 *l.* in Money, valued in all at 500 *l.*

The last Day of *July*, our Rovers, with the Vessels last taken, left *Delaware* Bay, and sailed to Cape *Fear* River, where they staid too long for their Safety; for the Pirate Sloop, which they now new-named the *Royal James*, proved very leaky, so that they was obliged to remain here almost two Months, in order to refit and repair their Vessel: They took in this River a small Shallop, which they ripped up to mend their Sloop. By these Means the Prosecution of their Voyage, as before mention'd, was deferred till the News came to *Carolina*, of a Pirate Sloop's being there to carreen with her Prizes.

Upon this Information, the Council of *South-Carolina* was alarmed, apprehending they should receive another Visit from them speedily; to prevent which, Colonel *William Rhett*, of the same Province, waited on the Governor, and generously offered himself to go with two Sloops and attack this Pirate: The Governor readily accepted his offer, and accordingly gave the Colonel a Commission, and full Power, to fit out such Vessels as he thought proper for the Design.

In a few Days two Sloops were equipped and manned: the *Henry* with 8 Guns and 70 Men, commanded by Captain *John Masters*, and the *Sea Nymph*, with 8 Guns and 60 Men, commanded by Captain *Fayrer Hall*, both under the entire Direction of the aforesaid Colonel *Rhett*, who, on the 14th of *September*, went on Board the *Henry*, and, with the other Sloop, sailed from *Charles-Town* to *St. Livants* Island, to put themselves in order for the Cruize. Just then arrived a small Ship from *Antegoa*, one *Cock* Master, with an Account, that, in Sight of the Bar, he was taken and plundered by one *Charles Vane*, a Pirate, in a Brigantine of 12 Guns, and 20 Men; who, they said, had also taken two other Vessels bound in there; one a small Sloop, Captain *Dill* Master, from *Barbadoes*; the other a Brigantine, Captain *Thompson* Master, from *Guiney*, with ninety odd Negroes, which they took out of the Vessel, and put on Board another Sloop, then under the Command of one *Teats*, his Consort, with 21 Men. This prov'd fortunate to the Owners of the *Guiney* Man, for *Teats*, having often before attempted to quit this Course of Life, took an Opportunity in the Night, to leave *Vane* and run into *North-Edisto* River, to the Southward of *Charles-Town*, where he surrendered to his Majesty's Pardon. Thus the Owners got their Negroes, and *Teats* and his Men had Certificates given them from the Government.

Vane cruized some Time off the Bar, in hopes to catch *Teats*, and, unfortunately for them, took two Ships coming out, bound to *London*. While the Crews of these were Prisoners a-board, some of the Pirates gave out, that they designed to go into one of the Rivers to the Southward. All this they told Colonel *Rhett*, who, upon hearing it, sailed over the Bar the 15th of *September*, with the two Sloops before mentioned; and, having the Wind Northerly, went after *Vane*, scouring all the Rivers and Inlets to the Southward; however, not meeting with him, he tacked about, and stood for Cape *Fear* River, in Prosecution of his first Design. On the 26th following, in the Evening, the Colonel, with his small Squadron, entered the River, and saw over a Point of Hand, three Sloops at an Anchor, which were Major *Bonnet* and his Prizes. It happened, that, in going up the River, the Pilot ran the Colonel's Sloop aground, and it was dark before they were on Float, which hindered their getting up that Night. The Pirates soon discovered the Sloops, but not knowing who they were, or upon what Design they came into that River, they manned three Canoes, and sent them down to make Prisoners of them; but they quickly found their Mistake, and re-

turned to the Sloop, with the unwelcome News. Major Bonnet made Preparations that Night for engaging, and took all the Men out of the Prizes. He shewed Captain Manzeering, one of his Prisoners, a Letter he had just wrote, which he declared he would send to the Governor of Carolina; the contents were to this Effect, viz. *That if the Sloops, which then appeared, were sent out against him by the said Governor, and he should happen to get clear off, he would afterwards burn and destroy all Ships or Vessels going in or coming out of South-Carolina.* The next Morning they got under Sail, and came down the River, designing only a running Fight. Colonel Rhet's Sloops got likewise under Sail, and stood for him, getting upon each Quarter of the Pyrate, with Intent to board him; which Bonnet perceiving, he edged in towards the Shore, and, being warmly engag'd, ran his Sloop a-ground: The Carolina Sloops, being in the same shoal Water, were in the same Circumstances; the Henry, in which Colonel Rhet was, grounded within Pistol shot of the Pyrate, and on his Bow; the other Sloop grounded right a-head of him, and almost out of Gun-Shot, which made her of little Service to the Colonel, while they lay a ground.

At this Time the Pyrates had a considerable Advantage; for their Sloop, after she was a-ground, lifted from Colonel Rhet's, by which Means they were all covered, and the Colonel's Sloop lifting the same Way, his Men were as much exposed; notwithstanding which, they kept a brisk Fire the whole Time they lay thus a-ground, which was near five Hours. The Pyrates made a Wiff in their bloody Flag, and beckoned several Times with their Hats, in Derision to the Colonel's Men, to come on Board, which they answered with cheerful Huzza's, and said, *that they would speak with them by and by*: This accordingly happened; for the Colonel's Sloop being first afloat, he got into deeper Water, and after mending the Rigging, which was much shattered in the Engagement, they stood for the Pyrate, to give the finishing Stroke, designing to go directly on Board him. Bonnet, however, prevented this, by sending a Flag of Truce, and, after some Time capitulating, his whole Crew surrendered themselves Prisoners. The Colonel took Possession of the Sloop, and was extremely pleased to find that Captain Thomas, who commanded her, was the individual Person of Major Stede Bonnet, who had done them the Honour several Times to visit their Coast of Carolina.

There were killed in this Action, on Board the Henry, ten Men, and fourteen wounded; on Board the Sea Nymph two were killed, and four wounded. The Officers and Sailors in both Sloops behaved themselves with the greatest Bravery; and, had they not so unluckily run a-ground, they had taken the Pyrate with much less Loss of Men; but as he endeavoured to sail by them, and so make a running Fight, the Carolina Sloops were obliged to keep near him, to prevent his getting away. Of the Pyrates there were seven killed and five wounded, two of which latter died soon after, of their Wounds. Colonel Rhet weighed the 30th of September, from Cape Fear River, and arrived at Charles-Town the 3d of October, to the great Joy of the whole Province of Carolina.

Bonnet and his Crew, two Days after, were put a-shore; and there not being a publick Prison, the Crew were kept at the Watch-House, under a Guard of Militia; but Major Bonnet himself was committed into the Custody of the Marshal, at his own House. In a few Days after, David Harriot the Master, and Ignatius Pell the Boatswain, who were designed for Evidences against the other Pyrates, were removed from the rest of the Company, to the said Marshal's House, and every Night two Centinels were set about the said House: Whether it was thro' any Corruption, or want of Care in Guarding the Prisoners, we can't say; but so it was, that,

on the 24th of October, the Major and Harriot made their Escape, the Boatswain refusing to go along with them. This made a great Noise in the Province, and People were open in their Resentments, often reflecting publicly on the Governor, and others in the Magistracy, as tho' they had been brib'd, for conniving at their getting off. These Invektives arose from their Fears, that Bonnet would be capable of raising another Company, and of prosecuting his Revenge against their Country, for what he had lately, tho' justly, suffered: But they were in a short Time made easy in those Respects; for as soon as the Governor had the Account of Bonnet's Escape, he immediately issued out a Proclamation, and promised a Reward of 700 l. to any that would take him; sending, besides, several Boats with armed Men, both to the Northward and Southward, in pursuit of him.

Bonnet stood to the Northward, in a small Vessel, but wanting Necessaries, and the Weather being bad, he was forced back, and so returned with his Canoe to Swillivants Island, near Charles-Town, to fetch Supplies; there being now some Information given to the Governor, he sent for Colonel Rhet, and desired him to go in pursuit of Bonnet, and accordingly gave him a Commission for that Purpose: Hereupon the Colonel, with a great Deal of Craft, and some Men, went away that Night for Swillivants Island, where, after a diligent Search, he discovered Bonnet and Harriot together: The Colonel's Men fired upon them, killed Harriot upon the Spot, and wounded one Negroe and an Indian. Bonnet submitted, and surrender'd himself, and the next Morning, being November the 6th, was brought back by Colonel Rhet to Charles-Town, and, by the Governor's Warrant, committed there into safe Custody, in order for his being brought to his Trial.

On the 28th of October, 1711, a Court of Vice-Admiralty was held at Charles-Town, in South-Carolina, and, by several Adjournments, continued to Wednesday, the 12th of November following, for the Tryal of the Pyrates taken in a Sloop formerly called *the Revenge*, but afterwards *the Royal James*, before Nicholas Trot Esq; Judge of the Vice-Admiralty, and Chief Justice of the said Province of South-Carolina, and other assistant Judges.

The King's Commission to Judge Trot being read, and a Grand Jury sworn for the finding of the several Bills, a learned Charge was given them by the said Judge, wherein he it shewed *That the Sea was given by God, for the Use of Men, and therefore is subject to Dominion and Property, as well as the Land.*

2dly, He particularly remark'd to them, *the supreme Sovereignty of the King of England over the British Seas.*

3dly, He observed, *that as Commerce and Navigation could not be carried on without Laws, so there have been always particular Laws, for the better ordering and regulating marine Affairs; to this he added, an historical Account of those Laws, and their Origin.*

4thly, He proceeded to shew, *that there have been particular Courts and Judges appointed, to whose Jurisdiction maritime Causes properly belong; and that in Matters both Civil and Criminal.*

And then 5thly, He particularly shewed them, *the Constitution and Jurisdiction of the present Court of Admiralty Sessions,*

And lastly, *the Crimes that were cognizable therein; here he particularly enlarged upon the Crime of Piracy, which was now to be brought before them.*

The Indictments being found, a petit Jury was sworn, and the following Persons arraigned and tried.

Stede Bonnet, alias Edwards, alias Thomas, late of Barbadoes, Mariner.

Robert Tucker, late of the Island of Jamaica, Mariner.

Edward Robinson, late of New Castle upon Tyne, Mariner.

Neal Paterson, late of Aberdeen, Mariner.

William Scot, late of Aberdeen, Mariner.

William Eddy, alias Neddy, late of Aberdeen, Mariner.

Alexander Annand, late of Jamaica, Mariner.

George Rose, late of Glasgow, Mariner.

* Thomas Nicholas, late of London, Mariner.

John Ridge, late of London, Mariner.

Matthew King, late of Jamaica, Mariner.

Daniel Perry, late of Guernsey, Mariner.

Henry Virgin, late of Bristol, Mariner.

James Robbins, alias Rattle, late of London, Mariner.

James Mullet, alias Millet, late of London, Mariner.

Thomas Price, late of Bristol, Mariner.

James Wilson, late of Dublin, Mariner.

John Lopez, late of Oporto, Mariner.

Zachariah Long, late of the Province of Holland, Mariner.

Job Bayly, late of London, Mariner.

John-William Smith, late of Charles-Town, South-Carolina, Mariner.

Thomas Carman, late of Maidstone in Kent, Mariner.

John Thomas, late of Jamaica, Mariner.

William Morrison, late of Jamaica, Mariner.

Samuel Booth, late of Charles-Town, Mariner.

William Hewet, late of Jamaica, Mariner.

John Levit, late of North-Carolina, Mariner.

William Livers, alias Evis, (without any particular Appellation)

John Brierly, alias Timberhead, late of Bath-Town in North-Carolina, Mariner.

Robert Boyd, late of Bath-Town aforesaid, Mariner.

* Rozeland Sharp, late of Bath-Town, Mariner.

* Jonathan Clarke, late of Charles-Town, South-Carolina, Mariner.

* Thomas Gerrard, late of Antegoa, Mariner.

All these, except the three last, and Thomas Nicholas, were found guilty of the Indictments exhibited against them, and received Sentence of Death accordingly.

There were most of them try'd upon the two Indictments following.

THE Jurors for our Sovereign Lord the King, do upon their Oath present, that Stede Bonnet, late of Barbadoes, Mariner, Robert Tucker, &c. &c. The 2d Day of August, in the 5th Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George, &c. By Force of Arms, did pyratically, and feloniously set upon, break, board, and enter, a certain Merchant Sloop, called the Frances, Peter Manwaring Commander, upon the High-Sea, in a certain Place called Cape James, alias Cape Inlopen, about two Miles distant from the Shore, in the Latitude of 39, or thereabouts, and within the Jurisdiction of the Court of Vice-Admiralty of South-Carolina, being the Property of certain Persons, to the Jurors unknown; and then, and there, pyratically, and feloniously did make an Assault, in, and upon the said Peter Manwaring, and others his Mariners, whose Names to the Jurors aforesaid are unknown, in the same Sloop, against the Peace of God, and of our said Sovereign Lord the King, then, and there being; and that the said Stede Bonnet, &c. pyratically and feloniously, did put the aforesaid Peter Manwaring, and others his Mariners, of the same Sloop aforesaid, in corporal Fear of their Lives, then and there, in the Sloop aforesaid, upon the High-Sea, in the Place aforesaid, called Cape James, alias Cape Inlopen, about two Miles from the Shore, in the Latitude of 39, or thereabouts, as aforesaid; and within the Jurisdiction aforesaid;

and that the said Stede Bonnet, &c. pyratically and feloniously, did steal, take, and carry away the said Merchant Sloop, called the Frances, and also twenty six Hogsheads, &c. &c. &c. being found in the aforesaid Sloop, in the Custody and Possession of the said Peter Manwaring, and others his Mariners of the said Sloop, and from their Custody and Possession, then and there, upon the High-Sea aforesaid, called Cape James, alias Cape Inlopen, as aforesaid, and within the Jurisdiction aforesaid, did remove, against the Peace of our now Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity.

This was the Form of the Indictments they were arraigned upon, and tho' they might have proved several more Facts upon the Major Part of the Crew, the Court thought fit to prosecute but two: The Charge in the other was for seizing in a pyratical and felonious Manner, the Sloop Fortune, Thomas Rea's Commander; which Indictment running in the same Words with the above-mention'd, *mutatis mutandis*, it will be unnecessary to say more of it.

All the Prisoners that were arraigned pleaded Not Guilty, and put themselves upon their Tryals, except James Wilson, and John Levit, who pleaded Guilty to both Indictments, and Daniel Perry to one only. The Major would have gone through both the Indictments at once, which the Court not admitting, he pleaded Not Guilty to them both: However, being convicted of one, he retracted his former Plea to the second Indictment, and pleaded Guilty to it, to prevent any farther Trouble.

The Prisoners made little or no Defence, every one pretending only that they were taken off a Maroon Shore, and shipped with Major Bonnet to go to St. Thomas's, but being out at Sea, and wanting Provisions, they were obliged to do what they did by the Vessels they met with: Major Bonnet also himself, pretended that 'twas Force, not Inclination, that occasioned what had happened. However, the Facts being plainly prov'd against them, and that they had all shared ten or eleven Pounds a Man, excepting the three last, and Thomas Nicholas, they were all but they found Guilty. The Judge made a very grave and moving Speech to them, setting forth the *Enormity of their Crimes*, the *Condition they were now in*, and the *Nature and Necessity of an unfeigned Repentance*: He then recommended them to the Ministers of the Province, for more ample Directions to fit them for Eternity, for (concluded he) *the Priest's Lips shall keep Knowledge, and you shall seek the Law at their Mouths; for they are the Messengers of the Lord, and the Ambassadors of Christ, and unto them is committed the Word of Reconciliation*, after this he pronounced Sentence of Death upon them.

On Saturday November the 8th, 1718. Robert Tucker, Edward Robinson, Neal Paterson, William Scot, Job Bayley, John-William Smith, John Thomas, William Morrison, Samuel Booth, William Hewet, William Eddy, alias Neddy, Alexander Annand, George Rose, George Dunkin, Matthew King, Daniel Perry, Henry Virgin, James Robbins, James Mullet, alias Millet, Thomas Price, John Lopez, and Zachariah Long, were executed at the White-Point near Charles-Town, pursuant to their Sentence.

As for the Captain, his Escape protracted his Fate, and spun out his Life a few Days longer, for he was not try'd till the 10th of November, when, being found Guilty, he received Sentence in like Manner as the former. Judge Trot then made another most excellent Speech particularly to him, which is rather somewhat too long to be inserted in our History; yet we could not tell how to pass by so good and useful a Piece of Instruction, not knowing whose Hands this Book may happen to fall into, and what Use such sound Instructions may be of.

The

The Lord Chief Justice's SPEECH,
on his pronouncing Sentence of
Death on Major STEDE BON-
NET.

MAJOR *Stede Bonnet*, you stand here convicted upon two Indictments of Piracy; one by the Verdict of the Jury, and the other by your own Confession.

Altho' you were indicted but for two Facts, yet you know that, at your Tryal, it was fully proved, even by an unwilling Witness, that you *pyratically* took and rifled no less than *thirteen* Vessels, since you sailed from *North-Carolina*.

So that you might have been indicted, and convicted of *eleven* more Acts of Piracy, committed since you took the Benefit of the King's *Act of Grace*, and pretended to leave that wicked Course of Life, if the Court had thought fit,

Not to mention the many *Acts of Piracy* you committed before; for which, if your Pardon from *Man* was never so authentick, yet you must expect to give an Account before God, the great Judge.

You know that the Crimes you have committed, are *evil* in themselves, and contrary to the *Light* and *Law of Nature*, as well as to the *Law of God*: By which you are commanded, that *you shall not steal*. *Exod. 20. 15.* And the Apostle *St. Paul* expressly affirms, that *Thieves shall not inherit the Kingdom of God*, *1 Cor. 6. 10.*

But to *Theft* you have added a greater Sin, which is *Murder*. How many you may have killed of those that resisted you in the committing your former *Pyracies*, I know not: But this we all know, That, besides the Wounded, you killed no less than *eighteen* Persons out of those that were sent by lawful Authority to suppress you, and put a Stop to those Rapines that you daily acted.

And, however you may fancy that That was killing Men fairly in open *Fight*, yet this know, that the Power of the *Sword* not being committed into your Hands by any lawful Authority, you were not impowered to use any *Force*, or *fight* any one; and therefore those Persons that fell in that Action, in doing their Duty to their King and Country, were *murdered*, and their *Blood* now cries out for *Vengeance* and *Justice* against you: For it is the *Voice of Nature*, confirmed by the *Law of God*, That *whosoever sheddeth Man's Blood, by Man his Blood shall be shed*. *Gen. 9. 6.*

And consider that Death is not the only Punishment due to *Murderers*; for they are threatened to have *their Part in the Lake that burneth with Fire and Brimstone, which is the second Death*, *Rev. 21. 8.* See also *Chap. 22. 15.* Words which carry that Terror with them, that, considering your Circumstances and your Guilt, surely the Sound of them must make you tremble; *For who can dwell with everlasting Burnings?* *Chap. 23. 14.*

As the *Testimony* of your *Conscience* must convince you of the great and many Evils you have committed, by which you have highly offended God, and provoked most justly his Wrath and Indignation against you, so I suppose I need not tell you, that the only Way of obtaining Pardon and Remission of your Sins from God, is by a true and unfeigned *Repentance* and *Faith* in *Christ*, by whose meritorious Death and Passion, you can only hope for Salvation.

You being a Gentleman that have had the Advantage of a *liberal Education*, and being generally esteemed a Man of *Letters*, I believe it will be needless for me to explain to you the Nature of *Repentance* and *Faith* in *Christ*, they being so fully and so often mentioned in the Scriptures, that you cannot but know them. For the same Reason, per-

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haps, it might be thought by some improper for me to have said so much to you, as I have already, upon this Occasion; neither should I have done it, but that, considering the Course of your Life and Actions, I have just Reason to fear, that the Principles of Religion that had been instilled into you by your *Education*, have been at least corrupted, if not entirely defaced, by the *Scepticism* and *Infidelity* of this wicked Age; and that what Time you allowed for Study, was rather applied to the *Po- lite Literature*, and the vain *Philosophy* of the Times, than to a serious Search after the *Law* and *Will of God*, as revealed unto us in the holy *Scriptures*: For *had your Delight been in the Law of the Lord, and had you meditated therein Day and Night*, you would then have found that *God's Word was a Lamp unto your Feet, and a Light to your Path*, *Psal. 119. 105.* and that you would account all other Knowledge but *Jefts*, in Comparison of the *Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ Jesus*, *Phil. 3. 8.* *who to them that are called is the Power of God, and the Wisdom of God*, *1 Cor. 1. 24.* *even the hidden Wisdom which God obtained before the World*, *Chap. 2. 7.*

You would then have esteemed the *Scriptures* as the *Great Charter* of Heaven, and which delivered to us not only the most perfect *Laws* and *Rules* of Life, but also discovered to us the Acts of *Pardon* from God, wherein we have offended those righteous *Laws*: For in them only is to be found the great *Mystery* of fallen Man's *Redemption*, *which the Angels desire to look into*, *1 Pet. 1. 12.*

And they would have taught you that *Sin* is the debasing of *Human Nature*, as being a *Deviation* from that *Purity*, *Rectitude*, and *Holiness*, in which God created us; and that *Virtue* and *Religion*, and walking by the *Laws of God*, were altogether preferable to the *Ways of Sin* and *Satan*; for that the *Ways of Virtue are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace*, *Prov. 2. 17.*

But what you could not learn from God's Word, by reason of your *carelesly*, or but *superficially* considering the same, I hope the Course of his *Providence*, and the present *Affliction* that he hath laid upon you, have now convinced you of. For, however in your seeming Prosperity you might make a *Mock at your Sins*, *Prov. 3. 17.* yet now that you see that God's Hand hath reached you, and brought you to public Justice, I hope your present unhappy Circumstances have made you seriously reflect upon your past Actions and Course of Life; and that you are now sensible of the Greatness of your Sins, and that you find the Burthen of them is intolerable.

And that therefore, being thus *labouring, and heavy laden with Sin*, *Mat. 11. 28.* you will esteem that as the most valuable *Knowledge*, that can shew you how you can be reconciled to that Supreme God whom you have so highly offended; and that can reveal to you Him who is not only the powerful *Advocate with the Father for you*, *1 John 2. 1.* but also who hath paid that Debt that is due for your Sins, by his own Death upon the Cross for you; and thereby made full Satisfaction for the Justice of God. And this is to be found no where but in God's Word, which discovers to us that *Lamb of God which takes away the Sins of the World*, *John 1. 29.* which is *Christ* the Son of God: For this know, and be assured of, *that there is none other Name under Heaven given among Men, whereby we must be saved*, *Acts 4. 12.* but only by the Name of the Lord *Jesus*.

But then consider how he invites all Sinners to come unto him, and declares, *that he will give them rest*, *Matt. 11. 28.* for he assures us, *that he came to seek and to save that which was lost*, *Luke 19. 10.* *Mat. 18. 11.* and hath promised, *that he that cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out*, *John 6. 37.*

So that if now you will sincerely turn to him,

tho' late, even at the *eleventh Hour*, Mat. [20. 6, 9. he will receive you.

But surely I need not tell you, that the *Terms* of his *Mercy*, are *Faith* and *Repentance*.

And do not mistake the *Nature* of *Repentance* to be only a bare Sorrow for your Sins, arising from the Consideration of the *Evil* and *Punishment* they have now brought upon you; but your Sorrow must arise from the Consideration of your having offended a gracious and merciful God.

But I shall not pretend to give you any particular Directions as to the *Nature* of *Repentance*: I consider that I speak to a Person, whose Offences have proceeded not so much from his not *knowing*, as his *flighting* and *neglecting* his *Duty*: Neither is it proper for me to give Advice out of the Way of my own Profession.

You may have that better delivered to you by those who have made Divinity their particular Study; and who, by their Knowledge, as well as their Office, as being the *Ambassadors of Christ*, 2 Cor. 5. 20. are best qualified to give you Instructions therein.

I only heartily wish, that what, in Compassion to your Soul, I have now said to you upon this sad and solemn Occasion, by exhorting you in general to *Faith* and *Repentance*, may have that due Effect upon you, as that thereby you may become a true *Penitent*.

And therefore, having now discharged my Duty to you as a *Christian*, by giving you the best Counsel I can, with respect to the Salvation of your Soul, I must now do my Office as a *Judge*.

The *Sentence* that the Law hath appointed to pass upon you for your Offences, and which this Court doth therefore award, is,

That you, the said Stede Bonnet, shall go from hence to the Place from whence you came, and from thence to the Place of Execution, where you shall be hanged by the Neck till you are dead.

And the God of infinite Mercy be merciful to your Soul,

The LIFE of Captain EDWARD ENGLAND.

Edward England went Mate of a Sloop, that sailed out of *Jamaica*, and was taken by Captain *Winter*, a Pyrate, just before their Settlement at *Providence*; from which Island *England* had afterwards the Command of a Sloop in the same laudable Employment: It is surprizing that Men of good Understanding should engage in a Course of Life, that so much debases human Nature, and sets them upon a Level with the wild Beasts of the Forest, who live and prey upon their weaker Fellow Creatures: A Crime so enormous! That it includes almost all others, as Murder, Rapine, Theft, Ingratitude, &c. and tho' they make these Vices familiar to them by their daily Practice, yet these Men are so inconsistent with themselves, that a Reflection made upon their Honour, their Justice, or their Courage, is looked upon as an Offence that ought to be punished with the Life of him that commits it: *England* was one of these Men, who seemed to have such a Share of Reason, as should have taught him much better Things. He had a great deal of good Nature, and did not want for Courage; he was not avaritious, and always averse to the ill Usage Prisoners received: He would have been contented with moderate Plunder, and less mischievous Pranks, could his Companions have been brought to the same Temper; but he was generally over-ruled, and, as he was engag'd in that abominable Society, he was oblig'd to be a Partner in all their vile Actions, in spite of his natural Inclinations.

Captain *England* sail'd to the Coast of *Africa*, after the Island of *Providence* was settled by the *English* Government, and the Pyrates had surrendered to his Majesty's Proclamation: Here he took several Ships and Vessels, particularly the *Cadogan* Snow belonging to *Bristol*, at *Sierraleone*, one *Skinner* Master, who was inhumanly murdered by some of *Eng-*

land's Crew, that had lately been his own Men, and served in the said Vessel. It seems some Quarrel had happened between them, so that *Skinner* thought fit to remove these Fellows on Board of a Man of War, and at the same Time refused them their Wages; not long after they found Means to desert that Service, and, shipping themselves aboard a Sloop in the *West-Indies*, were taken by a Pyrate, and brought to *Providence*, whence they sail'd upon the same Account along with Captain *England*.

As soon as *Skinner* had struck to the Pyrate, he was ordered to come on Board in his Boat, which he did, and the Person that he first cast his Eye upon, proved to be his old Boatswain, who star'd him in the Face like his evil Genius, and accosted him in this Manner. ——— *Ah, Captain Skinner! Is it you? The only Man I wish'd to see; I am much in your Debt, and now I shall pay you all in your own Coin.*

The poor Man trembled every Joint, when he found into what Company he had fallen, and dreaded the Event, as he had Reason enough so to do: for the Boatswain immediately called to his Consorts, laid hold of the Captain, and made him fast to the Windlass, where they pelted him with Glass Bottles, till they cut him in a sad Manner: After this, they whipp'd him about the Deck, till they were weary, being deaf to all his Prayers and Intreaties; and, at last, because he had been a good Master to his Men, they said, he should have an easy Death, and so they shot him thro' the Head. They took some few Things out of the Snow, but gave the Vessel and all her Cargo to *Howel Davis* the Mate, and the rest of the Crew, as will be hereafter mentioned in the Life of Captain *Davis*.



W. B. delin

J. B. sculp.

Cape EDWARD ENGLAND

Captain *England* took a Ship called the *Pearl*, Captain *Tyzard* Commander, for which he exchanged his own Sloop, fitted her up for the pyratrical Account, and new christened her by the Name of the *Royal James*. With her he took several Ships and Vessels of different Nations, at the *Azores* and *Cape de Verd Islands*.

In the Spring, 1719, the Rovers returned to *Africa*, and, beginning at the River *Gambia*, sailed all down the Coast; between that River and *Cape Corso*, they took the following Ships and Vessels.

The *Eagle* Pink, Captain *Rickets* Commander, belonging to *Cork*, taken the 25th of *March*, having 6 Guns and 17 Men on Board, seven of whom turned Pyrates,

The *Charlotte*, Captain *Olison*, of *London*, taken *May* the 26th, having 8 Guns and 18 Men on Board, 13 of whom turned Pyrates.

The *Sarah*, Captain *Stunt*, of *London*, taken the 27th of *May*, having 4 Guns and 18 Men on Board, 3 of whom turned Pyrates.

The *Bentworth*, Captain *Gardener*, of *Bristol*, taken the 27th of *May*, having 12 Guns and 30 Men on Board, 12 of whom turned Pyrates.

The *Buck* Sloop, Captain *Silvester*, of *Gambia*, taken the 27th of *May*, having 2 Guns and only 2 Men on Board, who both turned Pyrates,

The *Carteret*, Captain *Snore*, of *London*, taken the 28th of *May*, having 4 Guns and 10 Men on Board, 5 of whom turned Pyrates.

The *Mercury*, Captain *Maggot*, of *London*, taken the 29th of *May*, having 4 Guns and 18 Men on Board, 5 of whom turned Pyrates.

The *Coward* Galley, Captain *Creet*, of *London*, taken the 17th of *June*, having 2 Guns and 13 Men on Board, 4 of whom turned Pyrates.

The *Elizabeth* and *Katharine*, Captain *Bridge* of *Barbadoes*, taken *June* the 27th, having 6 Guns and 14 Men on Board, 4 of whom turned Pyrates.

The *Eagle* Pink being bound to *Jamaica*, the *Sarah* to *Virginia*, and the *Buck* to *Maryland*, they let them go; but the *Charlotte*, the *Bentworth*, the *Carteret*, and the *Coward* Galley, they burnt: The *Mercury*, and the *Elizabeth* and *Katherine*, were fitted up for Pyrate Ships; the former was new nam'd *Queen Anne's Revenge*, and commanded by one *Jane*; and the other was called the *Flying King*, of which *Robert Sample* was appointed Captain. These two left *England* upon the Coast, and sailed to the *West-Indies*, where they took some Prizes, cleaned, and sailed to *Brazil* in *November*; they took several *Portuguese* Ships there, and did a great Deal of Mischief, but in the height of their Undertakings, a *Portuguese* Man of War, which was an excellent Sailor, came a very unwelcome Guest to them, and gave them Chace. The *Queen Anne's Revenge* got off, but was lost a little while after upon that Coast; and the *Flying King*, giving herself over for lost, ran ashore: There were then 70 Men on Board, 12 of whom were killed, and the rest taken Prisoners; the *Portuguese* hanged 38 of these, of which 32 were *English*, three *Dutch*, two *French*, and one of their own Nation.

England, in going down the Coast, took the *Peterborough* Galley of *Bristol*, Captain *Oreen*, and the *Victory*, Captain *Ridout*; the former they detained, but plundered the latter, and let her go. In *Cape Corso* Road, they saw two Sail at Anchor, but before they could reach them, they slipp'd their Cables, and got close under *Cape Corso* Castle; these were the *Whydah*, Captain *Prince*, and the *John*, Captain *Rider*: The Pyrates, upon this, made a fire Ship of a Vessel they had lately taken, and attempted to burn them, as tho' they had been a common Enemy, which if they had effected, they could not have been one Farthing the better for it; but the Castle firing warmly upon them, they withdrew, and sailed down to *Wylol* Road, where

they found another Pyrate, one Captain *la Bouche*, who, having got thither before *England* arrived, had forestall'd the Market, and greatly disappointed his Brethren.

Captain *England*, after this Baulk, went into a Harbour, clean'd his own Ship, and fired up the *Peterborough*, which he called the *Victory*: They liv'd there very wantonly for several Weeks, making very free with the *Negro* Women, and committing such outrageous Acts, that they came to an open Rupture with the Natives, several of whom they killed, and one of their Towns they set on Fire.

Whenthe Pyrates came out to Sea, they put it to a Vote what Voyage to take, and the Majority carrying it for the *East-Indies*, they shap'd their Course accordingly, and arrived at *Madagascar*, at the Beginning of the Year 1720. They staid not long there, but, after taking in Water and Provisions, sail'd for the Coast of *Malabar*, which is a fine fruitful Country in the *East-Indies*, in the Empire of the *Mogul*, but immediately subject to its own Princes: It reaches from the Coast of *Canara* to *Cape Camerin*, which is between 7° 30, and 12° North Latitude, and in about 75° East Longitude, counting from the Meridian of *London*. The old Natives are Pagans, but there are a great Number of *Mahometans* inhabiting among them, who are Merchants, and generally rich. On the same Coast, but in a Province to the Northward, lies *Goa*, *Curat*, and *Bombay*, where the *English*, *Dutch*, and *Portuguese* have Settlements.

Hither our Pyrates came, having made a Tour of half the Globe, going about like roaring Lions, seeking whom they might devour, as the Psalmist says of the Devils. They took several Country Ships, that is, *Indian* Vessels, and one European, a *Dutch* Vessel, which they exchanged for one of their own, and then came back to *Madagascar*.

They sent several of their Hands on Shore, with Tents, Powder, and Shot, to kill Hogs, Venison, and such other fresh Provisions as the Island afforded; and a Whim came into their Heads to seek out for the Remains of *Avery's* Crew, whom they knew to be settled somewhere in the Island. — Accordingly, some of them travelled several Days Journey, without getting any Intelligence of them; and so they were forced to return with the Loss of their Labour; for these Men were settled quite on the other Side of the Island, as has been taken Notice of in the Life of *Avery*.

They staid not long here, after they had clean'd their Ships, but failing to *Juanna*, they met two *English*, and one *Ostend* Ship, all *India* Men, coming out of that Harbour; one of which, after a desperate Resistance, they took: The Particulars of this Action are at length related in the following Letter, wrote by the Captain from *Bombay*.

A LETTER from Captain *Mackra*, dated at *Bombay*, November 16, 1720.

WE arrived the 25th of July last, in Company of the *Greenwich*, at *Juanna*, an Island not far from *Madagascar*: Putting in there to refresh our Men, we found fourteen Pyrates, that came in their Canoes from the *Mayotta*, where the Pyrate Ship to which they belonged, viz. the *Indian Queen*, two hundred and fifty Tons, twenty eight Guns, and ninety Men, commanded by Captain *Oliver de la Bouche*, bound from the *Guinea* Coast to the *East-Indies*, had been lulled and lost. They said they left the Captain and 40 of their Men, building a new Vessel to proceed on their wicked Design. Captain *Kirby* and I, concluded it might be of great Service to the *East-India* Company to destroy

such a Nest of Rogues, were ready to sail for that Purpose on the 17th of August, about eight o' Clock in the Morning, when we discovered two Pirate Ships standing into the Bay of Juanna, one of thirty four, and the other of thirty Guns. I immediately went on Board the Greenwich, where they seemed very diligent in Preparations for an Engagement, and I left Captain Kirby with mutual Promises of standing by each other. I then unmoored, got under Sail, and brought two Boats a-head to row me close to the Greenwich; but he, being open to a Valley and a Breeze, made the best of his Way from me; which an Ostender in our Company, of 22 Guns, seeing, did the same, tho' the Captain had promised heartily to engage with us, and I believe would have been as good as his Word, if Captain Kirby had kept his. About half an Hour after Twelve, I called several Times to the Greenwich to bear down to our Assistance, and fir'd Shot at him, but to no Purpose. For tho' we did not doubt but he would join us, because when he got about a League from us, he brought his Ship to, and looked on, yet both he and the Ostender basely deserted us, and left us engag'd with barbarous and inhuman Enemies, with their black and bloody Flags hanging over us, without the least Appearance of ever escaping being cut to Pieces. But God, in his good Providence, determined otherwise; for, notwithstanding their Superiority, we engag'd 'em both about three Hours; during which Time, the biggest of them received some Shot betwixt Wind and Water, which made her keep off a little to stop her Leaks. The other endeavour'd all she could to board us, by rowing with her Oars, being within half a Ship's Length of us above an Hour; but by good Fortune we shot all her Oars to Pieces, which prevented them, and by consequence saved our Lives.

About Four o' Clock, most of the Officers and Men posted on the Quarter-Deck being killed and wounded, the largest Ship making up to us with all Diligence, being still within a Cable's Length of us, often giving us a Broadside; there being now no hopes of Capt. Kirby's coming to our Assistance, we endeavour'd to run ashore; and tho' we drew four Foot Water more than the Pirate, it pleas'd God that he stuck fast on a higher Ground than we happily fell in with; so was disappointed a second time from boarding us. Here we had a more violent Engagement than before. All my Officers, and most of my Men, behaved with unexpected Courage; and as we had a considerable Advantage by having a Broadside to his Bow, we did him great Damage, so that had Capt. Kirby come in then, I believe we should have taken both the Vessels, for we had one of them sure; but the other Pirate (who was still firing at us) seeing the Greenwich did not offer to assist us, he supplied his Consort with three Boats full of fresh Men. About Five in the Evening, the Greenwich stood clear away to Sea, leaving us struggling hard for Life, in the very jaws of Death; which the other Pirate, that was a float, seeing, got a-warped out, and was hauling under our Stern: By this time many of my Men being killed and wounded, and no Hopes left us of escaping being all murdered by enraged barbarous Conquerors, I order'd all that could, to get into the Long-Boat, under the Cover of the Smoak of our Guns; so that with what some did in Boats, and others by swimming, most of us that were able got a-shore by seven o' Clock. When the Pirates came a-board, they cut three of our wounded Men to Pieces. I, with a few of my People, made what haste I could to the King's-Town, twenty five Miles from us, where I arriv'd next Day, almost dead with Fatigue and loss of Blood, having been sorely wounded in the Head by a Musket-Ball.

At this Town I heard, that the Pirates had offered ten thousand Dollars to the Country People to bring me in, which many of them would have accepted, only they knew the King and all his

chief People were in my Interest. Mean Time, I caus'd a Report to be spread, that I was dead of my Wounds, which much abated their Fury. About ten Days after, being pretty well recovered, and hoping the Malice of our Enemies was nigh over, I began to consider the dismal Condition we were reduced to; being in a Place where we had no Hopes of getting a Passage home, all of us in a manner naked, not having had Time to get off another Shirt, or a Pair of Shoes, than what we had on.

Having obtained Leave to go on Board the Pirates, and gotten a Promise of Safety, several of the Chief of them knew me, and some of them had sail'd with me, which I found to be of great Advantage; because, notwithstanding their Promise, some of them would have cut me, and all that would not enter with them, to Pieces, had it not been for the chief Captain, Edward England, and some others whom I knew. They talk'd of burning one of their Ships, which we had so entirely disabled, as to be no farther useful to them, and to fit the Cassandra in her room; but in the End I managed the Affair so well, that they made me a Present of the said shattered Ship, which was Dutch built; and call'd the Fancy; her Burden was about three hundred Tons. I procur'd also a hundred and twenty nine Bales of the Company's Cloth, tho' they would not give me a Rag of my own Cloaths.

They sail'd the 3d of September; and I, with Jury-Masts, and such old Sails as they left me, made a shift to do the like on the 8th, together with forty three of my Ship's Crew, including two Passengers and twelve Soldiers; having no more than five Tons of Water aboard. After a Passage of forty eight Days, I arriv'd here on the 26th of October, almost naked and starv'd, having been reduced to a Pint of Water a Day, and almost in despair of ever seeing Land, by Reason of the Calms we met with between the Coast of Arabia and Malabar. We had in all thirteen Men killed, and twenty four wounded; and we were told, that we had destroy'd about ninety or a hundred of the Pirates. When they left us, they were about three hundred Whites, and eighty Blacks, in both Ships. I am perswaded, had our onfort the Greenwich done his Duty, we had destroy'd both of them, and got two hundred thousand Pounds for our Owners and selves; whereas the Loss of the Cassandra may justly be imputed to his deserting us. I have deliver'd all the Bales that were given me into the Company's Warehouse, for which the Governor and Council have order'd me a Reward. Our Governor, Mr. Boon, who is extreme kind and civil to me, had order'd me home with this Pacquet; but Captain Harvey, who had a prior Promise, being come in with the Fleet, goes in my room. The Governor hath promis'd me a Country Voyage, to help make me up my Losses, and would have me stay, and accompany him to England next Year.

Captain Mackra certainly run a great Hazard, in going a-board the Pirate, and began quickly to repent his Credulity; for though they had promis'd, that no Injury should be done to his Person, he found their Words were not to be trusted; and it may be suppos'd, that nothing but the desperate Circumstances he imagin'd himself to be in, could have prevail'd upon him to fling himself and Company into their Hands: Perhaps he did not know how firmly the Natives of that Island were attach'd to the English Nation; for about 20 Years ago, Captain Cornwall, Commadore of an English Squadron, assist'd them against another Island call'd Mohilla, for which they have ever since communicated all the grateful Offices in their Power; insomuch that it became a Proverb, That an Englishman, and a Juanna Man were all one.

England was inclin'd to favour Captain Mackra; but he was so free as to let him know, that his Interest was declining amongst them; and that the Pirates were so provok'd at the Resistance he made against them, that he was afraid he should hardly be

able to protect him: He therefore advised him to foot up and manage the Temper of Captain *Taylor*, a Fellow of a most barbarous Nature, who was become a great Favourite amongst them, for no other Reason than because he was a greater Brute than the rest. *Mackra* did what he could to soften this Beast, and ply'd him with warm Punch, notwithstanding which, they were in a Tumult whether they should make an End of him, or no, when an Accident happen'd which turn'd to the Favour of the unfortunate Captain; a Fellow with a terrible pair of Whiskers, and a wooden Leg, being stuck round with Pistols, like the Man in the Almanack with Darts, comes swearing and vapouring upon the Quarter-Deck, and asks, in a damning Manner, which was Captain *Mackra*: The Captain expected no less than that this Fellow would be his Executioner; — but when he came near him, he took him by the Hand, swearing, *Damn him he was glad to see him; and shew me the Man, says he, that offers to hurt Captain Mackra, for I'll stand by him;* and so with many Oaths he told him, *he was an honest Fellow, and that he had formerly sail'd with him.*

This put an End to the Dispute, and Captain *Taylor* was so mellow'd with the Punch, that he consented that the old Pirate Ship, and so many Bales of Cloth, should be given to Captain *Mackra*, and so he fell asleep. *England* advised Captain *Mackra*, to get off with all Expedition, lest when the Beast should awake, he might repent his Generosity: Which Advice was followed by the Captain.

Captain *England* he having sided so much to Captain *Mackra's* Interest, was a Means of making him many Enemies among the Crew; they thinking such good Usage inconsistent with their Polity, because it looked like procuring Favour at the Aggravation of their Crimes; therefore, upon an Imagination or Report, soon after raised that Captain *Mackra* was fitting out against them, with the Company's Force *England* was pulled out of his Government, and maroon'd, with three more, on the Island of *Mauritius*, An Island, Indeed, not to be complained of, had they accumulated any Wealth by their Villainies, they would have afforded some future comfortable Prospect, for it abounds with Fish, Deer, Hogs, and other Flesh. Sir *Thomas Herbert* says, the Shores are stocked with Coral and Ambergrease; but I believe the *Dutch* had not deserted it, had there been much of these Commodities to have been found. It was in 1722, resettled by the *French*, who have a Fort at another neighbouring Island, called *Don Masiarine*, which is touched at for Water, Wood, and Refreshments, by *French* Ships bound to, or from *India*; as *St. Helena* and *Cape Bon Esperance*, are by us and the *Dutch*. From this Place, Captain *England* and his Companions, having made a little Boat of Staves and old Pieces of Deal left there, went over to *Malagascar*, where they subsist at present on the Charity of some of their Brethren, who had made better Provision for themselves, than they had done.

The Pyrates detained some Officers and Men belonging to Captain *Mackra*, and having repaired the Damages received in their Rigging, they sailed for *India*. The Day before they made Land, they saw two Ships to the Eastward, who, at first Sight, they took to be *English*, and thereupon ordered one of the Prisoners, who had been an Officer with Captain *Mackra*, to tell them the private Signals between the Company's Ships, the Captain swearing he would cut him in pound Pieces, if he did not do it immediately; but the poor Man being unable, was forced to bear their Scurility, till they came up with the Vessels, and found they were two *Moor* Ships from *Muscat*, loaded with Horses: They brought the Captains of them, and the Merchants, on Board, torturing them, and rifling the Ships, in order to discover their Riches, as believing they came from *Mocha*; but being baulked in their Expectation, and next Morning seeing Land, and at the same

Time a Fleet in Shore plying to Windward, they were puzzled how to dispose of them: To let them go, was to discover and ruin the Voyage, and it was cruel to sink the Men and Horses with the Ships, tho' many of them was inclined to do it, therefore, as a Medium, they brought them to an Anchor, threw all their Sails over-board, and cut one of the Ships Masts half through.

While they lay at an Anchor, and were all the next Day employ'd in taking out Water, one of the aforementioned Fleet bore towards them with *English* Colours, and was answered with a red Ensign from the Pyrates, but they did not speak with one another. At Night they left the *Muscat* Ships, weighed with the Sea Wind, and stood to the Northward after this Fleet: About four next Morning, just as they were getting under sail with the Land Wind, the Pyrates come amongst them, made no stop, but fir'd their great and small Guns very briskly, till they got thro': As Day-Light cleared, they were in a great Consideration in their Minds, having all along taken them for *Angria's* Fleet: What to do was now the Point, to dispute whether to run or Pursue? They were sensible of their Inferiority of Strength, having no more than 300 Men in both their Ships, and 45 of these were Negroes; besides, the *Victory* had then four Pumps at Work, and must inevitably been lost before, had it not been for some Hand-Pumps, and several Pair of Standards brought out of the *Cassenden*, to relieve and strengthen her. At last, observing the Indifferency of the Fleet, they chose rather to chase than run; and thought that the best Way to save themselves, was to play at Bullbeggar with the Enemy: So they came up with the Sea Wind, about Gun-Shot to Leeward, the great Ships of the Fleet were a-head, and some others a-stern; which latter they took for Fire-Vessels: Those a-head gaining from them by cutting away their Boats, they could do nothing more than continue their Course all Night. This they did, and found them next Morning out of Sight, excepting a Ketch and some few Gallivats, which are a small sort of Vessels something like the Feluccas of the *Mediterranean*, and houl's like them, triangular Sails. They bore down, which the Ketch perceiving, transported her People on Board a Gallivat, and set fire to her; the other proved too nimble, and made off. The same Day they chased another Gallivat and took her, being come from *Gogo* with Cotton, and bound for *Callicut*. Of these Men they enquired concerning the Fleet, supposing they must have been in it; but they protested they had not seen a Ship or Boat since they left *Gogo*, and pleaded very earnestly for Favour; nevertheless, the Pyrates threw all their Cargo over-board, and squeeze'd their Joynts in a Vice, to extort Confession. The poor Wretches entirely ignorant of who or what this Fleet should be, were oblig'd to sustain this Torment; and the next Day a fresh easterly Wind having split the Gallivats Sails, the Pyrates put her Company into the Boat to shift for themselves, with nothing but a Trysail, no Provisions, and only four Gallons of Water, (half of it Salt), and being then out of Sight of Land.

For the better elucidating of this Story, it may be convenient to inform the Reader, who *Angria's*, and what the Fleet were, that had so scurvily behaved themselves.

Angria, is a famous *Indian* Pirate, master of considerable Strength and large Territories, that gives continual Disturbance to the *European* Trade, and especially to the *English*: His chief Hold is *Callala*, not many Leagues from *Bombay*, and he has one Island in Sight of that Port, whereby he gains frequent Opportunities of annoying the Company. It would not be so insuperable a Difficulty to suppress him, if the Shallowness of the Water did not prevent Ships of War coming nigh; and if he had not still a better Art of bribing the *Mogul's* Ministers for Protection, when he finds an Enemy too powerful.

In the Year 1720, the *Bombay Fleet*, consisting of four Grabs, which are Ships built in *India* by the Company, with three Masts, a Prow like a Row-Galley, instead of a Bolt-sprit, and of about 150 Tons Burden, officered and armed like a Man of War, for Defence and Protection of the Trade, assisted by the *London*, the *Chandois*, and two other Ships, with Gallivats, attempted to bombard and batter *Gayra*, a Fort belonging to *Angria*, on the *Malabar Coast*. Besides their proper Complement, they carried down a thousand Men for this Enterprize. This was the Fleet that our Pyrates fell in with, who were now returning to *Bombay*, without any Success in what they had undertaken. Captain *Upton*, Commandore of that Fleet, upon Sight of the Rovers, prudently objected to Mr. *Brown*, the General, 'That the Ships were not to be hazarded, since they failed without their Governor *Boon's* Orders to engage; and besides, that they did not come out with such a Design. Their missing this favourable Opportunity of destroying the Pyrates, angered the Governor so, that he transferred the Command of the Fleet to Captain *Mackra*, who had Orders immediately to pursue and engage, wherever he met them.

The Viceroy of *Goa*, assisted by the *English Company's Fleet* from *Bombay*, after this, engaged for the Reduction of *Callaba*, *Angria's* principal Place, and to that Purpose landed 8 or 10000 Men the next Year, the *English Squadron* of Men of War being then in those Seas; but having viewed the Fortification well, and expended some of their Army by Sicknefs, and the Fatigues of a Camp, he carefully withdrew again.

We return to the Pyrates, who, after they had sent away the Gallivats People, were resolved to cruize to the Southward: The next Day, between *Goa* and *Canwar*, they heard several Guns, which brought them to an Anchor, and they sent their Boat on the Scent, who returned about two in the Morning, and brought Word of two Grabs lying at Anchor in the Road. They weighed and ran towards the Bay, till Day-Light gave the Grabs Sight of them; and there was but just Time enough to get under *India Diga* Castle, out of their Reach. This displeased the Pyrates the more, in that they wanted Water: Some of them were for making a Descent that Night, and taking the Island, but it not being approved of by the Majority, they proceeded to the Southward, and took next in their Way a small Ship, out of *Omoro* Road, with only a *Dutch* Man and two *Portuguese* on Board. They sent one of these on Shore to the Captain, to acquaint him, that if he would supply them with some Water, and fresh Provisions, he should have his Ship again: and the Master returned for answer, by his Mate *Frank Harmless*, that if they would deliver him Possession over the Bar, he would comply with their Request. This Proposal the Mate thought was collusive, and the Pyrates rather jump'd into *Harmless's* Opinion, who very honestly entered with them, and resolved to seek Water at the *Laccadewa* Islands: So having sent the other Persons on Shore, with Threats that he should be the last Man they would give Quarter to, by reason of this uncivil Usage, they put directly for the Islands, and arrived there in three Days. Here, being informed by a Menchew, they took with the Governor of *Canwar's* Pass, that there was no Anchor-Ground among them, and *Melinda* being the next convenient Island, they sent their Boats on Shore, to see if there was any Water, and whether it was inhabited, or not. The Boats returned with an Answer to their Satisfaction, viz. that there was abundance of good Water, and many Houses, all deserted by the Men, who had fled to the neighbouring Islands on the Approach of Ships, and left only the Women and Children to guard one another. The Women they forced in a barbarous Manner to their Lusts, and, to requite them, destroyed their Cocoa Trees, and fired several of their Houses and

Churches, which we suppose were built by the *Portuguese*, who formerly used to [pur] in there in their Voyages to *India*.

While they were at this Island, they lost three or four Anchors, by the Rockiness of the Ground, and Freshness of the Winds, and at last were forced thence by a harder Gale than ordinary, leaving 70 People, Blacks and Whites, and most of their Water-Casks. In ten Days they regained the Island again, filled their Water, and took the People on Board.

Provisions were grown very scarce, and they now resolved to visit their good Friends the *Dutch*, at *Cochin*, who, if you will believe these Rogues, never fail of supplying Gentlemen of their Profession. After three Days sail, they arrived off *Tellechery*, and took a small Vessel belonging to Governor *Adams*, *John Tarweke*, Master, whom they brought on Board very drunk. This Man giving them an Account of Captain *Mackra's* fitting out, it put them into a Tempest of Passion: A Villain, said they, that we have treated so civilly, as to give him a Ship and other Presents, and now to come armed against us! he ought to be hanged. And since we cannot show our Resentment on him, let us hang the Dogs his People, who wish him well, and would do the same, if they were clear. If it be in my Power, says the Quarter-Master, both Masters and Officers of Ships shall be carried with us, for the future, only to plague them. Now ———n England; we may thank him for this.

Thence they proceeded to *Calicut*, where they endeavoured to take a large *Moorish* Ship out of the Road, but were prevented by some Guns mounted on Shore, and discharged at them. Mr. *Lasinby*, who was one of Captain *Mackra's* Officers, and detained by them, was under the Deck at this Time, and commanded, both by the Captain and Quarter-Master of the Pyrates, to tend the Braces on the Booms, in Hopes, it was believed, that a Shot would take him before they got clear. When he would have excused himself, they threatened, on the least Neglect, to shoot him; at which, the other beginning to expostulate farther, and claim their Promise of putting him ashore, he got an unmerciful beating from the Quarter-Master; Captain *Taylor*, who was now Successor to *England*, and whose Privilege it was to use the Cudgel, being lame of his Hands, and unable.

The next Day, in their Passage down, they came up with a *Dutch* Galliot, bound for *Calicut*, with Lime-Stone, a-board of which they put Captain *Tarweke*, and sent him away. At this Time, several of the People interceded for *Lasinby*, but in vain: For, says *Taylor* and his Party, if we let this Dog go, who has heard our Designs and Resolutions, we over-set all our well-advised Projections, and particularly this Supply we are now seeking for, at the Hands of the *Dutch*.

It was but one Day more before they arrived off *Cochin*, where, by a Fishing-Canoe, they sent a Letter on Shore; and in the Afternoon, with the Sea-Breeze, ran into the Road and anchored, saluting the Fort with 11 Guns each Ship, and receiving the Return in an equal Number. This they looked upon as a good Omen of the welcome Reception they afterwards found; for at Night there came on Board a large Boat, deeply laden with fresh Provisions and Liquors, and with it a Servant of a favourite Inhabitant, called *John Trumpet*. He told them they must immediately weigh, and run farther to the Southward, where they should be supplied with all Things they wanted, whether naval Stores, or Provisions.

They had not been long at Anchor again, before they had several Canoes on Board, with both black and white Inhabitants, who continued, without Interruption, all good Offices, during their Stay. *John Trumpet*, in particular, brought a large Boat of Arrack, than which, nothing could be more pleasing, as also 60 Bales of Sugar; an Offering, it is pre-

sumed, from the Governor and his Daughter, who, in Return, had a fine Table-Clock sent himself, the Plunder of Captain *Mackra's* Ship, and a large Gold Watch for the Lady, Earnests of the Pay they designed to make.

When they had all on Board, they paid Mr. *Trumpet* to his Satisfaction; it was computed to the Sum of 6 or 7000 *l.* gave him three Cheers, 11 Guns each Ship, and throw'd Ducatoons into his Boat by Handfuls, for the Boat-Men to scramble for.

That Night there being little Wind, they did not weigh, and *Trumpet*, in the Morning, waked them to the Sight of more Arrack, Chests of Piece-Goods, and ready-made Clothes, bringing the Fiscal of the Place also with him. At Noon, while those were on Board, they saw a Sail to the Southward, which they weighed, and chased after; but she, having a good Offing, got to the Northward of them, and anchor'd at a small Distance from *Cochin* Fort: The afore-mentioned Gentlemen assuring the Pyrates that they would not be molested in taking her from under the Castle, solicited before-hand for the buying her, and advised them to stand in, which they did boldly, to board her; but when they came within a Cable's Length or two of the Chace, now near Shore, the Fort fired two small Guns, whose Shot falling nigh their Muzzles, they instantly bore out of the Road, made an easy Sail to the Southward, and anchored at Night in their former Birth; where *John Trumpet*, to engage their Stay a little longer, informed them, that in a few Days, a very rich Ship was to pass by, commanded by the General of *Bombay's* Brother.

This Governor is an Emblem of foreign Power. What Inconvenience and Injury must the Master's Subjects sustain, under one who can truckle to such treacherous and base Means, as corresponding and trading with Pyrates to enrich himself? Certainly such a Man will stick at no Injustice to repair or make a Fortune. He has the *Argumentum bacillum* always in his own Hands, and can convince, when he pleases, in half the Time of other Arguments, that Fraud and Oppression is Law. That he employs Instruments in such dirty Work, expresses the Guilt and Shame, but no way mitigates the Crime. *John Trumpet* was the Tool; but, as the Dog said in the Fable, on another Occasion, *What is done by the Master's Orders, is the Master's Action.*

I cannot but reflect, on this Occasion, what a vile Government *Sancho Pancho* had of it; he had not only such *Perquisites* rescinded, but was really almost starved; the Victuals was taken from him almost every Day, and only under a Pretence of preserving his Excellency's Health: But Governments differ.

From *Cochin* some were for proceeding to *Madagascar* directly; others thought it proper to cruize till they got a Store-Ship: These latter being the Majority, they ply'd to the Southward; and, after some Days, saw a Ship in Shore, which being to Windward of them, they could not get nigh, till, the Sea Wind and Night favouring, they separated, one to the Northward, the other to the Southward, thinking to enclose her between: But, to their Astonishment, and contrary to Expectation, when Day broke, instead of the Chace, they found themselves very near five Sail of tall Ships, who immediately making a Signal for the Pyrates to bear down, put them in the utmost Confusion, particularly *Taylor's* Ship, because their Confort was at so great a Distance from them, as at least three Leagues to the Southward. However, they stood to one another, and joined, and then together made the best of their Way from the Fleet, which they judged to be commanded by Captain *Mackra*, of whose Courage having had Experience, they were glad to shun any farther Proofs of it.

In three Hours Chace, none of the Fleet gaining upon them, excepting one Grab, their dejected Countenances cleared up again; the more, in that a Calm

succeeded for the Remainder of that Day: In the Night, with the Land Wind, they ran directly off Shore, and found next Day, to their great Consolation, that they had lost Sight of all the Fleet.

This Danger escaped, they proposed to spend their *Christmas*, which was the *Christmas* of 1720, in Carousing and Forgetfulness; and, accordingly, they kept it for three Days in a wanton and riotous Way, not only eating, but wasting their fresh Provisions in so wretched and inconsiderable a Manner, that, when they had agreed after this to proceed to *Mauritius*, they were in that Passage at an Allowance of a Bottle of Water *per Diem*, and not above two Pounds of Beef, and a small Quantity of Rice, every Day, for ten Men. So that had it not been for the leaky Ship, they must most of them have perished; but she had a large Quantity of Arrack and Sugar on Board.

In this Condition they arrived at the Island of *Mauritius*, about the Middle of *February*, sheathed and re-fitted the *Victory*, and, on the 5th of *April*, sailed again, leaving this terrible Inscription on one of the Walls: *Left this Place the 5th of April, to go to Madagascar for Limes.* This they did lest any Visits should be paid in their Absence, as it often happens to Lawyers, and Men of Business: However, they did not sail directly for *Madagascar*, but the Island *Majcarine*, where, luckily as Rogues could with, they found at their Arrival, on the 8th, a *Portuguese* Ship at Anchor, of 70 Guns, but most of them thrown over board, her Masts lost, and the whole Vessel so much disabled by a violent Storm they had met with in the Latitude of 13° South, that she became a Prize to the Pyrates, with very little or no Resistance. A glorious Prize she was, indeed, having the *Comde de Ericeira*, Viceroy of *Goa*, who made that fruitless Expedition against *Angria*, the *Indian*, and several other Passengers, on Board. These Persons could not be ignorant of the Treasure she had in her; and they asserted, that, in the single Article of Diamonds, there was to the Value of between three or four Millions of Dollars.

The Viceroy, who came on Board that Morning, in Expectation of the Ships being *English*, was made a Prisoner, and oblig'd to pay a Ransom; which, in Consideration of his great Loss (the Treasure being partly his own), they agreed, after some Demurrings, should be only 2000 Dollars for himself and the other Prisoners; whom they set ashore, with Promises to leave a Ship, that they might transport themselves, because the Island was not thought in a Condition to maintain so great a Number. However, tho' they had learned from them the Account of an *Offender* being to Leeward of the Island, and taken her on that Information, so that they could conveniently have comply'd with so reasonable a Request; yet they sent the *Offender* (which was formerly the *Greyhound* Galley of *London*), with some of their People to *Madagascar*, with News of their Success, and Orders to prepare Masts for the Prize; and followed, themselves, soon after, without Regard to the Sufferers, carrying 2000 *Mozambique* Negroes with them in the *Portuguese* Ship.

Madagascar is an Island larger than *Great-Britain*, most of it within the Tropick of *Capricorn*. It lies East from the Eastern Side of *Africa*, and abounds with Provisions of all Sorts; as Oxen, Goats, Sheep, Poultry, Fish, Citrons, Oranges, Tamarinds, Dates, Cocoa-Nuts, Banana's, Wax, Honey, Rice, Cotton, Indigo, or, in short, with any other Thing they will take Pains to plant, and have Understanding to manage. They have, likewise, Ebony, a hard Wood like *Brasil*, of which they make their Lances; and Gum of several Sorts, Benzin, Dragon's Blood, Aloes, &c. What is most incommodious, are the numerous Swarms of Locusts on the Land, and the Crocodiles, or Alligators, in their Rivers. Further, in *St. Augustin's* Bay, the Ships sometimes touch

for Water, when they take the inner Passage for *India*, and do not design to stop at *Johanna*; and we may observe, from the sixth general Voyage set forth by the *East-India* Company, in Confirmation of what is hereafter said in Relation to Currents in general, that this inner Passage or Channel, has its Northern and Southern Currents strongest where the Channel is narrowest, and is less, and varies on different Points of the Compass, as the Sea comes to spread again, in the Passage cross the Line.

Since the Discovery of this Island by the *Portuguese*, *A. D.* 1506, the *Europeans*, and particularly the *Pirates*, have encreased a dark Mulatto Race there, tho' still few in Comparison with the Natives. These latter are Negroes, with curl'd short Hair, Active, and formerly represented malicious and revengeful, now tractable and communicable, perhaps owing to the Favours in Cloathing and Liquors, that they from Time to Time have received from these Fellows, who live in all possible Friendship with them; and, can any single Man of them, command a Guard of 2 or 300 at a Minute's warning: This friendship is farther the Native's Interest to cultivate with them, because the Island, being divided into petty Governments and Commands, the *Pirates*, settled here, who are now a considerable Number, and have little Castles of their own, can carry the Day where-ever they think fit to side.

When *Taylor's* Crew came with the *Portuguese* Prize hither, they found the *Ostender* had played their Men a Trick, for they took Advantage of their Drink, rose upon them, and as (they heard afterwards) carried the Ship to *Mozambique*, whence the Governor ordered her for *Goa*.

Here the *Pirates* cleaned the *Cassandra*, and divided their Plunder, sharing 42 small Diamonds a Man, or in less Proportion according to their Magnitude. An ignorant, or a merry Fellow, who had only one in this Division, as being judged equal in Value to 42 small ones, muttered very much at the Lot, and went and broke it in a Mortar, swearing afterwards, he had a better share than any of them, for he had beat it, he said, into 43 Sparks,

Those who were not for running the Hazard of their Necks, with 42 Diamonds, besides other Treasure, in their Pockets, knocked off, and stayed with their old acquaintance at *Madagascar*, on mutual Agreements, that the longer Livers should take all. The Residue having therefore no Occasion for two Ships, and the *Victory* being Leaky, she was burnt, the Men (as many as would) coming into the *Cassandra*, under the Command of *Taylor*, whom we must leave a Time, projecting either for *Cochin*, to dispose of their Diamonds among their old Friends the *Dutch*, or else for the *Red* or *China* Seas, to avoid the Men of War, that continually clamoured in their Ears a Noise of Danger; and proceed to give the little Account we are able, of that Squadron who arrived in *India*, early in the Year 1721.

At *Cape Good Hope*, in *June*, the Commadore met with a Letter, which was left for him by the Governor of *Maderas*, to whom it was wrote by the Governor of *Panickerry*, a *French* Factory, on the *Coromandel* Coast, signifying, that the *Pirates*, at the Writing of it, were then strong in the *Indian* Seas, having 11 Sail and 1500 Men; but that many of them went away about that Time, for the Coast of *Brazil* and *Guinea*, that others settled and fortified themselves at *Madagascar*, *Mauritius*, *Johanna* and *Mobilla*: And that others, under *Condén*, in a Ship called the *Dragon*, took a large *Moor's* Vessel, coming from *Juila* and *Mocha*, with thirteen Lacks of Rupees on Board, (*i. e.* 1300000 half Crowns), which Plunder having divided, they burnt their Ship and Prize, and sat down quietly with their other Friends at *Madagascar*.

The Account contained several other Things which we have before related. — Commadore *Mutheves*, upon receiving this Intelligence, and be-

ing fond of the Service he came out for, hastened to those Islands, as the most hopeful Places of Success; at *St. Mary's* he would have engaged *England* with Promises of Favour, to communicate what he knew, concerning the *Cassandra*, and the rest of the *Pirates*, and assist in the Pilotage; but *England* was wary, and thought this was to *surrender at Discretion*: So they took up the Guns of the *Juila* Ship that was burnt, and the Men of War dispersed themselves on several Voyages and Cruizes afterwards, as was thought likeliest to succeed; tho' all to no Purpose. Then the Squadron went down to *Bombay*, were saluted by the Fort, and came home.

The *Pirates*, I mean those of the *Cassandra*, now Captain *Taylor*, fitted up the *Portuguese* Man of War, and resolved upon another Voyage to the *Indies*, notwithstanding the Riches they had heaped up; but, as they were preparing to sail, they heard of the four Men of War coming after them to those Seas, therefore they altered their Minds, sailed for the Main of *Africa*, and put in at a little place called *Delagoa*, near the River *de Spiritu Sancto*, on the Coast of *Monomotapa*, in 26° South Latitude. They believed this to be a Place of Security, in regard that the Squadron could not possibly get Intelligence of them; there being no Correspondence over Land, nor any Trade carried on by Sea, between that and the Cape, where the Men of War were then supposed to be. The *Pirates* came to in the Evening, and were surprized with a few Shot from the Shore, not knowing of any Fortification or *European* Settlement in that Part of the World; so they anchored at a Distance that Night. In the Morning, they perceived a small Fort of six Guns, whereupon, they run up to it, and battered it down.

This Fort was built and settled by the *Dutch East-India* Company, a few Months before, for what Purpose, I know not; they had left 150 Men upon the Place, who were then dwindled to a third Part by Sickness and Casualties, and never after received any Relief or Necessaries; so that Sixteen of those that were left, upon their humble Petition, were admitted on Board the *Pirates*, and all the rest would have had the same Favour (they said) had they been any other than *Dutch*. I mention this, as an Instance of the *Pirates* Ingratitude, who had been so much obliged to their Countrymen for Support: But Rogues seldom love one another, tho' their Interest often unites them.

Here they staid above four Months, carreened both their Ships, and took their Diversions with Security, till they had expended all their Provisions; then they put to Sea, leaving considerable Quantities of Muslins, Chintzes, and such like Goods behind, to the half starv'd *Dutch* Men, which enabled them to make good Pennyworths to the next that came, with whom they bartered for Provisions, at the Rate of three Farthings an *English* Yard.

They left *Delagoa* about the latter End of *December*, in 1722, but not agreeing whither, or how to proceed, they concluded to part; so those who were for continuing that sort of Life, went on Board the *Portuguese* Prize, and steered for *Madagascar* to their Friends, with whom I hear they are now settled; and the rest took the *Cassandra*, and sailed for the *Spanish West-Indies*. The *Mermaid* Man of War happening then to be down on the Main with a Convoy, about 30 Leagues from these *Pirates*, would have gone and attacked them; but, on a Consultation of the Masters, whose Safety he was particularly to regard, they agreed their own Protection was of more Service than destroying the *Pirate*, and so the Commander was unwillingly withheld. He dispatched a Sloop to *Jamaica*, with the News, which brought down the *Lanceston*, only a Day or two too late, they having just before he came, surrendered, with all their Riches, to the Governor of *Porto Bello*.

Here they sat down to spend the Fruits of their dishonest Industry, dividing the Spoil and Plunder of Nations among themselves, without the least Remorse or Compunction; satisfying their Consciences with this Salvo, that other People would have done as much had they the like Opportunity. We can't say, but that if they had known what was doing in *England*, at the same Time, by the *South-Sea* Directors, and their Directors, they would certainly have had this Reflection for their Consolation, *viz.* *That whatever Robberies they had committed, they might be pretty sure they were not the greatest Villains then living in the World.*

It is a difficult Matter to make a Computation of the Mischief that was done by his Crew, in about five Years Time, which amounted to much more than the Plunder they gained; for they often sunk or burnt the Vessel they took, as it suited their Humour or Circumstances; sometimes

to prevent giving Intelligence, sometimes because they did not leave Men to navigate them, and at other Times out of Wantonness, or because they were displeased at the Master's Behaviour; for any of these Reasons, it was but to give the Word, and down went Ships and Cargoes to the Bottom of the Sea.

Since their Surrender to the *Spaniards*, I am informed several of them have left the Place, and dispersed themselves elsewhere; eight of them were shipped about *November* last, in one of the *South-Sea* Company's Assiento Sloops, and passed for Ship-wreck'd Men; with which Pretence they came to *Jamaica*, and there sailed in other Vessels; and we know one of them that came to *England* next Spring from that Island. 'Tis said, that Captain *Taylor* has taken a Commission in the *Spanish* Service, and that he commanded the Man of War, that lately attacked the *English* Log-Wood Cutters in the Bay of *Honduras*.

The LIFE of Captain CHARLES VANE.

Charles Vane was one of those who stole away the Silver, which the *Spaniards* had fished up from the Wrecks of the Galleons, in the Gulph of *Florida*, and was at *Providence* when Governor *Rogers* arrived there with two Men of War, as the Reader has been informed before.

All the Pyrates who were then found at this Colony of Rogues, submitted, and received Certificates of their Pardon, except Captain *Vane* and his Crew; who, as soon as they saw the Men of War enter, flipp'd their Cable, set Fire to a Prize they had in the Harbour, sailed out with their pyratical Colours flying, and fired at one of the Men of War, as they went off from the Coast.

Two Days after they went out, they met with a Sloop belonging to *Barbadoes*, which they made Prize of, and kept the Vessel for their own Use, putting aboard five and twenty Hands, with one *Teats* to command them. A Day or two afterwards they fell in with a small interloping Trader, with a Quantity of *Spanish* Pieces of Eight aboard, bound into *Providence*, called the *John* and *Elizabeth*, which they also took along with them. With these two Sloops *Vane* went to a small Island and cleaned; where they shared their Booty, and spent some Time in a riotous Manner of Living, as is the Custom of Pyrates after such Success.

About the latter End of *May*, 1718, they sailed, and, being in Want of Provisions, they beat up for the Windward Islands; in the Way they met with a *Spanish* Sloop, bound from *Porto Rico* to the *Havana*, which they burnt, stowed the *Spaniards* in a Boat, and left them to get to the Island, by the Light of their Vessel. Steering afterwards between *St. Christopher's* and *Anguilla*, they fell in with a Brigantine and a Sloop, freighted with such Cargo as they wanted; from whom they got Provisions for Sea-Store.

Sometime after this, standing to the Northward, in the Track the *Old-England* Ships take in their Voyage to the *American* Colonies, they took several

Ships and Vessels, which they plundered of what they thought fit, and let them pass on in their Course.

The latter End of *August*, *Vane*, with his Consort *Teats*, came off *South-Carolina*, and took a Ship belonging to *Ipswich*, one *Coggeshall* Commander, laden with Logwood. This was thought convenient enough for their own Business, and therefore they ordered their Prisoners to work, and throw all the Lading over-board; but when they had more than half cleared the Ship, the Whim changed, and then they would not have her; so *Coggeshall* had his Ship again, and he was suffered to pursue his Voyage home. In this Cruize the Rovers took several Ships and Vessels; particularly a Sloop from *Barbadoes*, one *Dill* Master; a small Ship from *Antegoa*, one *Cock* Master; a Sloop belonging to *Curacco*, one *Richards* Master; and a large Brigantine, Captain *Thompson*, from *Guiney*, with ninety odd Negroes aboard. The Pyrates plundered them all and let them go, putting the Negroes out of the Brigantine a-board of *Teats's* Vessel; by which Means they came back again to the right Owners.

For Captain *Vane* always treated his Consort with very little Respect, and resumed a Superiority over him and his Crew, regarding the Vessel but as a Tender to his own: This gave them a Disgust; for they thought themselves as good Pyrates, and as great Rogues as the best of them; so they caball'd together, and resolved the first Opportunity to leave the Company; and accept of his Majesty's Pardon, or set up for themselves; either of which they thought more honourable than to be Servants to *Vane*: The putting a-board so many Negroes, where they were so few Hands to take Care of them, still aggravated the Matter, tho' they thought fit to conceal or stifle their Resentments at that Time.

A Day or two afterwards, the Pyrates lying off at Anchor, *Teats* in the Evening flipp'd his Cable, and put his Vessel under Sail, standing into the Shore; which when *Vane* saw, he was highly provoked,

took'd, and got his Sloop under Sail to chase his Consort, who, he plainly perceiv'd, had a Mind to have no more to do with him. *Vane's* Brigantine sailing best, he gain'd Ground of *Teats*, and would certainly have come up with him, had he had a little longer Run for it; but just as he got over the Bar, when *Vane* came within Gun-shot of him, he fir'd a Broad-side at his old Friend (which did him no Damage) and so took his Leave.

Teats came into *North-Edisto* River, about Ten Leagues to the Southward of *Charles-Town*, and sent an Express to the Governor, to know if he and his Comrades might have the Benefit of his Majesty's Pardon; promising that, if they might, they would surrender themselves to his Mercy, with the Sloops and Negroes. Their Request being granted, they all came up, and receiv'd Certificates; and Captain *Thompson*, from whom the Negroes were taken, had them all restor'd to him, for the Use of his Owners.

Vane cruiz'd some Time off the Bar, in Hopes to catch *Teats* at his coming out again, but therein he was disappointed; however, he there, unfortunately for them, took two Ships from *Charles-Town*, which were bound home to *England*. It happen'd, that just at this Time, that two Sloops, well mann'd and arm'd, were equipp'd to go after a Pirate, which the Governor of *South-Carolina* was inform'd lay then in *Cape Fear* River, a cleaning: But Colonel *Rhet*, who commanded the Sloops, meeting with one of the Ships that *Vane* had plunder'd, going back over the Bar, for such Necessaries as had been taken from her; and she giving the Colonel an Account of her being taken by the Pirate *Vane*, and, also, that some of her Men, while they were Prisoners on board of him, had heard the Pirates say they should clean in one of the Rivers to the Southward; he alter'd his first Design, and, instead of standing to the Northward, in pursuit of the Pirate in *Cape Fear* River, he turn'd to the Southward after *Vane*, who had order'd such Reports to be given out, on purpose to send any Force that should come after him upon a wrong Scent; for, in Reality, he stood away to the Northward, so that the Pursuit proved to be of no Effect.

Colonel *Rhet's* speaking with this Ship, was the most unlucky Thing that could have happen'd, because it turn'd him out of the Road, which, in all Probability, would have brought him into the Company of *Vane*, as well as of the Pirate he went after; and so they might have been both destroy'd; whereas, by the Colonel's going a different Way, he not only lost the Opportunity of meeting with one, but, if the other had not been infatuated to lie six Weeks together at *Cape Fear*, he would have miss'd of him likewise: However, the Colonel having search'd the Rivers and Inlets, as directed, for several Days, without Success, he at length sail'd in Prosecution of his first Design, and met with the Pirate accordingly; whom he fought, and took, as has been before related in the History of Major *Bonnet*, for which Reason we shall say no more of it here.

Captain *Vane* went into an Inlet to the Northward, where he met with Captain *Teach*, otherwise call'd *Black-beard*, whom he saluted (when he found who he was) with his great Guns, loaded with Shot; it being the Custom among Pirates when they meet to do so, tho' they are fired wide of one another, or up into the Air: *Black-beard* answered the Salute in the same Manner, and mutual Civilities pass'd between them some Days; when, about the Beginning of *October*, *Vane* took Leave, and sail'd further to the Northward.

On the 23d of *October*, off of *Long-Island*, he took a small Brigantine, bound from *Jamaica* to *Salem* in *New-England*, *John Shattock* Master, besides a little Sloop: They rifled the Brigantine, and sent her away. From hence, they resolv'd on a Cruize between *Cape Maise* and *Cape Nicholas*, where they spent some Time, without seeing or speaking with any Vessel, till the latter End of *November*; then

they fell upon a Ship, which, 'twas expected, would have struck as soon as their black Colours were hoisted; but, instead of that, she discharg'd a Broad-side upon the Pirate, and hoisted Colours, which shew'd her to be a *French* Man of War. *Vane* desir'd to have nothing further to say to her, but trimm'd his Sails, and stood away from the *French* Man; however, Monsieur, having a Mind to be better inform'd who he was, set all his Sails, and crowded after him. During this Chace, the Pirates were divided in their Resolutions what to do: *Vane*, the Captain, was for making off as fast as he could, alledging, the Man of War was too strong for them to cope with; but one *John Rackam*, who was an Officer, and who had a kind of a Check upon the Captain, rose up in Defence of a contrary Opinion, saying, *That though she had more Guns, and a greater Weight of Metal, they might board her, and then the best Boys would carry the Day.* *Rackam* was well seconded, and the Majority was for boarding; but *Vane* urg'd, *That it was too rash and desperate an Enterprize, the Man of War appearing to be twice their Force; and that their Brigantine might be sunk by her before they could reach to board her.* The Mate, one *Robert Deal*, was of *Vane's* Opinion, as were about fifteen more, and all the rest joined with *Rackam*, the Quarter-Master. At length, the Captain made use of his Power to determine this Dispute, which, in these Cases, is absolute and uncontrollable, by their own Laws, viz. in fighting, chasing, or being chased, in all other Matters whatsoever, he is govern'd by a Majority: So the Brigantine having the Heels, as they term it, of the *French* Man, she came clear off.

But, the next Day, the Captain's Behaviour was oblig'd to stand the Test of a Vote, and a Resolution pass'd against his Honour and Dignity, which branded him with the Name of Coward, depos'd him from the Command, and turn'd him out of the Company, with Marks of Infamy; and with him went all those who did not vote for boarding the *French* Man of War. They had with them a small Sloop, that had been taken by them some Time before, which they gave to *Vane* and the discarded Members; and, that they might be in a Condition to provide for themselves by their own honest Endeavour, they let them have a sufficient Quantity of Provisions and Ammunition along with them.

John Rackam was voted Captain of the Brigantine in *Vane's* Room, and he proceeded towards the *Caribee Islands*; where we must leave him, till we have finish'd our Story of *Charles Vane*.

The Sloop sail'd for the Bay of *Honduras*, and *Vane* and his Crew put her into as good a Condition as they could by the Way, that they might follow their old Trade. They cruiz'd two or three Days off the North-West Part of *Jamaica*, and took a Sloop and two Pertiaga's, all the Men of which enter'd with them: The Sloop they kept, and *Robert Deal* was appointed Captain of her.

On the 16th of *December* the two Sloops came into the Bay, where they found only one Vessel at an Anchor. She was call'd *The Pearl*, of *Jamaica*, Captain *Charles Rowling* Master, who got under Sail at the Sight of them; but the Pirate Sloops coming near *Rowling*, and shewing no Colours, he gave them a Gun or two; whereupon, they hoisted the black Flag, and fir'd three Guns each at *The Pearl*. She struck, and the Pirates took Possession, and carried her away to a small Island call'd *Barnacko*, where they clean'd. By the Way they met with a Sloop from *Jamaica*, Captain *Wallien* Commander, as she was going down to the Bay, which they also made Prize of.

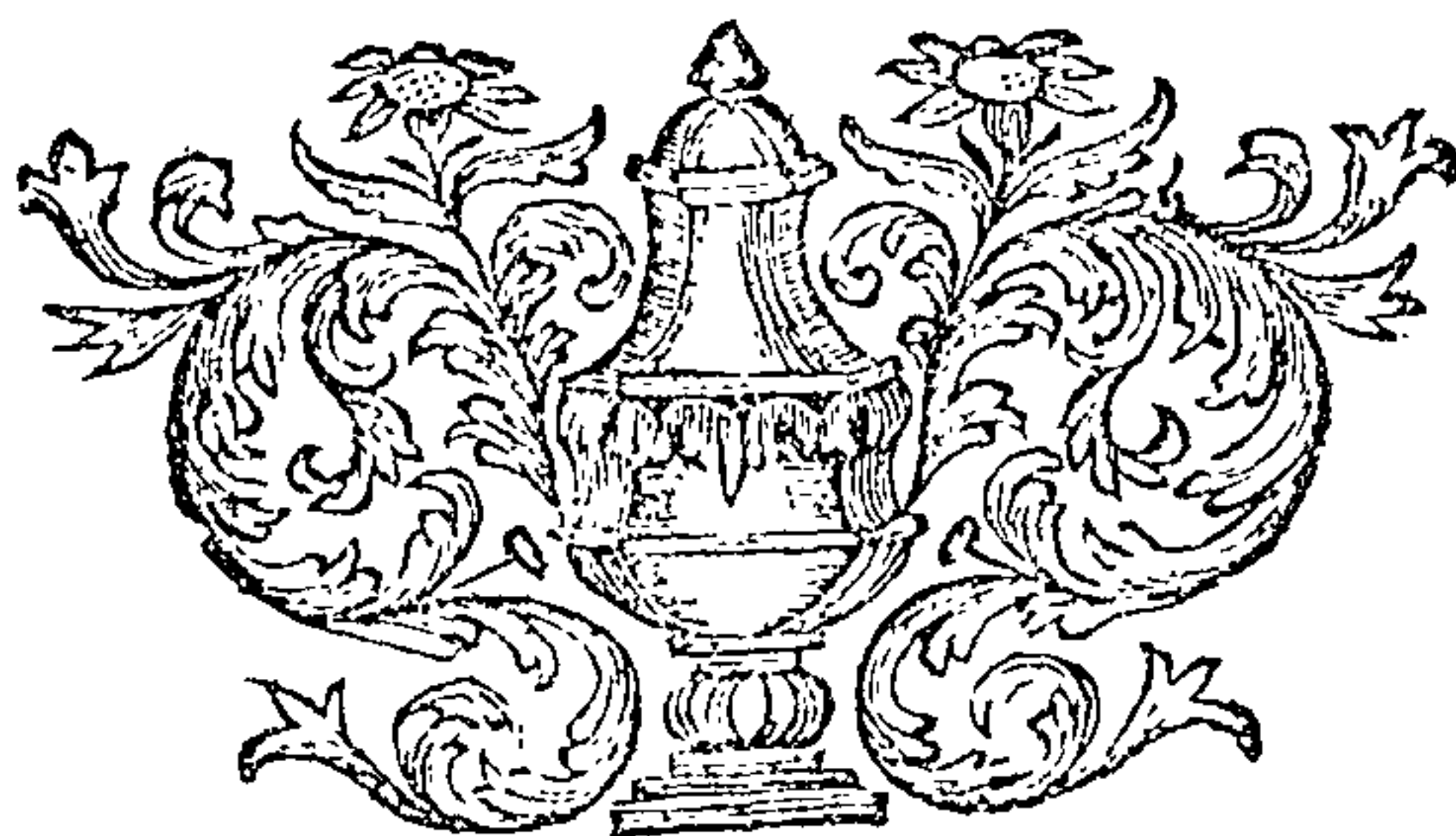
In *February*, *Vane* sail'd from *Barnacko*, in order for a Cruize; but some Days after he was out, a violent Turnado overtook him, which separated him from his Consort, and, after two Days Distress, threw his Sloop upon a small uninhabited Island, near the Bay of *Honduras*, where she was flaved to Pieces.

and most of her Men drowned : *Vane* himself was saved, but reduced to great Streights for want of Necessaries, having no Opportunity to get any Thing from the Wreck. He lived here some Weeks, and was supported chiefly by Fishermen, who frequented the Island with small Craft, from the Main, to catch Turtles, &c.

While *Vane* was upon this Island, a Ship put in there from *Jamaica*, for Water, the Captain of which, one *Holford*, an old Buccaneer, happened to be *Vane's* Acquaintance ; he thought this a good Opportunity to get off, and accordingly he applied to his old Friend ; but *Holford* absolutely refused him, saying to him, Charles, I shan't trust you a-board my Ship, unless I carry you as a Prisoner ; for I shall have you caballing with my Men, knock me on the Head, and run away with my Ship a pyrating. *Vane* made all the Protestations of Honour in the World to him ; but, it seems, Captain *Holford* was too intimately acquainted with him, to repose any Confidence at all in his Words or Oaths. He told him, He might easily find a Way to get off, if he had a Mind to it. I am now going down the Bay, says he, and shall return hither in about a Month ; and if I find you upon the Island when I come back, I'll carry you to *Jamaica*, and there hang you. Which Way can I get away ? Answers *Vane*. Are there not Fishermen's Dorries upon the Beach ? Can't you take one of them ? Replies *Holford*. What, says *Vane*, would you have me steal a Dory then ? Do you make it a Matter of Conscience ? Said *Holford*, to steal a Dory, when you have been a common Robber and Pyrate, stealing Ships and Cargoes, and plundering all Mankind that fell in your Way ? Stay there, and be d—n'd, if you are so squeamish : And so he left him to consider of the Matter.

After Captain *Holford's* Departure, another Ship put into the same Island, in her Way home, for

Water ; none of the Company knowing *Vane*, he easily passed upon them for another Man, and so was shipp'd for the Voyage. One would be apt to think that *Vane* was now pretty safe, and likely to escape the Fate which his Crimes had merited ; but here a cross Accident happen'd that ruined all : *Holford*, returning from the Bay, was met with by this Ship, and the Captains being very well acquainted together, *Holford* was invited to dine a-board of him, which he did ; as he passed along to the Cabin, he chanced to cast his Eye down into the Hold, and there saw *Charles Vane* at work ; he immediately spoke to the Captain, saying, Do you know who you have got a-board there ? Why, says he, I have shipp'd a Man at such an Island, who was there cast away in a trading Sloop, and he seems to be a brisk Hand. I tell you, says Captain *Holford*, it is *Vane*, the notorious Pyrate. If it be him, replies the other, I won't keep him : Why then, says *Holford*, I'll send, and take him a-board, and surrender him at *Jamaica*. This being agreed to, Captain *Holford*, as soon as he returned to his Ship, sent his Boat with his Mate, armed, who coming to *Vane*, shewed him a Pistol, and told him, He was his Prisoner ; no Man opposing, he was brought a-board, and put into Irons ; and when Captain *Holford* arrived at *Jamaica*, he delivered his old Acquaintance into the Hands of Justice ; at which Place he was try'd, convicted, and executed, as was, some Time before, *Vane's* Consort, *Robert Deal*, who was brought thither by one of the Men of War. Thus we may see how little ancient Friendship will avail a great Villain, when he is deprived of the Power that had before supported him, and made him formidable.



The LIFE of Captain JOHN RACKAM.

THIS *John Rackam*, as has been reported in the foregoing Pages, was Quarter-Master to *Vane's* Company, till the Crew were divided, and *Vane* turned out of it, for refusing to board and fight the *French* Man of War; in his room *Rackam* was voted Captain of that Division that remained in the Brigantine. The 24th of November, 1718, was the first Day of his Command, and his first Cruise was among the *Caribbee Islands*, where he took and plunder'd several Vessels.

We have already taken Notice, that, when Captain *Woods Rogers* went to the Island of *Providence*, with the King's Pardon to such as should surrender, this Brigantine, which *Rackam* now commanded, made its Escape, thro' another Passage, bidding Defiance to the Mercy that was offered.

To the Windward of *Jamaica*, a *Madera* Man fell into the Pyrates Way, which they detained two or three Days, till they had made their Market out of her, and then they gave her back to the Master, and permitted one *Hosea Tisdal*, a Tavern-Keeper at *Jamaica*, who had been pick'd up in one of their Prizes, to depart in her, she being then bound for that Island.

After this Cruise, they went into a small Island and cleaned, and spent their *Christmas* a-shore, drinking and carousing as long as they had any Liquor left, and then they went to Sea again for more: They succeeded but too well, tho' they took no extraordinary Prize for above two Months, except a Ship laden with Convicts from *Newgate*, bound for the Plantations, which, in a few Days, was retaken, with all her Cargo, by an *English* Man of War that was station'd in those Seas.

Rackam stood off towards the Island of *Bermudas*, and took a Ship bound to *England* from *Carolina*, and a small Pink from *New-England*, both which he brought to the *Bahama* Islands, where, with the Pitch, Tar, and Stores, they clean'd again, and refitted their own Vessel; but staying too long in that Neighbourhood, Captain *Rogers*, who was Governor of *Providence*, hearing of these Ships being taken, sent out a Sloop well mann'd and arm'd, which retook both the Prizes, tho' in the mean while the Pirate had the good Fortune to escape.

From hence they sail'd to the Back of *Cuba*, where *Rackam* kept a little kind of a Family; at which Place they staid a considerable Time, living a-shore with their *Dalilabs*, till their Money and Provisions were expended, and then they concluded it Time to look out for more: They repaired to their Vessel, and were making ready to put to Sea, when a *Guarda del Costa* came in with a small *English* Sloop, which she had taken as an Interloper on the Coast. The *Spanish* Guardship attacked the Pirate, but *Rackam* being close in behind a little Island, she could do but little Execution where she lay; therefore the *Dons* warp'd into the Channel that Evening, in order to make sure of her the next Morning. *Rackam*, finding his Case desperate, and that there was hardly any possibility of escaping, resolved to attempt the following Enterprize: The *Spanish* Prize lying for better Security close into the Land, between the little Island and the Main, our Desperado takes his Crew into the Boat, with their Pis-

tols and Cutlasses, rounds the little Island, and falls a-board their Prize silently, in the dead of the Night, without being discovered, telling the *Spaniards* that were a-board of her, that, if they spoke a Word, or made the least Noise, they all were dead Men; and so they became Masters of her. When this was done, he sipt her Cable, and drove out to Sea: The *Spanish* Man of War was so intent upon their expected Prize, that they minded nothing else, and as soon as Day broke, they made a furious Fire upon the empty Sloop; but it was not long before they were rightly apprized of the Matter, when they cursed themselves sufficiently for a Company of Fools, to be bit out of a good rich Prize, as she proved to be, and to have nothing but an old crazy Hull in the room of her.

Rackam and his Crew had no Occasion to be displeased at the Exchange, as it enabled them to continue some Time longer in a Way of Life that suited their depraved Tempers. In August, 1720, we find him at Sea again, scouring the Harbours and Inlets of the North and West Parts of *Jamaica*, where he took several small Craft, which proved no great Booty to the Rovers; but they had but few Men, and therefore they were oblig'd to run at low Game, till they could encrease their Company and their Strength.

In the Beginning of September, they took seven or eight Fishing-Boats in *Harbour-Island*, stole their Nets and other Tackle, and then went off to the *French* Part of *Hispaniola*, where they landed, and took Cattle away, with two or three *French* Men they found near the Water-Side, hunting of wild Hogs in the Evening: The *French* Men came on Board, whether by Consent or Compulsion I can't say. They afterwards plundered two Sloops, and returned to *Jamaica*, on the North Coast of which Island, near *Porto Maria* Bay, they took a Scooner, *Thomas Spenslow* Master; it being then the 19th of October. The next Day, *Rackam* seeing a Sloop in *Dry Harbour* Bay, he stood in and fired a Gun; the Men all run a-shore, and he took the Sloop and Lading; but when those a-shore found them to be Pyrates, they hailed the Sloop, and let them know they were all willing to come a-board of them.

Rackam's coasting the Island in this Manner proved fatal to him; for Intelligence came to the Governor of his Expedition, by a Canoe, which he had surprized a-shore, in *Ocho Bay*: Upon this, a Sloop was immediately fitted out, and sent round the Island in quest of him, commanded by Captain *Barnet*, and mann'd with a good Number of Hands. *Rackam* rounding the Island, and drawing near the Westernmost Point, call'd *Point Negril*, he saw a small Pettauger, which, at Sight of the Sloop, run a-shore and landed her Men; when one of them hail'd her, Answer was made, *They were English Men*, and defired the Pettauger's Men to come on Board, and drink a Bowl of Punch; which they were prevailed upon to do: Accordingly the Company came all a-board of the Pirate, consisting of nine Persons, in an ill Hour; they were armed with Muskets and Cutlasses, but what was their real Design by so doing, we shall not take upon us to say: They had no sooner laid down their Arms, and taken up their Pipes, but

Barnet's

Barnet's Sloop, which was in Pursuit of *Rackam's*, came in Sight.

The Pyrates, finding she stood directly towards them, fear'd the Event, and weighed their Anchor, which they but lately let go, and stood off: Captain *Barnet* gave them Chace, and, having the Advantage of little Breezes of Wind, which blew off the Land, came up with her, and brought her into *Port Royal*, in *Jamaica*.

In about a Fortnight after the Prisoners were brought a-shore, viz. *November 16, 1720*. A Court of Admiralty was held at *St. Jago de la Vega*, before which the following Persons were convicted, and Sentence of Death passed upon them, by the President, *Sir Nicholas Laves*, viz. *John Rackam*, Captain, *George Fetherston* Master, *Richard Corner* Quarter-Master, *John Davis*, *John Hoxwell*, *Patrick Carty*, *Thomas Earl*, *James Dobbin* and *Noah Harwood*. The five first were executed the next Day at *Gallows-Point*, at the Town of *Port Royal*, and the next the Day after at *Kingston*; *Rackam*, *Fetherston* and *Corner*, were afterwards taken down, and hang'd up in Chains; one at *Plumb Point*, one at *Busb Key*, and the other at *Gun Key*.

But what was very surprizing, was the Conviction of the nine Men that came a-board the Sloop on the same Day she was taken. They were try'd at an Adjournment of the Court, on the 24th of *January*, the Magistracy waiting all that Time, it is suppos'd, for Evidence, to prove the pyratial Intention of going a-board the said Sloop; for it seems there was no Act of Piracy committed by them, after their coming on Board, as appeared by the Witnesses against them, who were two *French Men* taken by *Rackam*, off from the Island of *Hispaniola*, and who deposed in the following Manner.

'That the Prisoners at the Bar, viz. *John Eaton*, *Edward Warner*, *Thomas Baker*, *Thomas Quick*, *John Cole*, *Benjamin Palmer*, *Walter Rouse*, *John Hanson*, and *John Howard*, came a-board the Pyrates Sloop, at *Negril Point*, *Rackam* sending his Canoe a-shore for that Purpose: That they brought Guns and Cutlasses on Board with them: That when Captain *Barnet* chased them, some were drinking, and others walking the Deck: That there was a great Gun and a small Piece fired by the Pyrates Sloop, at Captain *Barnet's* Sloop, when he chased her; and, that when Captain *Barnet's* Sloop fired at *Rackam's* Sloop, the Prisoners at the Bar went down under Deck. That during the Time Captain *Barnet* chased them, some of the Prisoners at the Bar (but which of

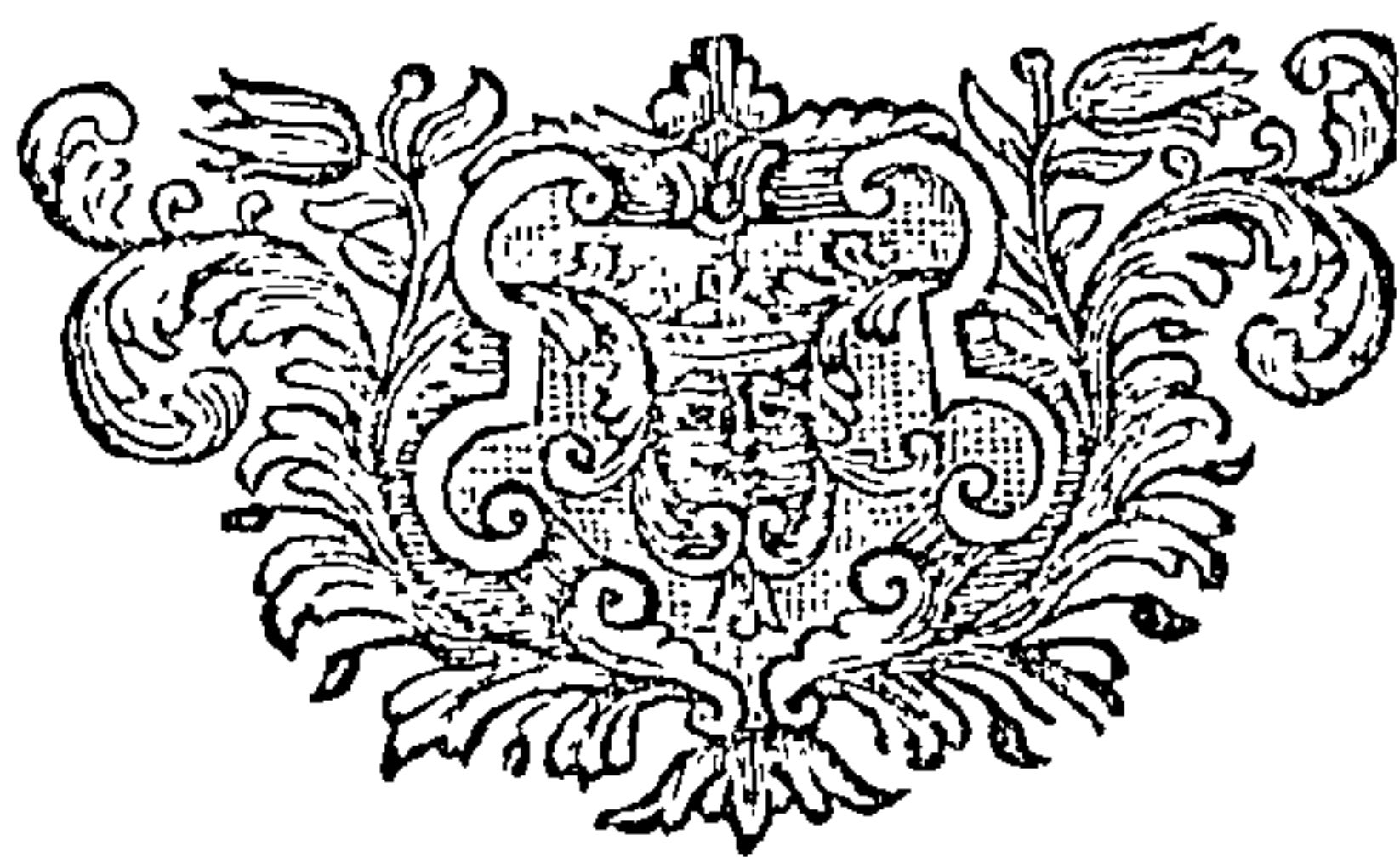
them he could not tell) helped to row the Sloop, in order to escape from *Barnet*: That they all seemed to be comforted together.

This was the Substance of all that was alledg'd against them. The Prisoners answered in their Defence, 'That they had no Witnesses: That they had bought a Pettinger in order to go a Turtleing; and being at *Negril Point*, and just got a-shore, they saw a Sloop with a white Pendant coming towards them, upon which they took their Arms, and hid themselves in the Bunkies: That one of them hail'd the Sloop, who answered, *They were English Men*, and desired them to come a-board and take Part of a Bowl of Punch: That they at first refused, but afterwards, with much persuasion, went on Board, in the Sloop's Canoe, and left their own Pettinger at Anchor: That they had been but a short Time on Board, when Captain *Barnet's* Sloop heaved in Sight: That *Rackam* ordered them to help weigh the Sloop's Anchor immediately, which they all refused: That *Rackam* used violent Means to oblige them; and that, when Captain *Barnet* came up with them, they all readily and willingly submitted.'

When the Prisoners were taken from the Bar, and the Persons present were withdrawn, the Court considered the Prisoners Cases, and the Majority of the Commissioners being of Opinion, that they were all Guilty of the Piracy and Felony they were charged with, which was, *the going over with a pyratial and felonious Intent to John Rackam, &c. then notorious Pyrates, and by them known to be so*, they all received Sentence of Death; which every Body must allow proved somewhat unlucky to the poor Fellows.

On the 17th of *February*, *John Eaton*, *Thomas Quick* and *Thomas Baker*, were executed at *Gallows-Point*, at *Port Royal*; and the next Day *John Cole*, *John Howard* and *Benjamin Palmer*, were executed at *Kingston*; whether the other three were executed afterwards, or not, we have never been informed.

Two other Pyrates were try'd, that belonged to *Rackam's* Crew, and, being convicted, were brought up, and ask'd if either of them had any Thing to say, why Sentence of Death should not pass upon them, in like Manner as it had done on all the rest; when both of them pleaded their Bellies, being quick with Child, and prayed that Execution might be stay'd; whereupon the Court passed Sentence, as in Cases of Piracy, but ordered them back, till a proper Jury should be appointed to enquire into the Matter.



The LIFE of MARY READ.

WE are now to begin a History full of surprising Turns and Adventures ; I mean, that of *Mary Read* and *Ann Bonny*, alias *Bonn*, which were the true Names of these two Women Pyrates mention'd at the End of the preceding Life ; the odd Incidents that befel them, are such, that some may be tempted to think the whole Story no better than a Novel or Romance ; but since it is supported by many thousand Witnesses, I mean the People of *Jamaica*, who were present at their Tryals, upon the first Discovery of their Sex, and heard the Story of their Lives ; the Truth of it can be no more contested, than that there were such Men in the World, as *Avery* and *Black-beard*, Pyrates of whom we have given an Account.

Mary Read was born in *England* ; her Mother was married young, to a Man who used the Sea, and, going a Voyage soon after their Marriage, left her with Child, which Infant proved to be a Boy. As to the Husband, whether he was cast away, or died in the Voyage, *Mary Read* could not tell ; but, however, he never returned more. The Mother, who was young and airy, met with an Accident in his Absence, which has often happened to Women who are young, and do not take a great deal of Care ; which was, she soon proved with Child again, without a Husband to father it ; but how, or by whom, none but herself could tell, for she carried a pretty good Reputation among her Neighbours. Finding her Burthen grow, in order to conceal her Shame, she takes a formal Leave of her Husband's Relations ; giving out, that she went to live with some Friends of her own, in the Country : Accordingly she went away, and carried with her her young Son, at this Time not a Year old : Soon after her Departure her Son died, but Providence, in Return, was pleased to give her a Girl in his room, of whom she was safely delivered, in her Retreat ; and this was our *Mary Read*.

Here the Mother liv'd three or four Years, till what Money she had was almost gone ; then she thought of returning to *London* ; and considering that her Husband's Mother was in good Circumstances, she did not doubt but to prevail upon her to provide for the Child, if she could but pass it upon her for the same ; but the changing a Girl into a Boy seem'd a difficult Piece of Work, and how to deceive an experienc'd old Woman, in such a Point, was altogether as impossible ; however, she ventured to dress it up as a Boy, brought it to Town, and presented it to her Mother-in-law, as her Husband's Son ; the old Woman would have taken it, to have bred it up, but the Mother pretended it would break her Heart to part with it ; so it was agreed betwixt them, that the Child should live with the Mother, and the supposed Grandmother should allow a Crown a Week for it's Maintenance.

Thus the Mother gained her Point ; she bred up her Daughter as a Boy, and when she grew up to some Sense, she thought proper to let her into the Secret of her Birth, to induce her to conceal her Sex. It happen'd that the Grandmother died, by which Means the Subsistance, that came from that Quarter, ceased, and they were more and more reduced in their Circumstances ; wherefore she was oblig'd to put her Daughter out, to wait on a *French*

Lady, as a Foot-boy, being now thirteen Years of Age : Here she did not live long ; for growing bold and strong, and having also a roving Mind, she entered herself on Board a Man of War, where she served some Time. At length, she quitted the Sea Service, went over into *Flanders*, and carried Arms in a Regiment of Foot, as a *Cadet* ; and tho' in all Actions, she behaved herself with a great deal of Bravery, yet she could not get a Commission, they being generally bought and sold ; therefore she quitted the Service, and took on in a Regiment of Horse : Here she behaved so well in several Engagements, that she got the Esteem of all her Officers ; but her Comrade, who was a *Fleming*, happening to be a handsome young Fellow, she fell in Love with him, and, from that Time, grew a little more negligent in her Duty ; so that, it seems, *Mars* and *Venus* could not be served at the same Time ; her Arms and Accoutrements, which were always kept in the best Order, were quite neglected : 'Tis true, when her Comrade was ordered out upon a Party, she used to go without being commanded, and frequently run herself into Danger, where she had no Business, only to be near him. The rest of the Troopers, little suspecting the secret Cause which moved her to this Behaviour, fancied her to be mad ; and her Comrade himself could not account for this strange Alteration in her ; but Love is ingenious, and, as they lay in the same Tent, and were constantly together, she found a Way of letting him discover her Sex, without appearing that it was done with Design.

He was much surprized at what he found out, and not a little pleased ; taking it for granted, that he should have a Mistress solely to himself, which is an unusual Thing in a Camp, since there is scarce one of those Campaign Ladies, that is ever true even to a Troop or Company ; so that he thought of nothing but gratifying his Passions with very little Ceremony : But he found himself strangely mistaken, for she proved very reserved and modest, and resisted all his Temptations ; yet, at the same Time, was so obliging and insinuating in her Carriage, that he quite changed his Purpose, and made him so far from thinking of making her his Mistress, that he now courted her for a Wife.

This was the utmost Wish of her Heart ; in short, they exchanged Promises, and when the Campaign was over, and the Regiment marched into Winter Quarters, they bought Woman's Apparel for her, with such Money as they could make up betwixt them, and were publicly married.

The Story of two Troopers marrying each other made a great Noise, so that several Officers were drawn by Curiosity to assist at the Ceremony ; and they agreed among themselves, that every one of them should make a small Present to the Bride towards House-keeping, in Consideration of her having been their fellow Soldier. Thus being set up, they seemed to have a Desire of quitting the Service, and settling in the World ; the Adventure of their Love and Marriage had gained them so much Favour, that they easily obtained their Discharge, and they immediately set up an Eating-House or Ordinary, with the Sign of the *Three Horse-Shoes*, near the *Castle of Brata*, where they soon got into a good Trade, a great many Officers eating with them constantly.

But this Happiness lasted not long; for the Husband soon died, and the Peace being concluded, there was no Resort of Officers to *Breda*, as usual; so that the Widow, having little or no Trade, was forced to give up House-keeping, and her Substance being by Degrees quite spent, she again assumes her Man's Apparel, and, going into *Holland*, there takes on in a Regiment of Foot, quarter'd in one of the Frontier Towns: Here she did not remain long, for there was no Likelihood of Preferment in Time of Peace; therefore she took a Resolution of seeking her Fortune another Way; and, withdrawing from the Regiment, ship'd herself on Board of a Vessel bound for the *West-Indies*.

It happened that this Ship was taken by *English* Pyrates, and *Mary Read* was the only *English* Person on Board; they kept her amongst them, and having plundered the Ship, let it go again; after following this Trade for some Time, the King's Proclamation came out, and was publish'd in all Parts of the *West-Indies*, for pardoning such Pyrates, as should voluntarily surrender themselves by a certain Day therein mention'd. The Crew of *Mary Read* took the Benefit of this Proclamation, and, having surrender'd, liv'd afterwards quietly on Shore; but Money beginning to grow short, and our Adventurers hearing that Captain *Woods Rogers*, Governor of the Island of *Providence*, was fitting out some Privateers to cruize against the *Spaniards*, she, with several others, embark'd for that Island, in order to go upon the privateering Account, being resolv'd to make her Fortune one way or other.

These Privateers were no sooner sail'd out, but the Crews of some of them, who had been pardon'd, rose against their Commanders, and turned themselves to their old Trade: In this Number was *Mary Read*. 'Tis true, she often declared, that the Life of a Pirate was what she heartily abhor'd, and went into it only upon Compulsion, both this Time and before, intending to quit it, whenever a fair Opportunity should offer itself; yet some of the Evidences against her, upon her Trial, who were forced Men, and had sail'd with her, deposed upon Oath, that, in Times of Action, no Persons amongst them were more resolute, or ready to board, or undertake any Thing that was hazardous, than she and *Anne Bonny*; and particularly at the Time they were attack'd and taken, when they came to close Quarters, none kept the Deck except *Mary Read* and *Anne Bonny*, and one more; upon which, she (*Mary Read*) called to those under Deck, to come up and fight like Men, and, finding they did not stir, fired her Arms down the Hold amongst them, killing one, and wounding others.

This was part of the Evidence against her, which she denied; whether this was true or no, thus much is certain, that she did not want Bravery; nor indeed, was she less remarkable for her Modesty, according to her Notions of Virtue: Her Sex was not so much as suspected by any Person on Board, till *Anne Bonny* took her for a handsome young Fellow, and, for some Reasons best known to herself, first discovered her Sex to *Mary Read*: *Mary Read*, knowing what she would be at, and being very sensible of her own Incapacity that Way, was forced to come to a right Understanding with her, and so, to the great Disappointment of *Anne Bonny*, she let her know she was a Woman also; but this Intimacy so disturb'd Captain *Rackam*, who was the Lover and Gallant of *Anne Bonny*, that he grew furiously Jealous, so that he told *Anne Bonny*, he would cut her new Lover's Throat; whereupon, to quiet him, she let him into the Secret also.

Captain *Rackam*, (as he was enjoin'd,) kept the Thing a Secret from all the Ship's Company; yet, notwithstanding all her Cunning and Reserve, Love found her out in this Disguise, and hindered her from forgetting her Sex. In their Cruise they took a great Number of Ships, belonging to *Jamaica*, and other Parts of the *West-Indies*, bound to and from

England; and whenever they meet any good Artist, or other Person that might be of any great Use to their Company, if he was not willing to enter, it was their Custom to keep him by Force. Among these was a young Fellow of a most engaging Behaviour, or, at least, he was so in the Eyes of *Mary Read*, who became so smitten with his Person and Address, that she could not rest, either Night or Day; but as there is nothing more artful than Love, it was no hard Matter for her, who had before been practis'd in these Wiles, to find a Way to let him discover her Sex: She first insinuated herself into his Liking, by talking against the Life of a Pirate, which he was altogether averse to; so that they became Mates and strict Companions: When she found he had a Friendship for her, as a Man, she suffered the Discovery to be made, by carelessly shewing her Breasts, which were very White and Swelling,

The young Fellow, who, we may suppose, was made of Flesh and Blood, had his Curiosity and Desire so rais'd by this Sight, that he never ceased importuning her, till she confess'd what she was. Now begins the Scene of Love; as he had a Liking and Esteem for her, under her supposed Character, it was now turned into Fondness and Desire; her Passion was no less violent than his, and she express'd it by one of the most generous Actions, perhaps, that ever Love inspir'd. It happened that this young Fellow had a Quarrel with one of the Pyrates, and their Ship then lying at an Anchor, near one of the Islands, they had appointed to go a-shore and fight, according to the Custom of these People: *Mary Read* was to the last Degree uneasy and anxious, for the Fate of her Lover; she would not have had him refuse the Challenge, because she could not bear the Thoughts of his being branded with Cowardise; on the other Side, she dreaded the Event, and apprehended the Fellow might be too hard for him: When Love once enters into the Breast of a Person who has any Sparks of Generosity, it stirs the Heart up to the most noble Actions. In this Dilemma, she shew'd, that she feared more for his Life than she did for her own; for she took a Resolution of quarrelling with this Fellow herself, and, having challenged him a-shore, she appointed the Time two Hours sooner than that when he was to meet her Lover, where she fought him at Sword and Pistol, and killed him upon the Spot.

It is true, she had fought before, when she had been insulted by some of those Fellows; but now it was altogether in her Lover's Cause, for she stood as it were betwixt him and Death, as if she could not live without him. If he had had no regard for her before, this Action would have been enough to have bound him to her for ever; but there was no Occasion for Ties or Obligations, his Inclination towards her was sufficient; in fine, they applied their Troth to each other, which *Mary Read* said, she look'd upon to be as good a Marriage, in Conscience, as if it had been done by a Minister in Church; and to this was owing her great Belly, which she pleaded at her Trial, to save her Life.

She declared she had never committed Adultery or Fornication with any Man; she commended the Justice of the Court, before which she was tried, for distinguishing the Nature of their Crimes; her Husband, as she called him, with several others, being acquitted. When she was ask'd, who he was? she would not tell; but said he was an honest Man, and had no Inclination to such Practices, and that they had both resolv'd to leave the Pyrates the first Opportunity, and apply themselves to some honest Livelihood.

There is no doubt, but many had Compassion for her; yet the Court could not avoid finding her Guilty; for, among other Things, one of the Evidences against her deposed, that, being taken by *Rackam*, and detained some Time on Board, he fell accidentally into Discourse with *Mary Read*; whom taking for a young Man, he ask'd her, what Pleasure she could

could have in being concern'd in such Enterprizes, where her Life was continually in Danger, by Fire or Sword; and not only so, but she must be sure of dying an ignominious Death, if she should be taken alive?—She answer'd, that, as to hanging, she thought it no great Hardship; for, were it not for that, every cowardly Fellow would turn Pyrate, and so infest the Seas, that Men of Courage must starve:—That if it was put to the Choice of the Pyrates, they would not have the Punishment less than Death, the Fear of which kept some dastardly Rogues honest; that many of those who are now cheating the

Widows and Orphans, and oppressing their poor Neighbours, who have no Money to obtain Justice, would then rob at Sea, and the Ocean would be crowded with Rogues, like the Land, so that no Merchant would venture out, and the Trade, in a little Time, would not be worth following.

Being found quick with Child, as has been observed, her Execution was respited, and it is possible she would have found Favour, but that she was seized with a violent Fever, soon after her Trial, of which she died in Prison.

The LIFE of ANNE BONNY.

WE are so particular in the Lives of these two Women, purely on Account of their Sex: Otherwise, as they did not rise to Command, we should not have mention'd them, except in the List of condemn'd Persons. However, we hope our Attempt will not be displeasing, and so, without more Apology, we proceed to *Anne Bonny*, who was born at a Town near *Cork*, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*. Her Father was an Attorney at Law, but *Anne* was not one of his legitimate Issue, which seems to cross an old Proverb, which says, *That Bastards have the best Luck*. Her Father was a married Man, and his Wife, having been brought to Bed, contracted an Illness in her Lying-in, so that, in order to recover her Health, she was advis'd to remove for Change of Air. The Place she chose, was at a few Miles Distance from her Dwelling, where her Husband's Mother liv'd. Here she sojourn'd some Time, her Husband staying at Home, to follow his Affairs. The Servant Maid, whom she left to look after the House, and attend the Family, being a handsome young Woman, she was courted by a young Man of the same Town, who was a Tanner. This Tanner us'd to take all Opportunities, when the Family was out of the Way, of coming to pursue his Amour; and being with the Maid one Day, as she was employ'd in the Household Business, not having the Fear of God before his Eyes, he takes his Opportunity, when her Back was turn'd, of whipping three Silver Spoons into his Pocket. The Maid soon miss'd the Spoons, and knowing that no Body had been in the Room, but herself and the young Man, since she saw them last, she charg'd him with taking them. He very stiffly denied it; upon which, she grew outrageous, and threaten'd to go to a Constable, in order to carry him before a Justice of Peace. These Menaces frighten'd him out of his Wits, well knowing he could not stand Search: Wherefore he endeavour'd to pacify her, by desiring her to examine the Drawers and other Places, by doing which, perhaps, she might find them. In this Time he slips into another Room, where the Maid usually lay, puts the Spoons betwixt the Sheets, and then makes his Escape by a Back-Door; concluding, she must find them when she went to Bed, and so, next Day, he might pretend he did it only to frighten her, and the Thing might be laugh'd off for a Jest.

As soon as she miss'd him, she gave over her Search, concluding he had carried them off, and went directly to a Constable, in order to have him apprehended. The young Man was inform'd that a Constable had been in Search of him, which he re-

garded but little, not doubting but all would be well next Day. Three or four Days pass'd, and still he was told the Constable was upon the Hunt for him: This, at last, made him lie conceal'd; he could not comprehend the Meaning of it; he imagin'd no less, than that the Maid had a Mind to convert the Spoons to her own Use, and put the Robbery upon him.

It happen'd, at this Time, that the Mistress, being perfectly recover'd of her late Indisposition, was return'd Home, in Company with her Mother-in-Law; the first News she heard was of the Loss of the Spoons, with the Manner how; the Maid telling her, at the same Time, that the young Man was run away. The Fellow had Intelligence of the Mistress's Arrival, when considering with himself that he could never appear again in his Business, unless this Matter was got over, and that Madam was a good-natur'd Woman, he took a Resolution of going directly to her, and of telling her the whole Story, only with this Difference, that he did it for a Jest.

The Mistress could scarce believe it; however, she went directly to the Maid's Room, and turning down the Bed-Clothes, there, to her great Surprise, she found the three Spoons. Upon this, she desired the young Man to go Home and mind his Business, for he should have no farther Trouble about it.

The Mistress could not imagine the Meaning of this; she never had found the Maid guilty of any pilfering, and therefore it could not enter her Head, that she design'd to steal the Spoons herself. Upon the whole, she concluded the Maid had not been in her Bed from the Time the Spoons were miss'd; so that she grew immediately jealous upon it, and suspected that the Maid supplied her Place with her Husband during her Absence, and that this was the Reason why the Spoons were no sooner found.

She call'd to Mind several Actions of Kindness which her Husband had shew'd the Maid, Things that pass'd unheeded by when they happen'd, but now she had got that Tormentor, Jealousy, in her Head, they amounted to Proofs of their Intimacy. Another Circumstance which strengthen'd the whole, was, that though her Husband knew she was to come Home that Day, and had had no Communication with her in four Months before, which was ever since her last Lying-in; yet he took an Opportunity of going out of Town that Morning, upon some slight Pretence:—All these Things put together, confirm'd her in her Jealousy.

As Women seldom forgive Injuries of this Kind, she thought of discharging her Revenge upon the Maid: In order to this, she leaves the Spoons where she found them, and orders the Maid to put clean

Sheets upon the Bed; telling her, she intended to lie there herself that Night, because her Mother-in-Law was to lie in her Bed, and that she (the Maid) must lie in another Part of the House. The Maid, in making the Bed, was surpriz'd with the Sight of the Spoons, but there were very good Reasons why it was not proper for her to tell where she found them; therefore she takes them up, puts them in her Trunk, intending to leave them in some Place where they might be found by chance.

The Mistress, that every Thing might look to be done without Design, lies that Night in the Maid's Bed, little dreaming of what an Adventure it would produce. After she had been a Bed some Time, thinking on what had pass'd (for Jealousy kept her awake), she heard some Body enter the Room: At first she apprehended it to be Thieves, and was so frighten'd, that she had not Courage enough to call out: But when she heard these Words, *Mary, are you awake?* she knew it to be her Husband's Voice. Then her Fright was over; yet she made no Answer, lest he should find her out, if she spoke; therefore she continu'd to counterfeit Sleep, and take what follow'd.

The Husband came to Bed, and that Night play'd the vigorous Lover; but one Thing spoil'd the Diversion on the Wife's Side, which was the Reflection that it was not design'd for her; however, she was very passive, and bore it like a humble Christian. Early before Day she stole out of Bed, leaving him asleep, and went to her Mother-in-Law, telling her what had pass'd, not forgetting how he had us'd her, as taking her for the Maid; the Husband also stole out, not thinking it convenient to be catch'd in that Room. In the mean Time, the Revenge of the Mistress wrought strongly against the Maid, and, without considering that to her she ow'd the Diversion of the Night before, and that one good Turn deserv'd another, she sent for a Constable, and charged her with stealing the Spoons. The Maid's Trunk was broke open, and the Spoons found; upon which, she was carried before a Justice of Peace, and by him committed to Gaol.

The Husband loiter'd about till Twelve a-Clock at Noon, then came Home, and pretended he was just come to Town. As soon as he heard what had pass'd, in Relation to the Maid, he fell into a great Passion with his Wife: This set the Thing into a greater Flame; the Mother takes the Wife's Part against her own Son, inasmuch that the Quarrel increasing, the Mother and Wife took Horse immediately, and went back to the Mother's House; and the Husband and Wife never bedded together after.

The Maid lay a long Time in the Prison, it being near half a Year to the Assizes; but before it happen'd, it was discover'd she was with Child. When she was arraign'd at the Bar, she was discharg'd for want of Evidence: The Wife's Conscience touch'd her, and as she did not believe the Maid guilty of any Theft, except that of Love, she did not appear against her. Soon after her Acquittal, she was deliver'd of a Girl.

But what alarm'd the Husband most, was, that it was discover'd the Wife was with Child also; he, taking it for granted, that he had had no Intimacy with her since her last Lying-in, grew jealous of her also, in his Turn, and made this a Handle to justify himself for his Usage of her; pretending, now, he had suspected her long, but that here was Proof. Madam was deliver'd of Twins, a Son and a Daughter.

The Mother fell ill, and sent to her Son to reconcile him to his Wife, but he would not hearken to it; therefore she made a Will, leaving all she had in the Hands of certain Trustees, for the Use of the Wife and the two Children lately born, and died a few Days after.

This was an ugly Turn upon him, his greatest Dependence being upon his Mother: However, his Wife was kinder to him than he deserv'd; for she

made him a yearly Allowance out of what was left, though they continu'd to live separate: It lasted near five Years. At this Time, having a great Affection for the Girl he had by his Maid, he had a Mind to take it Home, to live with him; but, as all the Town knew it to be a Girl, the better to disguise the Matter from them, as well as from his Wife, he had it put into Breeches, as if it had been a Boy; pretending it was a Relation's Child, whom he was to breed up to be his Clerk.

The Wife heard he had a little Boy at Home that he was very fond of; but as she did not know any Relation of his that had such a Child, she employ'd a Friend to enquire further into it. This Person, by talking with the Child, found it to be a Girl, discover'd that the Servant-Maid was its Mother, and that the Husband still kept up his Correspondence with her.

Upon this Intelligence, the Wife, being unwilling that her Children's Money should go towards the Maintenance of Bastards, stopp'd the Allowance: The Husband enrag'd, in a kind of Revenge, takes the Maid home, and lives with her publicly, to the great Scandal of his Neighbours; but he soon found the bad Effect of it; for by Degrees he lost his Practice, so that he saw plainly he could not live there. This made him think of removing, and turning what Effects he had into ready Money; whereupon, he goes to *Cork*, and there, with his Maid and Daughter, embarks for *Carolina*.

At first he follow'd the Practice of the Law in that Province, but afterwards fell into Merchandize, which prov'd more successful to him; for he gain'd by it sufficient to purchase a considerable Plantation: His Maid, who pass'd for his Wife, happen'd to die, after which, his Daughter, our *Anne Bonny*, now grown up, kept his House.

She was of a fierce and courageous Temper, wherefore, when she lay under Condemnation, several Stories were reported of her much to her Disadvantage; as that she had kill'd an *English* Servant-Maid once in her Passion, with a Cutt Knife, while she look'd after her Father's House; but upon further Enquiry, we found this Story to be groundless: 'Tis certain, she was so robust, that once, when a young Fellow would have lain with her against her Will, she beat him so that he lay ill of it a considerable Time.

While she liv'd with her Father, she was look'd upon as one that would be a considerable Fortune; wherefore it was thought her Father design'd a good Match for her; but she spoil'd all, for, without his Consent, she marries a young Fellow who belong'd to the Sea, and was not worth a Groat. This provok'd her Father to such a Degree, that he turn'd her out of Doors; upon which, the young Fellow who married her finding himself disappointed in his Expectation, shipp'd himself and Wife for the Island of *Providence*, expecting Employment there.

Here she became acquainted with *Rackam* the Pirate, who, making Courtship to her, soon found Means of withdrawing her Affections from her Husband, so that she consented to elope from him, and go to Sea with *Rackam* in Men's Cloaths. She was as good as her Word, and after she had been at Sea some Time, she prov'd with Child. When she began to grow big, *Rackam* landed her on the Island of *Cuba*; and, recommending her there to some Friends of his, they took Care of her till she was brought to Bed. When she was up, and well again, he sent for her to bear him Company in his future Expeditions.

The King's Proclamation for pardoning of Pyrates being out, he took the Benefit of it, and surrender'd, afterwards, being sent upon the privateering Account, he return'd to his old Trade, as has been already hinted in the Story of *Mary Read*. In all these Expeditions *Anne Bonny* bore him Company, and, when any Business was to be done in their way, no Body was more forward or courageous than she; and,

and, particularly, when they were taken; when she and *Mary Read*, with one more, were all the Persons that durst keep the Deck, as has been before hinted.

Her Father was known to a great many Gentlemen, Planters of *Jamaica*, who had dealt with him, and among whom he had a good Reputation; and some of them, who had been in *Carolina*, remember'd to have seen her in his House. This made them inclin'd to shew her Favour, but the Action of leaving her Husband was an ugly Circumstance a-

gainst her. The Day that *Rackam* was executed, by special Favour, he was admitted to see her; but all the Comfort she gave him, was, *that she was sorry to see him there, but if he had fought like a Man, he need not have been hang'd like a Dog.*

She was continu'd in Prison till the Time of her Lying-in, and afterwards repriev'd from Time to Time; but what is become of her since, we cannot learn: Only this we know, that she was never executed.

The LIFE of Captain HOWEL DAVIS.

Captain *Howel Davis* was born at *Milford*, in *Wiltshire*, and from a Boy brought up to the Sea Service. The last Voyage he made from *England* was in the *Cadogan* Snow of *Bristol*, Captain *Skinner* Commander, bound for the Coast of *Guinea*, of which Snow *Davis* was chief Mate. They were no sooner arriv'd at *Sierraleon*, on the aforesaid Coast, but they were taken by the Pyrate *England*, who plunder'd them. Captain *Skinner* was at that Time barbarously murder'd, as has been related before in the Story of Captain *England*.

After the Death of Captain *Skinner*, *Davis* pretended that he was mightily sollicit'd by *England* to engage with him; but that he resolutely answer'd, he would sooner be shot to Death than sign the Pyrates Articles. Upon which, *England*, pleas'd with his Bravery, sent him and the rest of the Men on board the Snow again, appointing him Captain of her, in the Room of *Skinner*, and commanding him to pursue his Voyage. He also gave him a written Paper seal'd up, with Orders to open it when he should come into a certain Latitude, and, at the Peril of his Life, follow the Orders therein set down. This was done with an Air of Grandeur, like what Princes practise to their Admirals and Generals.—It was punctually complied with by *Davis*, who read it to the Ship's Company: It contain'd no less than a generous Deed of Gift of the Ship and Cargo to *Davis* and the Crew, and an Order, that they should go to *Brazil* and dispose of the Lading to the best Advantage, making a fair and equal Dividend of the Profit.

Davis demanded of the Crew, whether they were willing to follow their Directions; when, to his great Surprize, he found the Majority of them altogether averse to it; whereupon, in a Rage, he bad them be damn'd, and go where they would. They knew that Part of their Cargo was consigned to certain Merchants at *Barbadoes*, wherefore they steer'd for that Island. When they arrived, they related to these Merchants, the unfortunate Death of *Skinner*, and the Proposal which had been made to them by *Davis*; upon which, *Davis* was seized and committed to Prison, where he was kept three Months; however, as he had been in no Act of Piracy, he was discharged without being brought to any Tryal, yet he could not, after this, expect any Employment there. Knowing therefore, that the Island of *Providence* was a kind of Rendezvous of Pyrates, he was resolv'd to make one amongst them, if possible, and, to that Purpose, found Means of shipping himself for that Island; but he was again disappointed; for, when he arrived there, the Pyrates had newly surrendered to Captain *Woods Rogers*, and accepted

of the Act of Grace, which he had just brought from *England*.

However *Davis* was not long out of Business; for Captain *Rogers* having fitted out two Sloops for Trade, one call'd *the Buck*, the other the *Mumvil Trader*, *Davis* found an Employment on board of one of them: The Lading of these Sloops was of considerable Value, consisting of *European Goods*, which were to be exchange'd with the *French* and *Spaniards*; and many of the Hands on board of 'em were the Pyrates lately come in upon the Act of Grace. The first Place they touch'd at, was the Island of *Martinico*, belonging to the *French*, where *Davis* having conspir'd with some others, they rose in the Night, secur'd the Master, and seized the Sloop. As soon as this was done, they call'd to the other Sloop, which lay a little Way from 'em, among whom they knew there were a great many Hands ripe for Rebellion, whom they order'd to come on board of them. They did so, and the greatest Part of them agreed to join with *Davis*; those who were otherwise inclin'd, were sent back on board the *Mumvil* Sloop, to go where they pleas'd, *Davis* having first taken out of her every Thing which he thought might be of Service.

After this a Council of War was call'd, over a large Bowl of Punch, at which it was propos'd to choose a Commander. The Election was soon over, for it fell upon *Davis* by a great Majority of legal Pollers, so that there was no Scrutiny demanded, for all acquiesced in the Choice. As soon as he was possess'd of his Command, he drew up Articles, which were sign'd and sworn to by himself and the rest; then he made a short Speech, the Sum of which was, a Declaration of War against the whole World.

After this, they consulted about a proper Place where they might clean their Sloop, a light Pair of Heels being of great Use either to take, or escape being taken. For this Purpose, they made Choice of *Coxon's Hole*, at the East End of the Island of *Cuba*, a Place where they might secure themselves from Surprize, the Entrance being so narrow that one Ship might keep out a hundred.

Here they clean'd with much Difficulty, for they had no Carpenter in their Company, who is a Person of great Use upon such Exigencies. From hence they put to Sea, making to the North-side of the Island of *Hispaniola*. The first Sail which fell in their Way, was a *French* Ship of twelve Guns; it must be observ'd, that *Davis* had but thirty-five Hands, notwithstanding which, Provisions began to grow short with him: Upon this Account he attack'd this Ship, which soon struck, and he sent twelve of his

his Hands on board of her, in order to plunder. This was no sooner done, but a Sail was spied a great Way to the Windward of them; they enquir'd of the *Frenchman* what she might be; he answer'd, that he had spoke with a Ship the Day before, of 24 Guns, and 60 Men, and he took this to be the same.

Davis then propos'd to his Men to attack her, telling them she would be a rare Ship for their Use; but they look'd upon it to be an extravagant Attempt, and discover'd no Fondness for it. However, he assur'd them he had a Stratagem in his Head that would make all safe; wherefore he gave Chace, and order'd his Prize to do the same. The Prize being a slow Sailor, *Davis* first came up with the Enemy, and, standing a long Side of them, shew'd his py-ratical Colours: They, much surpriz'd, call'd to *Davis*, telling him, that they wonder'd at his Impudence in venturing to come so near them, and ordering him to strike; but he answer'd, that he intended to keep them in Play, till his Confort came up, who was able to deal with them, and that if they did not strike to him, they should have but hard Quarters; whereupon he gave them a Broad-Side, which they returned.

In the mean Time the Prize drew near, who oblig'd all the Prisoners to come upon Deck in white Shirts, to make a Shew of Force, as they had been directed by *Davis*; they also hoisted a dirty Tarpawlin, by Way of black Flag, they having nothing better, and fir'd a Gun: The *French* Men were so intimidated by this Appearance of Force, that they struck. *Davis* called out to the Captain to come on Board of him, with twenty of his Hands; he did so, and they were all, for the greater Security, clapt into Irons, the Captain excepted: Then he sent four of his Men on Board the first Prize, and, in order still to carry on the Cheat, spoke aloud, that they should give his Service to the Captain, and desire him to send some Hands on Board the Prize, to see what they had got; but, at the same Time, gave them a written Paper, with Instructions what they should really do. Here he ordered them to nail up the Guns in the little Prize, to take out all the small Arms and Powder, and to go every Man of them on Board the second Prize; when this was done, he ordered that more of the Prisoners should be removed out of the great Prize, into the little one, by which he secured himself from any Attempt which might be feared from their Numbers; for those on board of him were fast in Irons, and those in the little Prize had neither Arms nor Ammunition to defend themselves.

Thus the three Ships kept Company for 2 Days, when finding the great Prize to be a very dull Sailor, he thought she would not be fit for his Purpose; wherefore he resolv'd to restore her to the Captain, with all his Hands; but first, he took Care to take out all her Ammunition, and every Thing else which he might possibly want. The *French* Captain was in such a Rage, at being so outwitted, that, when he got on Board his own Ship, he was going to throw himself over-board, if he had not been prevented by his Men.

Having let go both his Prizes, he steer'd Northward, in which Course he took a small *Spanish* Sloop; after this he made towards the *Western* Islands, but met with no Booty thereabouts; then he steer'd for the *Cape de Verde* Islands, where they cast Anchor at *St. Nicholas*, hoisting *English* Colours; the *Portuguese* inhabiting there, took him for an *English* Privateer, and *Davis* going a-shore, they both treated him very civilly, and also traded with him. Here he remained five Weeks, in which Time he and half his Crew, for their Pleasure, took a Journey to the chief Town of the Island, which was 19 Miles up the Country: *Davis*, making a good Appearance, was caressed by the Governor and the Inhabitants, and no Diversion was wanting which the *Portuguese* could shew, or their Money could pur-

chase: After about a Week's Stay, he came back to the Ship, and the rest of the Crew went to take their Pleasure up the Town, in their Turn, as the Captain had done.

At their Return they clean'd their Ship, and put to Sea, but not with their whole Company; for five of them, like *Hannibal's* Men, were so charm'd with the Luxuries of the Place, and the free Conversation of some Women, that they staid behind; and one of them, whose Name was *Charles Franklin*, a *Monmouthshire* Man, married and settled himself, and lived there several Years, being, for ought we know, alive at this Day.

From hence they sail'd to *Bonavista*, and looked into that Harbour, but finding nothing, they steer'd for the Isle of *May*: When they arriv'd here, they met with a great many Ships and Vessels in the Road, all which they plundered, taking out of them whatever they wanted; they also strengthened themselves with a great many fresh Hands, who most of them enter'd voluntarily. One of the Ships they took to their own Use, mounted her with twenty six Guns, and call'd her the *King James*. There being no fresh Water hereabouts, they made towards *St. Jago*, which belonged to the *Portuguese*, in order to lay in a Store. *Davis*, with a few Hands, going a-shore, to find the most commodious Place to water at, the Governor, with some Attendants, came himself, and examined who they were, and whence they came: Not liking *Davis's* Account of himself, his Excellency was so plain as to tell them, that he suspected them to be Pyrates. *Davis* seem'd mightily affronted, standing much upon his Honour, and replying to the Governor, that he scorn'd his Words; however, as soon as his Back was turn'd, for fear of Accidents, he got on Board again as fast as he could. *Davis* related what had happened, and his Men seem'd to resent the Affront which had been offer'd him. *Davis*, upon this, told them, he was confident he could surprize the Fort in the Night; they agreed with him to attempt it, and accordingly, when it grew late, they went a-shore well arm'd; and the Guard which was there kept, was so negligent, that they got within the Fort before any Alarm was given: When it was too late there was some little Resistance made, and three Men killed on *Davis's* Side. Those in the Fort, in their Hurry, run into the Governor's House to save themselves, which they barricadoed so strongly, that *Davis's* Party could not enter it; however, they threw in *Granadoe*-Shells, which not only ruin'd all the Furniture, but kill'd several Men within.

When it was Day the whole Country was alarm'd, and came down to attack the Pyrates; who, considering it was not their Business to stand a Siege, made the best of their Way on Board their Ship again, after having dismounted the Guns of the Fort. By this Enterprize they did a great deal of Mischief to the *Portuguese*, and got but very little Good to themselves.

Having put to Sea, they muster'd their Hands, and found themselves near seventy strong; then it was propos'd what Course they should steer, and, differing in their Opinions, they divided, tho' by a Majority it was carried for *Gambia* on the Coast of *Guinea*. Of this Opinion was *Davis*, who having been employ'd in that Trade, was acquainted with the Coast: He told them, that there was a great deal of Money always kept in *Gambia* Castle, and that it would be worth their while to make an Attempt upon it. They ask'd him how it was possible, since it was garrisoned? He desired they would leave the Management of it to him, and he would undertake to make them Masters of it. They began now to conceive so high an Opinion of his Conduct, as well as Courage, that they thought nothing impossible to him that he had a mind to undertake; therefore they agreed to obey him, without enquiring further into his Design.

Having

Having come within Sight of the Place, he order'd all his Men under Deck, except as many as were absolutely necessary for working the Ship, that those from the Fort, seeing a Ship with so few Hands, might have no Suspicion of her being any other than a trading Vessel; then he ran close under the Fort, and there cast Anchor, and having order'd out the Boat, he commanded six Men into her, with old ordinary Jackets, while he himself, with the Master and Doctor, dress'd themselves like Gentlemen, his Design being, that the Men should look like common Sailors, and they like Merchants. In rowing a-shore, he gave his Men Instructions what to say, in case any Questions should be ask'd them by the Garrison.

Being come to the Landing-Place, he was receiv'd by a File of Musqueteers, and conducted into the Fort, where the Governor, accosting them civilly, ask'd them who they were, and whence they came? They answer'd, they were of *Liverpool*, bound for the River of *Sinnegal*, to trade for Gum and Elephant's Teeth, but that they were chas'd on that Coast by two *French* Men of War, and narrowly escap'd being taken, having the Heels of them but a very little. *We are now resolved*, says he, *to make the best of a bad Market, and would willingly trade here for Slaves*. Then the Governor ask'd them, What was the chief of their Cargo? They answer'd, Iron and Plate, which were good Things there. The Governor told them he would slave them to the full Value of their Cargo, and ask'd them if they had any *European* Liquor on-board? They answer'd a little for their own Use; however, a Hamper of it should be at his Service. The Governor then very civilly invited them all to stay and dine with him; but *Davis* told him, that, being Commander of the Ship, he must go on board to see her well moor'd, and give some other necessary Orders; *But these two Gentlemen*, says he, *may stay, and I myself will also return before Dinner, and bring the Hamper of Liquor with me*.

While he was in the Fort, his Eyes were very busy in observing how Things lay; he took Notice that there was a Centry at the Entrance, and a Guard-House just by it, where the Soldiers upon Duty commonly waited, their Arms standing in a Corner, in a Heap; he saw, also, a great many small Arms in the Governor's Hall: Now, when he came on board, he assur'd his Men of Success, desiring them not to get drunk, and telling them, that as soon as they saw the Flag upon the Castle struck, they might conclude he was Master, and send twenty Hands immediately a-shore; in the mean Time, there being a Sloop at Anchor near them, he sent some Hands in a Boat, to secure the Master and all the Men, and bring them on board of him; lest they, observing any Bustle, or arming in his Ship, might send a-shore and give Intelligence.

These Precautions being taken, he order'd his Men, who were to go in the Boat with him, to put two Pair of Pistols each under their Cloaths, he doing the like himself, and gave them Directions to go into the Guard-Room, enter into Conversation with the Soldiers, and observe, when he should fire a Pistol through the Governor's Window, to start up at once, and secure the Arms in the Guard-Room.

When *Davis* arriv'd, Dinner not being ready, the Governor propos'd that they should employ themselves in making a Bowl of Punch till Dinner-Time: It must be observ'd, that *Davis's* Cockswain waited upon them; who had an Opportunity of going about all Parts of the House, to see what Strength they had: He whisper'd *Davis*, there being no Person then in the Room but themselves, the Master, and the Doctor; when *Davis* on a sudden drew out a Pistol, and clapp'd it to the Governor's Breast, telling him, he must surrender the Fort, and all the Riches in it, or he was a dead Man. The Governor, being no ways prepar'd for such an Attack, promis'd to be very passive, and do all they desir'd;

therefore they shut the Door, took down all the Arms that hung in the Hall, and loaded them. *Davis* fires his Pistol through the Window, upon which, his Men without executed their Part of the Scheme, like Heroes, in an Instant; getting betwixt the Soldiers and their Arms, all with their Pistols cock'd in their Hands, while one of them carried the Arms out. When this was done, they lock'd the Soldiers into the Guard-Room, and kept Guard without.

In the mean Time, one of them struck the Union Flag on the Top of the Castle, at which Signal, those on Board sent on Shore a Reinforcement of Hands, and they got Possession of the Fort without the least Hurry or Confusion, or so much as a Man lost of either Side.

Davis harangued the Soldiers; upon which, a great many of them took on with him; those who refused, he sent on board the little Sloop; and, because he would not be at the Trouble of a Guard for them, he ordered all the Sails and Cables out of her, which might hinder them from attempting to get away.

This Day was spent in a kind of Rejoicing, the Castle firing her Guns to salute the Ship, and the Ship paying the same Compliment to the Castle; but the next Day they minded their Business, that is, they fell to plundering. They found Things fall vastly short of their Expectation; for they discovered, that a great deal of Money had been lately sent away; however, they met with the Value of about two thousand Pounds Sterling in Bar Gold, and a great many other rich Effects: Every Thing they liked, which was portable, they brought a-board their Ship; some Things which they had no Use for, they were so generous as to make a Present of to the Master and Crew of the little Sloop, to whom they also returned his Vessel again; and then they fell to work in dismounting the Guns, and demolishing the Fortifications.

After they had done as much Mischief as they could, and were weighing Anchor to be gone, they spy'd a Ship bearing down upon them in full Sail; they soon got their Anchors up, and were in a Readiness to receive her. This Ship proved to be a *French* Pyrate, of fourteen Guns, and sixty-four Hands, half *French*, half Negroes: The Captain's Name was *La Bourse*; he expected no less than a rich Prize, which made him so eager in the Chace; but when he came near enough to see their Guns, and the Number of their Hands upon Deck, he began to think he should catch a *Tartar*, and supposed her to be a small *English* Man of War; however, since there was no escaping, he resolv'd to do a bold and desperate Action, which was to board *Davis*. As he was making towards her, for this Purpose, he fired a Gun, and hoisted his black Colours; *Davis* returned the Salute, and hoisted his black Colours also. The *French* Man was not a little pleased at this happy Mistake; they both hoisted out their Boats, and the Captains went to meet and congratulate one another, with a Flag of Truce in their Sterns. A great many Civilities pass'd between them, and *La Bourse* desired *Davis* to sail down the Coast with him, that he might get a better Ship: *Davis* agreed to it, and very courteously promised him, that the first Ship he took, fit for his Use, he would give him, being very willing to encourage an industrious Brother.

The first Place they touched at, was *Sierraleon*, where, at first going in, they spied a tall Ship at Anchor; *Davis*, being the best Sailor, first came up with her, and wondering that she did not try to make off, suspected her to be a Ship of Force. As soon as he came along Side of her, she brought a Spring upon her Cable, and fired a whole Broad-side upon *Davis*, at the same Time hoisting a black Flag: *Davis* hoisted his black Flag in like Manner, and fired one Gun to Leeward.

In fine, she proved to be a Pyrate Ship of twenty-four Guns, commanded by one *Cocklyn*, who, expect-